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A SON
OF THE BOWERY

CHARLES STELZLE



Charles Stegle

A SON OF THE BOWERY

The Life Story of an East Side American

BY

CHARLES STELZLE



NEW  YORK

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A SON OF THE BOWERY

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TO MY SON, ROBERT

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INTRODUCTION

The editor of a magazine in writing an article about me one time, said that "Stelzle just missed being a great man." The writer missed the whole point of my experience. I honestly never tried to be a "great man,"—nor wanted to be. I just tried to make the most of whatever job came along—and this naturally led me into many other fields. Really, the only job for which I was regularly trained was that of a machinist. Incidentally, his viewpoint has been invaluable to me—no matter at what else I may have worked.

It is a joy to be free from the embarrassments and restraints of "greatness," because I can just go along doing pretty much the things I want to do—go to the movies, sit on a fire-hydrant, hobnob with the socially ostracized "under dog," accept alike "superior" or "inferior" jobs—without feeling that I am sacrificing my dignity or crocking my "greatness."

Most of the chapters of this book were printed serially in the *Outlook* during the early half of 1926, but they have all been elaborated and some entirely new chapters have been written. I wish to express my appreciation to the *Outlook* editors for their permission to use this material in book form.

CHARLES STELZLE.

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A SON OF THE BOWERY

A SON OF THE BOWERY

I

OUR SIDE OF THE CITY

FOR several generations the East Side of New York has been synonymous with depravity. Newspapers have delighted in printing big headlines about the criminals and degenerates who were supposed to make the East Side tenements their rendezvous. Blood-curdling stories have been written about subterranean cellars and dark passageways in which fearful crimes were committed.

New York's "rubber neck" wagons are still doing a thriving business with visitors from Indiana and Iowa by promising to show them the "lair" of the East Side gunmen and the white-slave traffickers. And the gullible travelers from the Middle West grip their seats in happy ecstasy as they are megaphoned through the "Ghettos" and the "slums" of America's greatest city, anticipating the thrills which they will give their friends and neighbors when they get back home, telling them how narrowly they escaped with their lives. If they but knew it, they were taken through the safest sections of the city. Of course the East Side has contributed its share of the criminals and degenerates and the immoral people of the city, but no more than its share. The worst parts of New York from this standpoint have been in the middle section of the city—the Tenderloin, and "Hell's Kitchen" on the upper West Side, and other picturesque, police-guarded precincts. It has rarely been necessary doubly to patrol the streets of the tenement districts of the East Side because it was feared that crime and disorder would break out.

No, the East Side hasn't been criminally inclined. Its chief crime has been its poverty. The mass of the people living east

of Fifth Avenue in the lower part of Manhattan have always been honest wage-earners, living perfectly decent lives, moving into the suburbs or the uptown districts as soon as they could afford it, mainly so that they might have more breathing space, more light, and a better chance to raise their children.

I was born in the heart of what is now not only the most densely populated part of the East Side, but of the world. There I lived for twenty years, coming back ten years later to engage in social and religious work in the same general district. There are only thirty cities in the entire country which have a greater density of population than is found in this East Side district. If all the people living in this district were suddenly seized with a desire to rush into the street, there wouldn't be room enough for them to stand.

There are many places of historical interest in this neighborhood, among them the old Marble Cemetery, on Second Street just off Second Avenue. This was the first cemetery that I knew as a boy, and it had a peculiar fascination for me. Here rested the bodies of many old New Yorkers—among them Adam and Noah Brown, who during their lifetime built ships for Commodore Perry's fleet in 1812; John Ericsson, builder of the *Monitor*, of Civil War fame, whose body has since been removed to his native country; and for many years President James Monroe. The names on the tombstones in this old cemetery are all but effaced, and yet here and there one can make out the name of a former Knickerbocker who would be shocked beyond measure could he walk through these side-streets which were open fields when he lived there.

It must not be imagined that the neighborhood is irreligious. Jewish and Catholic enterprises flourish, and there are scores of little synagogues scattered throughout the tenements, meeting in the tenement-houses themselves, although there are many pretentious buildings, usually former Protestant churches, which have been converted into orthodox synagogues. Once this was a Protestant stronghold, but in recent years scores of Protestant churches have moved out.

For nearly fifty years I have watched this boyhood neighborhood of mine grow. Sweeping through it like the ancient

invasion of England, where the real Britons were followed by the Danes and the Norsemen, the Angles and the Saxons, the Romans and the Normans, finally creating the present race of Englishmen,—there have followed successively in this East Side district the Yankees, the Irish, the Germans, the Bohemians, the Russians, the Italians, the Greeks, besides a great smattering of smaller races, each naturally leaving behind a remnant, until to-day there is scarcely a country on the face of the globe which isn't represented. It is a mosaic of nations, and about as picturesque as mosaics usually are with all their form and color.

But the final result has been quite different from what it was in England. There a masterful race arose which to-day stands supreme in European affairs. Here, we have produced—"East-Siders."

Much has been said about New York's being a great "melting-pot of the nations," and it is unquestionably true that the East Side of New York, while producing its own distinctive type of "East-Siders," is strongly, persistently American in spirit. Many of the foreign-born retain some of their Old Country customs, but they are none the less, if not better, Americans for doing so. It should be remembered that not all "Americans" were born in America.

Wise leaders among the foreign-born encourage them to emulate the best that they left in the Old Country—and who can deny that each of their native lands contains histories and traditions which any nation might well be proud to have incorporated in the lives and characters of its people.

My parents came to the East Side of New York when they were quite young—my mother was only six. Her father was a prosperous German baker, who had a large delivery-wagon service and a city-wide reputation because of the rye bread he sold. I remember distinctly my mother's business-like air as she helped fill in as special saleswoman on Saturday nights when the bakery shop on Eldridge Street was crowded with customers. My grandfather accumulated a considerable fortune, and returned to Hanover, Germany, his native town.

My father was a brewer by trade. He probably was a good

workman, but he was a poor business man, and the generous wedding dowry which he put into a brewery of his own soon disappeared. One of the heritages which he left consisted of a big book of unpaid accounts. I recall how, for years, I thumbed over these accounts as a boy, and dreamed of all the good things we might enjoy if these debts were to be paid. As my mother had married against the distinct wishes of her parents, her pride would not permit her to appeal to them for help. So when my father died, she moved with her children into the very heart of the tenement district of the East Side, resolving to fight her way through alone. How well she did it, and what she suffered in the doing of it, will forever make her a heroine in my eyes.

And so the struggle began. She, who had enjoyed the comforts of a prosperous home, with no cause for financial anxiety, was now to spend many years in a hand-to-hand battle with all the horrors of poverty, asking favors of no one.

It would be easy to tell harrowing tales of life among the people with whom I lived, and some of these tales ought to be told. But any account that leaves out the real joy of living, as one sees it even to-day on the East Side, when conditions are undoubtedly worse in some respects than they were forty years ago, would be unfair to the poorer tenement people, who are by no means morbid in their outlook on life. There is no doubt that I suffered as much on account of poverty as does the average youngster now living in lower New York. But, taking it altogether, I was by no means an unhappy boy, even when I was living in the midst of extreme poverty. It is a question whether the son of the "princely merchant," about whom I read in books drawn from the Sunday-school library, got as much real excitement out of life as I did when, for instance, I swam from the end of an East Side dock, in violation of the law, and in peril of my life, dodging the passing ferry-boats which swirled the river into dangerous eddies, or when I spent a stolen day in the treacherous swamps of Long Island hunting cat-tails and swallows' nests, or when we threw a lifelike dummy in front of the bobtail horse car, and watched the driver frantically pull rein.

Grand Street on Saturday night was as good as a show. It was the great shopping center of New York's lower East Side forty years ago. Ridley's, the biggest department store in that part of the city, had a large Saturday night trade. Lord and Taylor's and Lichenstein's, the next largest stores, were on the same street. Peddlers' carts lined the gutters, block after block, from the Bowery to Essex Street and beyond, spilling over into the side-streets and practically filling Hester Street, which paralleled the main thoroughfare. "Old Straw," who sold straw from a ramshackle wagon, and dressed his nag of a horse in pants and other old garments, added a bit of color.

For those who bargained and cheated, and even for those who did a legitimate business, Grand Street on Saturday night was a serious affair. But for the boys who were out for a lark it was a riot of fun. The "movies" did not exist in those days, and there were practically no boys' clubs nor social settlements, and few institutional churches. There were a great many self-organized social clubs that met on the first floors of some of the smaller "private houses"—so distinguished from the usual tenements because the front doors were usually kept locked—and in rooms back of saloons. But membership in these was only for the older boys who were earning enough to afford that luxury.

For the small boy there was only the gang and Grand Street. Sometimes it was both. This made it all the more interesting. Not infrequently the feuds of the gangs were fought out on Grand Street, sometimes to the great consternation of the merchants of the carts, the contents of which were tumbled into the street in the excitement of a "scrap" between the Orchard Street and Allen Street gangs. Many a plate-glass window suffered on the same account, and often we went home scarred with many a tell-tale "shiner," which raw beef and oysters could not obliterate.

I belonged to the Orchard Street gang. Our leader was a short, stocky, red-headed Irish youngster, who was absolutely fearless and who was known to stand his ground alone, the solitary target for the stones of the Allen Street gang, after the rest of the Orchard Street gang had retreated. And on

these occasions he came back to his crowd with great scorn; what he left unsaid was not worth mentioning. It did not matter what he said, however. He was always unanimously chosen as our leader. He would probably have been the leader whether we had chosen him or not: he was the only Irish boy in the gang and he was a born fighter. No doubt he later became a Tammany Hall leader in the district.

And while we're on the subject, it might not be amiss to say that Tammany Hall's influence on the East Side was, and is, largely due to the very human qualities shown by its representatives. They not only know every one who lives in the block, but they know about his domestic and economic and social needs. They know about them the whole year round, and try to supply them; whereas the reformers live uptown and—so it appears to the people—seem to be in business for the purpose of taking privileges away from the people, rather than furnishing them with jobs, and coal, and food, and getting them out of the police courts, if they happen to have trouble with the police. On the other hand, it is by helping in such matters as these that Tammany Hall gains influence, even though, in former days, it was accomplished through unsavory agencies. I recall distinctly the notorious grog shop called "The Morgue," on Allen and Stanton Streets, run by Assemblyman Phil Wissig, with its flag-pole in front, as high as a house, but from which I never saw a flag flown.

Grand Street was to me the greatest street in New York. Occasionally I took a walk up Broadway, but "the Great White Way" was then unknown, and Broadway was almost deserted at night. There were no electric lights, and when the few gas lamps in the stores were extinguished, New York's chief thoroughfare was a dreary place. "Times Square" in those days was one of the loneliest spots in New York. There were no theaters in the district. Daly's Theatre on Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street was about the farthest uptown one would go. I looked with scorn upon the large number of tiny wooden buildings that lined Broadway between Thirty-fourth and Forty-second Streets, and always came back

to Grand Street with a feeling of pride that lower New York possessed the finest street in the city.

In strong contrast to the rough life of the gang and the excitement of Grand Street was the influence which the illuminated cross on the steeple of St. Augustine's Chapel, on Houston Street east of the Bowery, had upon me. I was just about thirteen or fourteen, the age at which the religious appeal takes strongest hold of a boy. This cross, which could be seen for blocks against the deep night sky, appealed tremendously to my religious imagination.

Almost directly opposite St. Augustine's Chapel is Second Avenue. About half a mile up this street is St. Mark's Church. The impression this church made upon me was quite different from that made by St. Augustine's. For when I thought of St. Mark's it was not with any religious feeling, but always in connection with the fact that the body of A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince who founded the store now known as John Wanamaker's, had been stolen from its resting place on the Tenth Street side of the graveyard. What a source of mysterious possibilities this story was to us boys! Nothing that St. Mark's ever did was big enough to overshadow the story of the ghouls who robbed the graveyard. Not that we cared particularly for Stewart; for some reason which I have forgotten, he was not popular among the East-Siders.

But Second Avenue, even forty years ago, was the "Great White Way" of the East Side. It was the great promenade for the young people, and on Sunday afternoon it was a gay sight. This "Lover's Lane" extended as far north as Stuyvesant Park. Even in those days there were many German coffee-houses and reading-rooms all along the avenue. It was an event of importance when I was taken to one of them by an aunt or an uncle. Most of them served only coffee or chocolate and tea, and all kinds of German coffee cake. There was a very comfortable, homelike atmosphere about these little coffee-houses, and the people used to linger and gossip or read.

Second Avenue is still the great thoroughfare of the East Side. Early in the morning its wide pavements are crowded

with foreign workers who pour out of the tenements in the side streets and march like a mighty army, all moving in the same direction, toward the clothing factories and department stores just beyond Union and Madison Squares. Scores of thousands of men and women from the tenements make their daily pilgrimage along this fine avenue, so full of human and historic interest. Standing on the corner of Second Avenue and Fourteenth Street, in the early morning, one may count something like forty thousand people walking or riding past in a single hour.

At night, from the big theater on Houston Street to the Labor Temple on Fourteenth Street, which I organized about fifteen years ago—the story of which will be told later—the avenue is a blaze of electric lights, cafés, bath-houses, motion-picture theaters, jewelry shops, and dozens of other enterprises. Each nationality has its own particular café or casino, where its favorite old country dishes are served and where its national airs are played by native musicians. On Saturday and Sunday nights many of those who have profited in business and moved uptown or out of town come back to enjoy a “regular dinner”—with all that goes with it.

Even a casual stroll down Second Avenue and into some of the side-streets will reveal the signs of the people's aspirations. The way they throng the public baths—the district supports one of the biggest Turkish baths in the city, conducted exclusively for men—shows the desire for bodily cleanliness. There are “beauty shoppes” on nearly every block. Dentists do a profitable business. Even automobile agencies seem to thrive; and palms are used for decorative purposes just as in the automobile district uptown. Pianos and musical instruments are prominently displayed for sale in many of the store windows. Apartment houses are given most royal names, like “Florence Court,” “Victoria Hall,” and “The Imperial.”

During the years that I lived in this same neighborhood, these wonderful-looking houses would have been occupied by the “aristocracy” of the East Side—to-day they are rented by workingmen of the most ordinary type.

II

HOME FOLKS OFF THE BOWERY

A LITTLE alley on First Street near the Bowery, in which the houses are tumbledown, ramshackle, decayed, was originally called "Extra Place" by the city; but its name has been changed to "Riverside Drive" by the tenement dwellers in this diminutive street, a name which means the last word in luxury to them. I once lived in this alley, but only for a few months.

We always lived in tenements when I was a boy. The first that I remember was a very old-fashioned one. It was a big, ugly house. The bedrooms were all dark, and had no outside ventilation. I can still picture the room in which I slept during those stifling, almost unendurable August nights, with its little barred window looking out on a dark, narrow, ill-smelling hall, the scene of some of the most important events in the social and domestic life of my neighbors. Here much of the courting was done. Here, too, the women did the family washing.

There was one hydrant on each floor, in the hall, and, as there was no running water in the rooms, the women had to carry it in, a bucketful at a time, when they did their washing or when some one was going to have a bath, which was usually taken in a wash-tub. Such a scramble as there was on wash-days! I wonder, now, why the landlord didn't assign a different day in the week to each tenant of a particular floor. But everybody seemed to think that the only wash-day worth having was Monday. So there was sometimes a good deal of excitement in the halls. Most of the tenement battles were fought there—that is, among the women and children; I suppose the men went to the corner saloon to settle their differences.

Ordinarily I was callously indifferent to these quarrels. Only when there threatened to be a real fight did I take any interest. East-Sider that I was, I thoroughly enjoyed any bit of excitement; and the constant struggle for existence on the East Side lent it a restless atmosphere which perhaps, after all, gave zest to life. If an East Side boy is at all healthy, he is about as "live" a boy as one can find anywhere. He acquires the habit as a very small child of taking an interest in everything that happens. Most of us "East-Siders" have never got out of the habit.

As I look back on it now, I can see that life must have been pretty hard for the women in the tenements. They were shut up all day long in dark, ugly rooms, with nothing to divert their minds from the sordidness of their existence. Every little while you would hear of some woman who had gone insane and had been taken to the madhouse. I wonder that more of them didn't go mad! But her neighbors and friends quickly forgot about her. They were so busy living their own lives that they could not waste more than an exclamation or two on her fate.

Although there were many wretched people living in the tenements, there were others who were marvels of refinement and culture. One of these, for whom I always had the greatest respect and admiration, was a public-school teacher. Her father was a news-dealer, who delivered the morning papers in the neighborhood. Both her parents were Germans of a high type. Sometimes this tall, fine-looking girl took her father's place, especially if the old man happened to be sick; and as a small boy it seemed to me, as she walked with graceful dignity down the street, that she was far above the rest of us—almost a divine creature come to live among the common folks on earth.

The second tenement in which we lived was one facing the court, on First Street near the Bowery, to which I have just referred, now occupied by a Jewish theater. There were six houses in this court, and it was the noisiest place imaginable. Even I, healthy, noisy boy that I must have been, noticed the constant shouting and quarreling among the people in the court.

Nearly everybody who lived there seemed to be drunk about half the time. The first day we moved in, a drunken woman wandered into the bedroom; when my mother tried to get her out, she swore frightfully. I remember how shocked I was. I had never heard a woman swear before. I felt instinctively that it was a horribly degrading thing. Perhaps I thought swearing only a man's prerogative.

We left that tenement after a few months and moved into a rear tenement on Rivington Street near Lewis. We had two rooms there. Life must have been pretty much of a struggle for my mother just about this time. She supported my sisters and me by sewing wrappers, for which she was paid two dollars a dozen. It took her three days, and a good share of three nights, to finish one dozen; so our weekly income was not a magnificent one. How I hated the sight of those wrappers! They became a perfect nightmare to me. Everything had to be sacrificed to them. My mother had little time to stop and talk to us, and we children soon learned to do a great many things for ourselves, because she was always sewing, sewing. Sometimes I would wake up—it would seem to me surely time to get up—and she would still be sewing. If my mother had not had a wonderful constitution and a still more remarkable character, she could never have stood the strain of those years. Many a time she went to bed without her supper because we children were hungry and there wasn't quite enough for all.

Our principal article of food was stale rolls with a little salt sprinkled on them to make them go down a little more easily. It was years before we tasted butter, and we very rarely had fruit, only on state occasions such as Christmas or birthdays.

But conditions soon became even more serious with us. We could not pay the rent for even those two rear tenement rooms. So one day the landlord had us put out upon the streets. A deputy sheriff with his husky assistants piled onto the sidewalk the little furniture we owned. It was the darkest hour that we had yet experienced. I can still see the heart-broken appearance of my mother. This is the one time that I can recall when she was completely discouraged—except, perhaps, a few weeks before, when most of the plaster in the “living”

room which we had just "vacated" had fallen down, almost killing her and the baby.

However, it wasn't for more than a couple of hours. Rooms were found a few blocks away—of course the new landlord did not know that our furniture was even then on the sidewalk,—and a saloon-keeper across the street loaned us a couple of dollars to have it moved into our new home. And he did it out of pure generosity, because mother wasn't one of his customers.

¹ My mother would not accept charity. Once, when a neighbor persuaded her to make application to a "relief agency" for food for us children, an "investigator" came to look into the case and asked so many humiliating questions that my mother tossed her head and said she guessed she could get along without any help. And she did. I have always had a tremendous admiration for her wonderful self-reliance. It was no doubt her example that made me ambitious to get on in life.

I have long nurtured a most vigorous protest against the practice of slumming, especially on the part of those who call every tenement neighborhood a "slum." One wonders just when it is that lack of money reduces a man to a biological and sociological freak, and loses for him his right to independent family life, unmolested by the prying "slummer." And by just what Heaven-inspired right does the latter consider himself the chosen one to force himself into the homes and lives of the poor, to study this unusual species of mankind. The "slummer" usually comes, not because he wishes to help the poor, but because of a passing fad or an ill-bred curiosity, which, if it were manifested by the tenement poor themselves in a desire to see how the rich are living and "study" them, would land them in jail.

While the philosophy that there is nothing essentially degrading about being poor is by no means a new one, it is too often a forgotten one. Among some professional social workers and more amateur "investigators" every poor person or anybody who lives in a tenement or a poor district is indiscriminately classed as "of the slums" and arbitrarily characterized as vicious and low.

There is a great difference between a "slum" and a tenement neighborhood, although even the people of the slum are not as bad as they are sometimes painted. The people who live in tenement-houses possess, as a class, just as fine characters as those who compose the "upper" classes, albeit they may express their virtues in a more crude fashion. I make this assertion after a life spent equally with each group and a fair opportunity to know both kinds of people.

There was a distinct social cleavage in the average tenement on the East Side, and there was just as much snobbishness among the poor as the poor to-day are so fond of charging against the rich. The families occupying the first floor were usually American and the most prosperous in the house. They held their heads very high. Whether they were right or not in their assumption of privilege, they always considered that they had first right to the yard; and if any of the people from the other floors presumed to share the privilege of the little strip of flagstones, they were treated with great contempt by the first-floor aristocrats. The higher up you lived, the poorer you were, and consequently the farther down the social scale. The church missionary went from house to house via the roof, because most of the people of her church lived at the top of the tenements. The more prosperous the East Side family became, the less they attended church.

During those stifling August nights, when it was simply impossible to sleep in the ordinary dark bedroom, we "top floorers" slept on the roof. Usually the people from the other floors joined us sooner or later; but we always managed to get the best places. We considered the roof our rightful property, just as the "first floorers" appropriated the yard; and when the first-floor aristocracy came up with their pillows to get a breath of air in the sultry summer nights, we treated them with scorn and contempt and didn't make any attempt to give them a chance to get good places. The tables were turned. We were the aristocracy of the roof.

The best part about living up under the roof was that you could keep pigeons. However, these pigeons were not kept merely as pets; they were used for "sporting" purposes. Nearly

every tenement roof in the district was the home of a flock. If there was a lone pigeon flying about, every boy that spotted it immediately sent out his flock to try to bring home the "stranger," which was then captured by means of a simply devised trap. There was a good deal of rivalry in this business, for pigeons could always be sold at the bird store. They were sold pretty promptly after being caught, for woe betide the youngster who was found with a stolen pigeon! There was many a scuffle on the roofs of the tenements in an effort on the part of the real owner to regain by force his captured pigeon, sometimes at the peril of both owner and captor falling off the edge of the roof. We used to sit on the roof nearly all day Sunday watching for stray pigeons.

A certain little group of us boys, about half a dozen of us, formed a club, and met in a pitch-dark corner of the cellar which was partitioned off from the rest of the space.

This meeting-place had its charms. It was secluded. Then, there were plenty of cats. It did not require much imagination to fancy that the two burning eyes that stared at us in the dark belonged to wild animals, creatures to be pursued to the limit of one's daring. Somebody one day organized a "boys' club" in our neighborhood, but it was only mildly successful. In the first place, there were too many rules and regulations; and, in the second place, we hadn't a thing to do with the running of it. It was ever so much more cheerful in our dark cellar, and we had full charge.

We made some seats and a table of old boxes, and used to sit solemnly in a circle, with one miserable little end of a candle burning in the center, and discuss all sorts of weighty things. What we talked about, however, I haven't the slightest recollection, except that we dwelt a great deal on our chances for going out West to shoot Indians and eat bear meat in true trapper fashion.

Another meeting-place for the club was a space, about two feet wide and twenty-five feet long, between the two high board fences that marked the boundaries of our lot and the lot on the next street. I never could understand why the two feet were wasted. But no doubt when one or the other owner

erected his fence, a mistake was made in marking off the boundary-line.

Strange as it may seem, at the bottom of this abyss there was some real soil, from which sprouted green things. They were nothing but weeds, but they were things that grew, and that was enough; for there wasn't an inch of dirt to be found in the stone-paved yard just over the fence, and that belonged to the lower-floor folks, anyway. The rays of the sun shot down between the high fences for a few minutes at noon, and worked wonders for the rank vegetation. We shared this secluded spot with the cats of the neighborhood; or, rather, they shared it with us—principally when we weren't around. Somehow, our club boys and cats were sworn enemies. We regarded them as the wild beasts of our "forest."

There was a milkman, named Moore, who had been a friend of my grandfather, who used to give us a big can of milk every day without charge. I had to walk two miles to get it. Even to this day I can rattle off as fast as I can talk the names of the seventeen streets from the Bowery to Cannon Street which I daily crossed to get that can of milk! And once in a while a butcher, another friend of my grandfather, would give us a chunk of meat. How delicious was the fragrant, steamy odor that filled the room when my mother was cooking meat!

I was always allowed a penny a day for my lunches while I was going to school, with strict instructions as to what to buy. My mother knew only too well the way of a boy with a penny; so she took care to decide my luncheon menu once and for all. It was "two stale rolls"—the inevitable rolls! Close by the school which I attended was a restaurant kept by a fat, jovial, bald-headed Jew, who seemed eternally to be laughing at some private joke. This restaurant had one big window, which was invariably filled with the most tempting dishes. I used to stand and look at the goodies—the brown, crackly skinned roasts, the beautiful lemon pies topped off with fluffy white meringue, and the silvery herring decked out with thin slices of red pepper, and bay leaves and black peppercorns. This was my favorite place to stand to eat my lunch. My in-

terest in the display of food was evidently so marked that one day the kindly Jew asked me to come in and have some soup. After that I regularly took up my stand in front of the window while I munched my dry rolls, keeping my "weather eye" open for my patron's bald head. As soon as it appeared above the short curtains at the back of the window, I knew that I was due for another lunch. My mother made me promise never to go in without being asked. I didn't; but I made it as easy as I knew how for that Jew to invite me.

When the wrapper business was dull, my mother took in washing. One of her customers was an actor who lived in an attic on the Bowery and played a woman's part in "The Two Orphans." He had a good many fancy white skirts and waists in his wash. I stood very much in awe of him. I was quite convinced that he was an important person. Anybody who could act must be a marvel. I was tremendously impressed with his slightest remark, and I would loiter in his attic as long as I could, studying the photographs of noted actors and actresses in fancy attitudes such as ordinary mortals never assume (and which I supposed was one of the attributes of greatness) and the big floppy show-bills stuck up with pins on his walls. I felt that I was in the presence of genius, only I didn't put it that way to myself, because I had never even heard of the word.

One day this actor did not have the change to pay for his washing, and he "didn't have time" to send me out for it. It happened the next week and the next, three or four times. When I finally called to get the money, armed with a strong determination to get it, he was gone. I couldn't believe it at first. To think that that great man, to whose slightest word on the stage hundreds of people would hang breathlessly, should go off without paying for his washing! It was too much! It was the shattering of my first ideal.

My mother also washed for a restaurant-keeper who lived on Stanton Street. It was my job to get the laundry every Sunday afternoon. I have a vivid recollection of one day's experience with the restaurant man and his wife. I had scarcely got home when the restaurant-keeper and his wife came ex-

citedly into our kitchen, having followed me closely, apparently, and accused my mother of having stolen seventy-five dollars out of one of the dresses in the basket of washing I had just brought home. They threatened to call in a policeman unless the money was given up immediately. My poor mother went through the basket of clothes with trembling hands, but found nothing.

The man and his wife were not convinced, however, and left declaring that a policeman would come after her in a few minutes. We spent a very unhappy afternoon, expecting any minute to see the dreaded form of a policeman enter the room. As night came on and he failed to appear, we were somewhat relieved. But after we had gone to bed and the kerosene light had been turned out I lay awake in the kitchen, where I slept, trembling at every sound outside the door. The next day I went down to the restaurant, which was on Chambers Street, determined to find out what had happened to keep that policeman away. To my great indignation, the comfortable-looking restaurant-keeper told me that his wife had found the money when she got home! There were many things I could have said to that man. If he had been a boy, I'd have said them. Instead, I marched out of the place and never went to the Zimmerman's again for washing.

III

GETTING OUT INTO THE WORLD

ONE day a letter came from my grandfather offering to have me brought to Germany, where I would be thoroughly educated, even to a university training. When my father died, my mother's friends had urged her to put at least one or two of the children into an orphan asylum; but she would not listen to them. I recall the horror I felt as I heard the cold-blooded discussion of some of our relatives, who calmly tried to order our lives. Their fear was that we would become dependent upon them. To this day I am grateful that my mother got along without their assistance. My grandfather's offer, however, was plainly well worth considering; so plans were made to send me over with the ship's carpenter of the steamer *Donau*.

The day before I was to sail this kind German took my mother and me all over the ship, showed me my berth, and talked very fascinatingly about ocean travel. I remember we had a delicious little lunch in his cabin, of pumpernickel and white bread sandwiches, *Leberwurst*, and big red apples. I was to sail the next morning at ten o'clock. I went home with my mother, excited at the thought of the adventurous journey on the big boat, and with my mind dwelling on many experiences that I might possibly have. I went to bed feeling that I was a very important person.

The next morning I was up bright and early. My bag with my few belongings had been packed the night before. Soon the jolly carpenter came to get me. Then the unexpected happened. My mother refused to let me go. I didn't know whether to weep or feel relieved at not having to part from my family. There was something in my mother's face, however, that kept me from thinking about my side of the question. She never spoke of this incident after that, and I never did

either. And, somehow, I have never felt that I lost an opportunity.

So I stayed in New York and went to the public school, working after hours and on Saturdays. We lived in the basement of a house on Orchard Street about this time; we always lived in one of the extremes of the house, either at the top or the bottom, because the rent was cheapest there. Across the hall from us was a little tobacco factory, one of those miserable little sweat-shops that the trades unions have done so much to drive out of existence. I went to work there.

It was my first job, stripping tobacco leaves. I was eight years old. The owner paid me fifty cents a week for working from the middle of the afternoon until supper time, and two big cigars as a gratuity! It appears that the general practice of these little shops was to give each employee "smokers" at the end of a day's work, and, as I was an "employee," I was entitled to two cigars. I didn't smoke them, even though I may have thought it a manly performance, because the smell of tobacco made me feel sick, and it was all that I could do to conceal my nausea after stripping the pungent "Havana" leaves for several hours, without making matters worse by trying to smoke. I never told my mother of my dizzy feeling, as she would have promptly stopped my working in the shop. I was so proud of doing something toward the support of the family that I didn't propose to have the dignity of breadwinner taken from me.

My next job was selling newspapers. I stood on the corner of Fifth Street and Avenue B, and yelled at the top of my voice: "Pepper—pepper—Daily Noos!" The old *Daily News* was a four-page evening paper widely read by working people. Indeed, besides the *Evening Telegram*, a few copies of which straggled into the East Side, it was the only evening paper that came into the tenement district. It was a thoroughly human sheet, though not particularly sensational as we think of "yellow journalism" to-day. There was only one special "feature," a daily short story, which I always devoured, regardless of the fact that it was not always seasoned for a small boy's mental palate.

Selling newspapers wasn't hard work. I never got "stuck" with a single copy. And we boys used to have lots of fun between sales, pitching pennies and wrestling. Some of the boys were so successful at penny pitching that they made more money that way than by selling papers. We had never heard of "shooting craps" in those days.

For several months during a school-vacation period I served desserts in a restaurant, dispensing ice-cream and Napoleon cakes exclusively. This was an interesting job for a boy of ten, especially as a good many portions came back untouched and no record was kept of them—the boss simply kept tally of the desserts by the number of meals eaten.

During the Christmas season I went from house to house peddling oranges and Christmas candles. My mother and I went down to Washington Market and bought the oranges wholesale, by the box, and then lugged them home in big market-baskets. In spite of all the poverty on the East Side, there was always a great stir over Christmas. It was the one big celebration of the year. Poor as we were, my mother did not think it an extravagance to have a Christmas tree for us. She used to get one for fifteen cents, and we thought it a mighty big, fine tree, too. She would wait until we were all in bed and asleep on the night before Christmas; then she would slip out and get the tree and from various hiding-places she would lovingly bring out the decorations: lemon sticks and red and white peppermint rings, a few gilded nuts that she had used over and over again in our Christmas trees, and pink and blue and yellow tissue-paper rosettes with candies tied in the center of them. Besides, there were long strings of sugar-coated popcorn which she twined in and out of the dark-green branches. So quietly did she work that none of us ever woke up to catch her playing Santa Claus.

We always had a big celebration at Sunday school on Christmas. It was one of the great events of the whole year to us. Most of the boys I knew somehow managed to attend several Sunday schools as the holiday season approached, so that they might receive Christmas-gifts from each of these schools. Hope Chapel was a little mission occupying the second and

third floors of an old tenement house on the corner of Fourth Street and Avenue C. On the ground floor there was a grocery store, and back of it a stable. For twenty years Hope Chapel occupied this place, and it was a very important influence in my life. A wholesale druggist, a millionaire, was superintendent of the Sunday school. He used to spend night after night visiting the poor, and was really devoted to the people of the neighborhood.

Our "gang" used to "hang out" in some bakery wagons that always stood across the street from Hope Chapel in the evenings. Inside of these wagons we huddled, concocting all sorts of devilry. The policemen were after us about half the time. One of our favorite amusements was blocking up the keyhole of the front door of the Chapel with bits of wood just before service time. Then, from our hiding-place, we would watch the old sexton try to open the door, and poke and dig and jam the key angrily into the hole. We would whisper and chuckle with impish delight as we watched him struggle.

Another trick was to blow into the gas-pipe in the hall, filling the pipe with air, so that soon the lights in the meeting room would go out, leaving the congregation in darkness.

I had a chum at this time; his name was Joe. And what mischief I failed to think of he evolved. We never did anything really malicious, for we were not bad boys; we simply were full of life and spirits, and we had to be doing something constantly. If I hadn't had to spend so much of my boyhood helping support my family, I am afraid I should have got into more trouble than I did.

As it was, I was twice arrested. On neither occasion, however, was I at fault. The first time it was for stealing a dog. At least, the owner said I stole him when I returned the "stray" and tried to collect the reward. The truth was, the dog followed me home the night before. When I entered the owner's home with the dog, he promptly locked the door and called a policeman. I was handcuffed to his wrist, and pulled rather vigorously up Sixth Avenue, with a crowd following closely, to see what would happen to the "young thief." I was sixteen. I was kept in the police station all night, trying to sleep on the

hard board in my cell. In the morning I was brought to the Jefferson Market Police Court, where I was herded with a mob of Saturday night drunks, pickpockets, pimps and other degenerates. Soon I was bailed out by an East Side saloon-keeper. I think I should have been liberated in the first instance if I hadn't told Captain Williams that I was a member of Dr. Howard Crosby's chapel. Dr. Crosby—vigorous preacher that he was, and predecessor of Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst—had been charging the captain in no uncertain terms with responsibility for misdoings in the old Tenderloin district, of which he was in charge. I was promptly let go when I was brought to trial, the jury not even leaving the box to consider the flimsy evidence of my accuser, who obviously was simply trying to get out of paying me the reward.

The second time I was arrested was shortly before an election. As usual, the boys of the neighborhood were picking up boxes and barrels wherever they could find them, without much regard to ownership, for a big bonfire on election night. Suddenly they saw a policeman making for them, and they all ran, leaving me walking along quite alone. The fact was I was coming home from night school. I had not even stopped where they were. But, as the only available boy, the policeman arrested me and took me to the station-house at Fifth Street and First Avenue.

I wasn't afraid. I felt sure of myself, and frankly told the sergeant that I had come from night school. Just then the principal of the school, attracted by the crowd about the police station, came in to see what the trouble was. The sergeant turned to him and asked: "Do you know this boy? He says he goes to your night school."

The principal looked at me for a second, and then quickly replied: "I never saw him there; he doesn't belong to night school at all!"

I was so stunned at this assertion that I hadn't wit enough to tell him in what class I was nor who was my teacher. However, the sergeant let me go, but I was so furious at the principal's remarks that I refused ever to go back to that night

school. For a while I didn't go to any, but pretty soon my ambition revived and I went to another school.

From the time I was eleven years old I read voraciously. I was told that when I was twelve I could take out a membership ticket in the public library at the Bond Street Branch. Promptly on my birthday I presented myself for membership, and from that time on read a book a day.

I feared, after a while, that if the librarian discovered that I was taking out so many books she would withdraw my privilege of drawing out any or punish me in some other way. To obviate this I sneaked stealthily into the book rooms and tried to get away before she could see me, and I attempted to alternate between the clerks at the desk who kept the records of books drawn out.

By the time I was fourteen I had a fairly good smattering of the arts and sciences. But what stayed with me longest and had the greatest influence on me was the knowledge of the Bible which I acquired one summer while I was convalescing from an illness.

To be more specific, I was recovering from a Fourth of July accident. I had sneaked up to the roof of our tenement early in the morning on the Fourth of July to light a mass of powder taken from broken Roman candles and skyrockets. What a glorious blaze it would make! Boylike, I thoroughly enjoyed a big flare of fire. I anticipated having a beautiful time; but I didn't realize that the powder would blaze so high. I got the full force of it in my face, and was an invalid for two months. I couldn't go to the library for books and we had very few at home, so I finally got hold of an old Bible, as a last resort, and began reading at random.

My eye fell on a passage telling about a battle between King David and the Philistines—a fight, just what I loved! Battered up as I was, I still had spirit enough left in me thoroughly to enjoy the story of King David. I devoured page after page; and when I had read all about David, I began at the beginning of the Bible and went straight through. All day long I sat in a rocking-chair with my head bandaged, reading. I read more of the Bible during my convalescence than the average

theological student reads during his entire three years' seminary course; and I had a far more vivid impression of Old Testament stories than most students ever acquire. Even to-day I can locate almost any verse in the Bible because of this early reading.

I was very regular in my attendance at Sunday school. We boys liked Hope Chapel even though we did play pranks to such an extent that one woman finally tried to have Joe and me put out of the Sunday school. She sent a petition around to the members of the congregation for them to sign, but only secured six signatures, four of which were those of members of her own family. Soon after, we both applied for church membership. I can't remember just why. Strange to say, I was accepted by the session, and Joe was rejected. The only way that I can account for it was that Joe talked too much!

Hope Chapel was a very human, sympathetic place under the direction of a hearty young Scotch-Irishman, Dr. W. J. McKittrick. He was fond of sports, which probably helped him preach a wholesome Gospel. He won my everlasting gratitude by taking me to my first professional baseball game. It was the game in which Kelly made his famous "slide."

Later he tutored me three nights a week in English Grammar, Plane Geometry, Mathematics, and several other subjects, because I had a strong desire to go to college. I never reached Princeton—his own Alma Mater, and for which he was preparing me—but the nights I spent with him have helped me tremendously all through life. To devote three nights a week to one boy, however eager he was to secure an education, was a service that few men would cheerfully, voluntarily and freely give. Dr. McKittrick was my close and always helpful friend for nearly thirty years after this early experience. His breadth of view and liberal theological beliefs prevented his being recognized as one of America's greatest preachers, in a day when old-fashioned orthodoxy was regarded as the prime essential, no matter what other talents one might have possessed.

Dr. McKittrick was succeeded by Dr. John Bancroft Devins, who for some years was in charge of the *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund, and who later became the owner and editor of the *New*

York Observer, an old-established Presbyterian weekly newspaper. Dr. Devins' deep and devoted interest in the social conditions of the people in the tenements was a constant inspiration to me, and I owe much to him, not only because of what he taught me through his practical methods of work, but because of his assistance in getting me started in what later became my life-work.

There were some very good "variety shows" on the Bowery in my boyhood days—the old London, Harry Miner's, and Tony Pastor's—and I used to go regularly once a week. I had a good friend, a saloon-keeper, who received one free ticket a week for displaying the play-bills in his window. He wasn't a "low-browed brute," and he didn't give me the ticket because he wanted to entice me into his saloon. He was just a good-natured German who had taken a fancy to me. He wasn't fond of the theater himself, so he gave the tickets to me.

And how I did enjoy those shows! They were usually good, wholesome fun, full of farcical situations, with some clog-dancing and acrobatic feats for variety. Then there was a short melodramatic sketch, which invariably stirred me to the point of weeping. There was always a poor "goil" who received very bad treatment at the hands of the villain. I always had my program high up in front of my face and studied it hard for a few minutes after this sketch was over until I regained my manly composure. Crude as were those sketches, they stimulated my imagination and often made me think much about the lives of others—not for long at a time, it is true; but I do know that the theater gave me a glimpse of another world from that in which I was living.

It is curious how the trouble of stage characters moved me to tears and how little I thought about the real troubles of my neighbors. I suppose it was because they never complained. One family of six, our neighbors, lived on bran for a week. This must have been even worse than stale rolls. But no one knew about it until they were out of their condition of dire poverty.

Soon I left school—I was eleven years old—and went to work regularly. My first position after I left school was

in an artificial-flower shop. At the end of the first week's work I was paid two big "trade" dollars, and all the way home I held them in my hands, banging them together like a pair of cymbals. I worked there until I was fifteen. There were mostly girls in the place except for the few boys who were "cutters"—those who cut the flower petals out of sheets of silk or nainsook folded into about a dozen thicknesses. We used stamps or metal cutters for this purpose and pounded them out with big wooden mallets.

The shop was on Bleeker Street, near Green, close to one of New York's famous "Red Light" districts. The building was an old residence, converted into lofts. It was full of rats. During the summer when work was dull, and only the foreman and I were employed, the rats would swarm out over the empty floors. I got many a thrill taking a shot at them from my perch on top of a work-table, with a small, single-barreled .22 caliber pistol which I had acquired in preparation for my long-planned western Indian "scout" expedition.

I spent many happy days in this shop. Two of my sisters worked there, too, and all the girls were, as we used to say, "the real goods." I am convinced, as the result of my few years' experience in this shop, which employed about seventy-five girls, mostly from the East Side, that the shop-girl is about as virtuous as the average girl in any other walk of life. This impression has been confirmed by later conversations with my sisters, who, of course, knew most of these girls intimately.

But my "big job" at this time was that of machinist apprentice in the works of R. Hoe & Company, the printing-press manufacturers. Very early in my life I had an ambition to run a newspaper. I used to sit on the end of the docks of the East River and build castles in the air: how I would become a newspaper editor in a small city and shape public opinion, and finally, of course, run the whole town.

One of my cousins had served an apprenticeship in the shops of R. Hoe & Company, and from there he had gone as pressman to the *Daily News*, the paper that I sold when I was a small boy. This cousin offered to get me a job building printing-presses. I thought that was pretty closely related to

the newspaper business. So I gladly went with him to interview the superintendent of R. Hoe & Company.

But I found, to my chagrin, that I was nine months too young to be entered as an apprentice, as they did not employ boys in the machine-shop under sixteen years of age. But I was offered a job in the warerooms of the concern, and there I worked until I was old enough to begin my apprenticeship.

Then began the five long years of service, at two dollars a week for the first year, and seven dollars a week during the last year of my apprenticeship. I had been earning six dollars at the artificial-flower shop. To permit me to take another job at only two dollars a week was another evidence of the courage and self-sacrifice of my mother, because it meant additional burdens for her. But she was far-visioned enough to see that in the end I would be holding a bigger job, and she was ready to pay the price.

IV

LEARNING THE MACHINIST'S TRADE

NO man who ever wore a uniform did so with greater pride than when I put on my first pair of blue overalls as a machinist's apprentice. To me they were a badge of honor. I had achieved a distinction to which I had been looking forward for years.

It was my good fortune to spend my apprenticeship days in one of the greatest shops in America. It had a splendid organization and the highest possible standards of workmanship. There was a night school which every apprentice was compelled to attend for five years, in which the laws of mechanics, mathematics, mechanical drawing, and English were taught. The firm not only gave free tuition, but furnished a free supper to every boy.

It was in connection with this supper arrangement that I had my first experience with the human element in the labor problem. One night there was a general "strike" against the food that was being served. We sent our protest to the front office, and our committee was duly met by one of the bosses. In a very few minutes it was proved that the meat we were eating was the same cut and quality as that served to our millionaire bosses in their private dining-room at noon. But the gang wasn't satisfied. They didn't want that kind of food, anyway. The upshot of the whole matter was that thereafter every boy was given a check for a certain amount of money which he might spend in any local restaurant, ordering whatever the check would buy.

I was soon made an assistant to the secretary of the mutual benefit society, and in this capacity I visited every part of the shop, becoming acquainted with the men in the various departments. It was a great surprise to me that so few American

workmen, unlike the English and German machinists in the shop, knew how to read a drawing or to work to scale. It is still true that comparatively few mechanics in this country are qualified to do the original scientific work in their daily tasks which would quickly lift them out of ordinary jobs. Many of the labor unions in America, realizing this fact, are now giving technical courses in their official journals, through which the quality of workmanship among their members is being greatly improved. It does not require very much technical training to make a workman stand out superior to the great mass of his fellow-workers.

Having made this discovery very early in my apprenticeship days, I resolved that I was going to "beat them all to it." So, not satisfied with the regular apprenticeship course, I took other studies, determined that some day I would be the boss of that shop. I deliberately plotted to let the foreman know in various ways that I had invested in a thirty-dollar set of technical books—their cost was equal to about two months' wages, and I was paying for them on the installment plan—and that I was reading other books about construction work and modern machine-shop practice. For I also saw that among a couple of thousand men and boys I hadn't much of a chance if I permitted my light to shine under a bushel. Whenever an opportunity came, I tried to make a record for speed or quality of work.

But my ambition soon got me into trouble. One day word came that the big impression cylinder of a rotary press that had been sent to Australia had proved to be defective. No time was to be lost in making a new one. It was my job to cut two one-inch key-ways on the four-inch shaft, besides two long one-inch slots on the cylinder itself. It was a piece-work job: six dollars for what was ordinarily a twelve-hour job. I finished it in five hours, using some of the clever "kinks" I had evolved in the course of my studies, principally on tool shapes and cutting qualities of various kinds of steel.

It was true that I actually risked my life standing over the top of the job, which was done on a big planing machine. The cylinder itself weighed about three tons. If the belt had broken,

I might have been cut in two. The work was done on Saturday night, too, from seven o'clock until midnight, when I was extremely fatigued.

How that steel curled off as I dug the tool into it, feeding it by hand! Somehow, when a machine acts that way you feel like petting it, as you would a horse. It becomes almost human, part of the man who is running it.

When I came into the shop on Monday morning, I was highly elated. Everybody in the department was watching the progress of that cylinder. A big bonus was to be paid to the firm if it got through in record time, and I felt that I had given it a big boost. The superintendent was greatly pleased, and told me so. He was particularly gratified because I, though still an apprentice, had made the mechanics in the shop look rather sheepish.

But I was compelled to live and work with those mechanics, and they soon showed me that I wasn't going to get away with this record-breaking business so easily, especially on a piece-work job.

"You think you're damned smart, don't you?" my nearest fellow-worker fired at me, after the superintendent got out of the way.

"Sure I do," I replied, with a grin.

"Well, you won't think so long," he said to me. "Wait until those damned efficiency experts in the office hear about it, and they'll cut your piece-work price so that you'll have to kill yourself to make a decent week's wages."

This hadn't occurred to me, but it probably wouldn't have made any difference if it had, and I comforted myself with the thought that these experts would understand that the job had been turned out under very great pressure, and that it could not be sustained very long at a time. But the men were sore at me, and all during the day they showed it by throwing hardwood driving blocks in my direction and bunches of oily waste at my head when I wasn't looking. I saw that this was no time for arguing, so I said nothing, but tried as good-naturedly as I could to stand their insults and injuries. Wasn't I a free man? I consoled myself. Who

had a right to dictate to me how much work I should turn out?

But in a few weeks a new piece-work schedule came down from the office. The price of the cylinder had been cut thirty per cent! Then the men gave me the horse laugh. How humiliated I felt! What was the use? These fellows were right. It didn't pay to hustle. You get just as much money by not rushing.

That's the way I argued for a while; but I soon got over it, and went back to breaking records, or trying to. And it paid in the end. For before I had finished my apprenticeship I was promised that some day I would be given the foremanship of that department. I often wondered, however, what would become of the ordinary workman if high-pressure methods should prevail in all industries. What about the man who couldn't stand the pace? Ordinarily, that cylinder was a twelve-hour job. I had made it a five-hour job through extraordinary methods which the average workman knew nothing about.

I had heard a great deal about the snobbishness of the bosses and of the rich in general. And I saw some evidences of it. There were some men in the office who undoubtedly looked upon the workers in the shop as an inferior order of human beings. Even the clerks regarded the shop men with contempt. This attitude resulted in a bitter hatred of the men toward whatever came from the office, men or messages. A notice posted upon the bulletin board was regarded with the greatest suspicion. "I wonder what those fellows have got up their sleeves now," was a common comment. The workmen felt that nothing good could come from behind that glass door that led into the office. And if perchance a worker in the shop should graduate into the office he was considered a renegade, a traitor to his class. And, as he knew the "tricks" of the shop, it was felt that he would soon turn out to be a common spy.

But, strangely, snobbishness was more prevalent among the men themselves than it was between the office men and the shop workers; and with less excuse on the part of the men in

the shop. For example, at lunch time the skilled mechanics would not think of permitting the laborers to eat their sandwiches and drink their beer in the same corner in which they ate. The draughtsmen considered themselves much superior to the pattern-makers, the pattern-makers thought they were better than the machinists, the machinists looked down upon the tinsmiths, and so it went on. There were at least half a dozen different grades of "society" among the men in the shop. I am reminded of the women's clubs I once encountered in a little railroad town in Minnesota. None of the wives of the firemen could join the club composed of the wives of the engineers; and as for the wives of the brakemen—they simply weren't in it!

There was a big Yankee in my department who was probably the most unpopular man in the place. He not only always stood with the bosses whenever a controversy arose between the men and the office, but he was always looking out for the bosses' interest in the routine of his daily work. And this, of course, we thought unpardonable. One of his minor "sins" was that of going about the shop turning out the gas-jets which thoughtless workmen had left burning.

But there was another habit for which they hated him most cordially. He always came into the shop at 6:30—we began at seven in those days and worked until six—and he filled his oil can and trimmed his oil lamp, ground his tools, and in other ways made ready all that he could before seven o'clock. Usually the engine started at about 6:45, so as to get a good start before the strain of hundreds of machines was placed upon it. And the Yankee mechanic invariably threw on the belt of his machine as soon as the engine was fairly under way, amid howls of derision from all over the shop. He worked on, apparently oblivious of it all. He just wanted to be industrious and economical. But the men thought he was an ordinary "sucker," although that was the mildest term which they applied to him.

Needless to say, he was not a member of the union. Indeed, he was the only man who worked when the men went out on strike; and I remember that during one strike he was

badly beaten up as he went out at noon hour to buy his can of beer.

It is really a question whether a man of this general type is a useful man in the average shop. Some of his practices are undoubtedly commendable, but on the whole, his conduct only breeds discord and hatred because it is unreasonable to expect that his fellows in the shop can and will follow his thrifty example.

The average workingman is more afraid of being out of a job than he is of going to hell. The possibility of losing my job in the Hoe press works constantly hung over me, although there was no particular cause for me to have feared that catastrophe. Nevertheless the feeling that for any one of a number of reasons the boss could fire me if he felt so disposed made me almost bitter toward him. Furthermore, any one of a number of minor bosses could have fired me if he had really wanted to.

But one day the dreadful thing happened—I was fired. Times had become very dull. The men were being laid off in relays, and some of them never came back to the machine shop.

THE BOSS AND THE BARKEEPER

A SHORT time before I was laid off, on a cold winter morning the janitor in the office failed to appear, and I was sent into the big boss's private office to build a grate fire. I had never seen a grate before. It was so big that I could almost get inside of it. Finally, just as I had got the fire started, I heard a step behind me, and there was the big boss, with a smile on his face, watching me.

"It's rather cold this morning, isn't it?" he said in a high-pitched, though not unpleasant, voice.

He was not very popular in the shop. He rarely was seen there, and he never stopped to speak to anybody when he did rush through any of the departments.

I'm afraid that I was so surprised that he spoke to me at all that I didn't have sense enough to agree with him about the weather, but the chill in my own heart toward him disappeared.

"You fellows are all wrong about the boss," I declared with vigor, when I returned to the shop. And I began praising him because of his friendliness toward me, perhaps beyond what was his due, considering the slight evidence he had given of what I vehemently said was his natural disposition. But, what was most important, my own mind was changed, because, for once, I had had a real human contact with the man who had heretofore stood in my mind for everything that was autocratic and despotic.

And so when I was laid off I took it as one of the things which just naturally comes into a workingman's life—particularly as I lost only two weeks' time.

During those two weeks I spent my time wandering about the city interviewing the bosses of other machine shops, asking for a job, but hoping that I would not find one, because

I liked my own job best of all. I wanted to see what it was really like to hunt a job, because I had long been familiar with the bitterness which filled men's hearts when they were out of work.

Scores of other men haunted the gates of the shops that I visited, sometimes literally hundreds of them. I am afraid that some of the old resentment that the boss could hold my job in the hollow of his hand came back, aggravated by the treatment given me by many of the foremen or employment managers, who not only spoke gruffly but frequently swore at men who, because of their hunger or need of money for their families, were too aggressive in trying to find something to do.

I was later to find out what unemployment in a big city really meant when it became my task to help find jobs for hundreds of thousands of men and women in New York City. And the personal experience which I had that winter, in my machine shop days, when it really did not matter much whether I found a job or not, gave me a much broader sympathy for the unemployed than I would probably otherwise have had.

Most of the men who were out of work spent their time in the saloon, even though they had not very much money to spend. There was no other place to which they could go, and the saloon was in a very real sense the social center for workmen in practically every community. The old-time saloon has acquired a very unsavory name, and undoubtedly it has deserved most of the things that have been said about it. But very few of the temperance reformers have, or ever have had, any conception of what the saloon meant to the workingman.

The saloon-keeper had a monopoly of all the small halls in the district in which the workingmen lived. The labor unions often held their meetings in the back rooms of saloons, for which they rarely paid any rent, because the saloon-keepers were confident that the men would spend their money before, during, and after the meetings in sufficient quantities to make it worth while.

It was in the saloon that the workingmen in those days held their christening parties, their weddings, their dances, their rehearsals for their singing societies, and all other social

functions. It was here that they were given opportunity to play billiards, pool, and cards; and often there was a bowling alley. Sometimes there was a gymnasium. In most cases the customers were freely supplied with newspapers. Music was furnished, especially in connection with summer gardens. More important than most of us think was the free lunch that was offered with a schooner of beer.

Undoubtedly, however, the chief element of attraction was the saloon-keeper himself. Prohibition agitators who pictured the saloon-keeper as a low-browed brute simply did not understand his relationship to the average workingman, and the workingmen simply laughed at this characterization. They knew better.

True enough, many of them were all their accusers charged them with being. But the average saloon-keeper was more than an ordinary retail business man. He was a social force in the community. His greeting was cordial, his appearance neat, and his acquaintance large. He had access to sources of information which were decidedly beneficial to the men who patronized his saloon. Often he secured work for both the workingman and his children. I recall that as a young apprentice, when I was arrested, as already told, the first man to whom my friends turned was the saloon-keeper on the block. And he furnished bail gladly. He was doing it all the time.

He had close affiliation with the dominant political party; he was instrumental in getting the young men of the neighborhood on the police force and into the fire department, the most coveted jobs in the city among my young workmen friends. He loaned money without setting up the work basis of the Charity Organization Society and similar relief organizations. No questions were asked as to whether or not the recipient was deserving. Frequently he lent "hoping nothing in return."

He rarely permitted a man to become intoxicated in his place of business. In most cases he would permit neither swearing nor gambling. Usually his family belonged to one of the community churches, and they were not all of them

BOSS AND THE BARKEEPER

Catholics, either, as is often supposed. In later years, when I became a preacher, few greeted me more cordially than the saloon-keeper when I made my pastoral calls in his home. The Salvation Army lassie was never turned away; and woe betide the man in the saloon who tried to insult her! No wonder that the workingman smiled at the caricatures of the man whom he knew to be so very human and who was often one of his best friends.

To be sure, it would be a very easy matter to paint the other side of the picture. One could tell of the suffering caused by over-indulgence on the part of the individual workingman and the hardships which this indulgence caused his wife and children. That is taken for granted. But it is because temperance reformers so completely forget the human element in the saloon business that they have made so little progress in converting workingmen to the prohibition idea.

To strike is to many employers of labor the unpardonable sin. I recall in the main office of the shop in which I worked a photograph. Beneath the picture, in the narrow margin of the card-mount, was this legend:

HARRY JONES

Oldest employee in the Works.

Born in Wales Sept. 4, 1827

Entered our employ Oct. 1, 1843

HE NEVER WENT OUT ON STRIKE

That was undoubtedly a fine record. To have been with the same concern so many years meant a great deal both to the firm and to the workman. But I confess I never could see the supreme virtue of remaining at work when a strike was justifiable—and there were undoubtedly occasions when it became necessary to protest in this fashion in order to better the conditions of workingmen, unless, of course, some fair means had been agreed upon whereby industrial differences could be arbitrated.

Anyway, a psychological situation is developed during an industrial conflict which inevitably grips practically every work-

ingman concerned. One day the conductors and drivers of the old Grand Street line went out on strike. The utmost confusion reigned. According to the law, the company was compelled to run at least one street car a day over the line of its franchise. The strikers were determined that this should not be done. They piled trucks upon the tracks and in every way possible obstructed the course of the street car. In spite of police protection furnished by the city, every street car that attempted to make the trip had its windows smashed. In several cases the street cars themselves were turned upside down and laid upon the tracks.

This, of course, was highly exciting to us apprentices. One day all the apprentices in the shop resolved to take the afternoon off to see the fun. We followed the street car across the city, trailing behind the mob of strikers. I recall, once when the strikers were chased by a large force of policemen, that I was thrown down and my thumb was mashed by the heel of a husky driver. But I continued with the rest of the apprentices until we saw that street car through to its finish.

We had been warned by the bosses that if we left the shop that afternoon we would all be discharged, but the fever was in our blood; we cared nothing about being discharged, under the circumstances. Actually, none of us lost his job. When the superintendent was asked why he did not make good his threat, he simply smiled. He was a good psychologist. He understood that it was simply impossible for the boys to have remained at their machines overlooking Grand Street and see the mob pass by, with all the thrill of a baseball game, a fight, and a struggle to get more wages combined calling them to come on and have a part in it all.

I have rarely met a workingman who envied the rich man his wealth; but I have known many of them who coveted his leisure, the chance to see things and to enjoy them. During the last few years that I worked in the machine shop I ran a planing-machine down in the basement underneath the sidewalk. The only daylight that I saw came through a tiny window, except when occasionally the back door leading into the

yard was opened. I worked ten hours a day, with no half-holiday on Saturday.

Living in East New York, which was then the extreme end of Brooklyn, across the river, I was compelled to get up at 5:30 in the morning, and I never reached home until about 7:30. Although I thoroughly enjoyed my job as a machinist and truly was eager to get back at it in the morning, because there was a constant thrill about the new jobs that came along and because I was eager to excel, I greatly missed the opportunity to visit places in and about New York which I wanted so much to see.

So one day I broached the subject to the boss and told him that I wanted two afternoons a week off. I realized that this was an unusual request to make, but I saw no other way of getting the time unless I left the job. Finally he agreed. Furthermore, he astonished me by saying that he would raise my wages sufficiently so that there would be no actual money loss on account of the time taken off those two afternoons.

When the old-fashioned bell rang at twelve o'clock on those days and I had pulled off my overalls, put them into my tool chest, and quickly eaten my lunch of bologna sausage, rye bread, and three or four apples, I followed my prearranged schedule, visiting art galleries or museums, going to lectures, or just roaming about the city. It was a grand and glorious feeling to realize that I actually had some time which was my own, so that I could go where I pleased.

The only diploma which I have ever received from any institution is a finely engraved apprenticeship certificate, signed by the head of R. Hoe & Company, indicating the departments of work in which I was employed during my apprenticeship and giving my personal rating as "superior workman." It holds a prominent place in my office.

It states that I spent five years in my term of apprenticeship, from June 15, 1885, to June 15, 1890. Those years, together with my three years as a journeyman, constituted a background of education in the day-by-day problems of workmen which has since been most valuable to me. That big

machine shop actually became my training school, my university, my seminary. I am rather proud of the title "superior workman." I think I earned it fairly. Whatever else I may have done since the day I received my diploma as a graduate machinist has been based upon the broad education received among two thousand highly skilled workmen, among whom there was just as great a variety of opinion and human experience as one can find almost anywhere else in the world.

VI

BREAKING INTO THE MINISTRY

WHEN I decided to become a preacher, I received absolutely no encouragement from anybody. One woman, who had known me a long time, said rather doubtfully that if I should go to college for four years and to a theological seminary for three years more, I might be acceptable in some little country church "where they weren't very particular." She emphatically declared that I would never make a good public speaker.

When I told the superintendent of the shop in which I was working that I was going to quit and take a course of study in preparation for the "Gospel ministry," he called me a fool. He offered me a job as his assistant if I would remain.

I confess that that stumped me, because all my preparation had been for that kind of job; and I was made particularly uncomfortable when he reminded me that there was no limit to my chances in the shop, that there was no reason why I might not succeed him. I asked him for a week to think about his proposal, during which period I went through many kinds and degrees of mental torture, because here was the very thing being offered me that I had wanted all during my machinist days. He insisted that I could do just as much good as the head of this big plant as I could possibly do as a preacher in any church in America.

At the end of a week I went back and told him that my mind was made up. I was going to preach!

I hadn't saved a dollar to pay my expenses. I had to borrow twenty-five dollars to go to Chicago to the Moody Bible Institute, where I was to take a course of study in the English Bible, and I bought an extra low linen collar so that I could sit up more comfortably for two nights in a day coach instead of riding in the more expensive Pullman car.

Work assigned me by the Institute managers in consideration of a "scholarship" paying sixteen dollars a month required all the time I could spare from my studies.

And so I lived most meagerly with my wife and two-year-old son in a single room in the attic of a rooming-house on North Wells Street. Our most sumptuous meal during the week was obtained on Monday afternoon, when we all visited a big department store on State Street, "tasting" the samples offered customers in the grocery department. I confess that my mind often went back with longing to that superintendent's job; he had told me that I might return any time and claim it if I "got tired preaching."

I had a most loyal supporter in a fellow-officer in a church in Brooklyn in which we were both active workers, Jans F. Bidstrup, an electrical engineer, but not a man of very great wealth. He helped raise the money to pay the expense of a little mission I conducted, and when I went to the Moody Institute, he regularly sent me every month a check for forty dollars during the time that I was studying there. He had promised to do this before I left New York, but I didn't hear from him for three months. I almost lost faith in my friend's promise until one day a letter was received containing checks for four consecutive months—each of them dated back to cover the whole period. My friend Mr. Bidstrup wrote me that he had an old man in his employ who, it developed, in posting his letters had regularly deposited them in an old box at the end of the hall, and it was not until he had received many inquiries about mail that Mr. Bidstrup finally discovered what had become of many of his personal letters. When he opened the box he was amazed to find it stacked full of his mail, and among it were the three letters addressed to me each containing a check for the months during which I had failed to hear from him. Naturally this was a very trying experience, for I had banked heavily on the money that had been promised me. But there was a season of great rejoicing in our little attic "apartment" when that bunch of checks arrived.

I think that what tried me most at this time of deprivation was an experience with a "pan-handler." We had been taught

by the Institute instructors to take the words of the Bible literally, and special emphasis was put upon the injunction, "Give to him that asketh thee." So when this beggar asked me for the price of a square meal, I gave him a quarter, all the money I had in my pocket. I followed him around the corner to see what he would do, although doing such a thing seemed almost like questioning the Bible. I saw him buy a big bag of cherries for twenty cents and jump onto a street car going downtown. I watched him until he was out of sight, leisurely eating those nice big red cherries—I who had felt unable to afford to buy even a nickel's worth!

My going to the Moody Institute in Chicago was really the climax of a series of attempts to break into the ministry. I had successively tried to get into Princeton, Union, and McCormick Theological Seminaries, all Presbyterian schools; but none of them would have me. I finally tried Drew Seminary, which was a Methodist school, and where I had heard that, at that time at least, the requirements of admission were not so high. But even Drew turned me down. The president wrote me in substance that I didn't know enough—which, of course, I knew; that was why I wanted to go to the school. I knew mathematics and mechanical drawing and mechanics, but of what use were these in a theological seminary?

Before making application to these seminaries I had honestly tried to study at least some of the things which would fit me to take theological instruction. I had studied Latin with a Jewish peddler, Greek with a Brooklyn lawyer, and Hebrew in an extension course, and I could read each of those languages fairly well. Besides that I had had a great deal of practical experience in religious work. I had been an "elder" in the Presbyterian Church—elected when I was twenty-one, —superintendent of a Sunday school, a Bible-class teacher, a member of the Board of Managers of the Young Men's Christian Association, Vice-President of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union, and organizer and conductor of a mission on the outskirts of Brooklyn. But I couldn't prove that I was "regular."

While the theological seminaries were deeply immersed in

the study of the Amalekites, the Hittites, and the Jebusites, I had been busy getting acquainted with the Brooklynites, the Chicagoites, and the Buffaloes. I didn't realize it at the time, but that was a pretty good preparation for the work that I wanted to do—to preach to workingmen.

Also, I discovered later, that when the graduates at the seminaries preached about the social conditions of those very interesting people who lived thousands of years ago, they were regarded as perfectly orthodox. But when I began to preach about the social problems of the Pittsburghites, for example, discussing almost precisely the same questions that confronted the ancients, I was somewhat rudely reminded that I might better preach the "simple Gospel"—whatever that might be. However, I felt that the Pittsburghites needed my messages very much more, because the Amalekites had been a long time dead!

Somehow, I never could get away from this very practical situation, and it got me into trouble at the Moody Institute. I had always been a conservative in my theological beliefs, but I was not very familiar with many of the doctrines taught at the school, simply because in New York I had never so much as heard of them.

Much was said about the "second blessing." I was anxious to get this added gift. So when it was announced that an all-night prayer-meeting of the four hundred students would be held to pray for this blessing, I eagerly attended. There was a great deal of singing and much exhortation until midnight, and then they all fell upon their knees and audible prayer began. In about an hour student after student joyously arose and shouted that he "claimed the promise," that he had "received the blessing." I couldn't see it. I remained on my knees until about four o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile, the leader stood over me—I had taken a seat up front, so that I could see and hear everything, for I certainly wanted that gift if it was for me—and he berated me for my lack of faith. I was made a subject of special prayer. I honestly felt that I needed it. But I realized that honesty was better than having the approval of the Faculty.

But I hasten to say that the ten months spent at the school which Dwight L. Moody founded were actually a wonderful experience for me. While much of the teaching seemed unreal and artificial, the basic teaching of the Bible was most helpful, and this was what I needed. Dr. W. W. White, now President of Biblical Seminary in New York, was the teacher of Old Testament at the Institute, and his sanity and enthusiasm spurred me on to make a number of highly interesting original studies—and I often spent most of the night chasing an Old Testament character through the Bible. I have always felt grateful to Moody Institute for knocking out of me the conservatism in my methods of work, particularly in reaching people with the Gospel message, although, compared with the average church worker, I would have been considered a radical.

One evening shortly after I had arrived at the Institute, I was standing at the main entrance just as the crews of the Institute's open-air workers were going out to hold street meetings in various parts of the city. One of the crews happened to be a man short, and I was asked if I would not like to go with them. I thought it rather amusing because I never had had much use for street preachers. I had always supposed that they consisted mainly of cranky long-haired men and short-haired women. But I had come to the Institute for new experiences, and this evidently was to be one of them. They took me to West Madison Street, just across the river, at that time one of the toughest parts of Chicago. Timidly I took my place on the inside of the semicircle of Institute workers, desperately afraid that something was going to happen.

It did. Suddenly the leader pointed to me, and then yelled to the crowd: "We've got a man here from New York. I'm going to ask him to speak."

I was nearly paralyzed. I had made absolutely no preparation for giving an address of any kind. I have a vague recollection of saying something about Niagara Falls and the Rock of Ages. I had passed Niagara Falls in coming from New York a couple of days before, and it was the one thing that stood out before my mind in that awful moment. But when I stepped back it was with a distinct consciousness that I had

definitely conquered that awful sense of timidity. Thereafter there was always a thrill for me in talking to a crowd on the street. I found that it was easy to do it if one had a sense of humor and downright earnestness. In fact, it was much easier to speak on the streets than it was in an ordinary church with an audience consisting of smug, self-satisfied people.

Once, when I was a very small boy on the East Side of New York, the marshal of a parade held by an athletic and social club permitted me to sit on his horse's back for about three minutes. It was a big, fat truck horse. That was the extent of my experience as a horseman. But another horse, an Indian pony, became an integral part of my first Gospel mission after a year of study. When summer came with its vacation period, I had a chance to go to northern Minnesota to organize Sunday schools in sparsely settled districts. The State superintendent in Minneapolis told me where I could find the animal which was to be mine for the summer. I was to buy a cart and some harness for the pony.

But that first day I rode the pony thirty miles across the prairies to another point which was to be my headquarters, with only a meal-bag saddle which the farmer who had loaned me the horse had kindly tied on his back. Neither lash nor lung could increase the pony's gait to more than five miles an hour. As I did not dismount from the time I started until I reached my destination some seven or eight hours later, my initial experience with the "missionary" pony left me with some very tender recollections.

In due time my two-wheel cart and harness arrived. The harness was about four sizes too large for my little pony, but a sharp knife soon fixed that. The cart had never been put together. It had been built by "gauge." When I tried to assemble the parts, I found that the wheels fitted the axles, but that was about all. It required the assistance of a blacksmith to get the rest of the wagon together, because some of the bolt holes were half an inch out of the way. To make matters worse, the farmer who had been caring for the pony said that he had not been used during the past year—it was his sabbatical year, or something—and of course the pony was not accus-

tomed to this new-fangled cart. I couldn't understand at first just what his peculiar movements meant. It was a cross between the strut of a peacock and the balk of a Missouri mule. However, we soon got used to each other and got along fairly well.

After that my troubles were not with the pony, but with stubborn school boards, for practically all my Sunday schools were organized in schoolhouses. My first job was to canvass the entire community and ask the neighbors if they would not like to have a meeting in the schoolhouse that night. Of course they all said "Yes"—anything for a change and a bit of excitement. Then I tackled the school board and told them that all the people wanted a meeting, and inveigled permission from them to use the schoolhouse, despite the protests evoked by their religious prejudices. I organized a school about every night in the week, and I found at the end of the season that I had organized more Sunday schools in northern Minnesota than the five regular missionaries in the rest of the State combined. The real job in organizing Sunday schools, I found afterwards, was to keep them going. I guess these sturdy experienced missionaries had learned that it was better to organize fewer schools and to keep them organized. At any rate, I was out to organize them and not to follow them up, and I did this job to the best of my ability.

One day I had been traveling along through an unusually sparsely settled section of country. I had not seen a house nor a person for many miles. Night came on. It was high time that my pony and I should put up somewhere. Finally I spied a light shining through the window of a house on the top of a hill. I rapped at the door and to my amazement there appeared a man in clerical garb. I told him that I was a Sunday-school missionary wanting a place to spend the night and stable-room for my pony. He looked at me rather suspiciously for a moment and finally asked, "What denomination?" I replied, "Presbyterian." "All right," he said, "come in." He was a Lutheran.

After I had washed up, I entered the dining room, where I found a well-prepared supper on the table. I waited a long

time for some one to invite me to sit down to the meal, but as no one appeared, I finally ate alone. The Lutheran preacher had told me that he would take care of my horse, so I went to bed. The next morning I ate my breakfast alone, seeing no one about the house, and when I had finished my meal, I found my pony hitched up to my little cart, just outside the front door, and I continued my journey, but my host gave me no chance to thank him for his hospitality.

On my way back to Chicago I stopped at Minneapolis to meet the chairman and superintendent of the Sunday School Committee. Apparently, the chairman, a prominent lumberman, was impressed with the record that I had made. He told me about a mission chapel in the northern part of the city, close to the Mississippi River, and that he needed some one to take charge of it. He offered me the position. The field seemed to offer such unusual opportunities for speaking to workingmen and their families that I promptly accepted his proposal.

After I had been at work for a month, I suggested to the officers in charge—men who belonged to the “home church” which supported the chapel—a program of work which I thought should be carried out. They simply smiled at me. They reminded me that I had been in the field only a month, whereas they had been there many years, some of them as long as twenty, and that I had better wait until I knew more about the conditions in the community before taking such very drastic measures as I had outlined.

Without saying a word to anybody, I began to make a thorough canvass of the entire community, visiting every family in the parish, which covered an area about two miles long and half a mile wide. I made about a hundred calls a day. When I had finished, I was the absolute master of my field. I knew the situation in practically every house. I knew exactly how many people lived in the district, what were their nationalities, their religious beliefs, their trades, ages, birthplaces, whether or not they attended church, and which of the children went to Sunday school and to public school. All of this statistical material was placed upon a series of charts, and the data graphically displayed on the walls of my study in the

church. Then I called another meeting of the officials. I was so full of the subject that without looking at the charts I could give exact figures on all of the points which I discussed. Needless to say, my church officials were amazed, and when I again proposed my plans they had nothing further to say.

From that time forth every department of work organized in the church was based upon an actual situation which was demonstrable. I knew, for example, when I organized a boys' club, just about how many boys were eligible for membership. Actually, about five hundred of them became members of this club, which was open every night in the week and consisted almost entirely of newsboys and bootblacks. Every week I gave a stereopticon lecture consisting of about sixty slides. My subjects were most ambitious: "The Life of Napoleon," "A Trip to the North Pole," the story of "Ben Hur," "From New York to San Francisco." A few months after I arrived in Minneapolis I acquired the reputation of being a "virile, red-blooded" kind of preacher because one day I stopped a team of heavy truck horses which was tearing down one of the main streets of the city, smashing everything that stood in the way. Covered with mud, I was interviewed by a reporter from one of the local newspapers who wrote a most interesting account of the affair. I think the story of this event helped me a great deal with the street boys who later joined my club at the Chapel. I had simply to raise my hand to restore quiet when a mob of some hundreds had taken the bit in their mouths and were running away with the caretakers at the club. The first regular sermon that I delivered was written out word for word. But I never had the chance to write another sermon. During the first week I had three funerals, and I created a new address for each occasion. I thought that I had been putting in a pretty good day's work when I was a machinist; but the hours of labor in this first church of mine were much longer than any I had ever worked in a machine shop. In a short time there were thirty meetings a week in operation. The big gallery in the church was being used for the first time since the building had been erected.

The people in the neighborhood were so poor that they

could not afford to pay doctor's fees nor buy medicine, and so I organized a free dispensary. Ten dollars put in a complete supply of necessary drugs purchased at wholesale prices. Ten cents was charged for each prescription, and while sometimes the medicine, even though purchased at wholesale, cost us much more than this, the average prescription cost us just a few cents. Of course, we paid the doctor nothing.

I had always been enthusiastic about good music and while at the Moody Institute I took some special courses in vocal training, sight reading and chorus conducting. It had been thoroughly drilled into us that only those who were actually living a Christian life and were members of the church were eligible to lead the people in song. When I came to the Minneapolis Chapel, I found that a choir of about a dozen voices had the right of way, but that practically all of them were deficient in the requirements and standards of a church chorister, which I had been taught, and so, in a perfectly reckless fashion and without consulting anybody, I announced one Sunday that on the following night a choir would be organized and that two requirements would be made of each applicant: First, he must be able to sing; and second, he must be a professing Christian. One little hunchback girl alone appeared for the nucleus of my Christian choir, and she did not have much of a voice. Needless to say, no choir was organized that night.

On the following Sunday I took personal charge of the music. I sang all the solos and conducted the congregational singing. Naturally, my action in dismissing the old choir created a good deal of discussion, not to say much hard feeling, but I was determined to see the thing through, and for a year the Sunday services of that church were personally conducted by me in every respect. At the end of that time, when many new people had come into the church, I succeeded in organizing a new choir. A Socialist barber was engaged to take charge of the music.

Not being ordained, I could not baptize the babies, officiate at weddings, or administer the communion. One Sunday night the preacher who was "pinch-hitting" for me in one of these functions looked admiringly over the big audience, and

remarked with a tone of satisfaction: "Well, brother, things are going on so well now, I guess we'll have to call a regular preacher pretty soon, won't we?" I agreed with him. I think I said "Yeah," in true East Side fashion. At any rate, that was the way I felt. They had already tried out half a dozen "regular preachers," besides a Salvation Army captain and a well-known evangelist, but they had all failed. If things hadn't been so run down, they would never have risked letting loose a student-preacher, who had a long way to go before he could be ordained. But I remained two years, and had a happy time working with the sawmill men and their families. Perhaps the thing which I enjoyed most of all in that enterprise was the big boys' club. I looked in on it at least every night. Whenever I could, I spent the entire evening with those youngsters, who reminded me more than anything else of the East Side of New York, where my heart was fixed all the time.

And one day I was invited to come back to New York to become the pastor of the same chapel in which I had been raised. I didn't require much coaxing to accept that "call." I didn't ask much about salary or other conditions. I simply went. I wanted to get back to New York.

The half-dozen years since I had left New York had made a good many changes in the neighborhood. I saw at once that if the work were to succeed it meant making some very drastic changes in methods. But I was blandly told by my old friend, the superintendent of the Sunday school, who had said I would never make a preacher because my English had been so badly neglected, that there were to be no "innovations." He practically supported the chapel, and what he said was law. This business of "home church membership" was a farce. None of the chapel people was ever invited to a business meeting of the home church, even though legally they were members of the church. They had nothing whatever to say, not even with reference to the chapel which they attended and helped support. There was not the slightest trace of democracy in the management of affairs. No wonder it was hard to get workingmen to take an interest in that kind of enterprise! One day the people of Hope Chapel heard that there was

to be a regular business meeting of the church, which all contributing members had a right to attend. A considerable number decided to go to that meeting to see what their membership really amounted to. Now the average church business meeting is very poorly attended by the "regular" members, so that when these downtown East Side people walked into the lecture hall, the minister who was presiding, seeing that the chapel people outnumbered the home church folks, and fearing that the East-Siders might out-vote his own crowd, promptly announced that the meeting was adjourned. It was just the kind of place in which I wanted to work out my ideas of what a church in a workingman's district ought to be like. But my hands were tied. It was altogether hopeless.

Soon I resigned, and went to St. Louis to the old Soulard Market Mission, which had been organized by William H. Markham, a business man of the city. It was an ideal situation. The leaders and workers were most enthusiastic and sympathetic toward my methods. I had practically a free hand. Dr. W. J. McKittrick, who was my boyhood pastor—the one who first took me to a professional baseball game in New York—was the minister in charge of the First Presbyterian Church in St. Louis. Through his hearty coöperation, a wealthy woman of the city was persuaded to give me annually three thousand dollars which I was to spend as I pleased for any "extra things" that I wanted to do, in addition to the regular funds for the support of the church. The right to spend some hundreds of dollars at any one time without being compelled to go through the formality of consulting committees gave me a chance to act quickly when I saw the necessity for doing so.

A local governing committee, with workingmen represented, was organized, and as soon as possible the mission was turned into a full-fledged church, with a complete set of officers. Very shortly thereafter I was ordained by the St. Louis Presbytery, after having preached for five years as a layman. During all that time I had been studying hard to pass the examinations. When the time came, in spite of the fact that I was grilled for four hours on all kinds of theological questions by a group

which was not altogether sympathetic with my radical methods of work, it was a real pleasure to have the presiding officer at my ordination service tell the audience that no candidate, including those who were graduates of regular theological seminaries, had passed his examination more creditably.

I worked tremendously hard to put through a real program for the community. We had the biggest Sunday school west of the Mississippi River—I recall that there were four hundred in the primary department alone—and the largest Sunday night congregation in St. Louis. During the entire summer tent meetings were held in a lot near the church, which were attended by about a thousand people every night in the week. More people joined our church than became members of any other church in the city. Fully two hundred and fifty members belonged to the young people's societies. There were three choirs of a hundred voices, a cooking class of seventy-two, and eight "cottage meetings" every week in the homes of the people. It was a real people's church, and I was proud to be its pastor.

VII

PIONEERING WITH CHURCH AND LABOR

“**T**HE Workingman and the Westminster Confession of Faith” was the title of an address which I was invited to make in Joplin, Missouri, on the occasion of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of that creed. Of course, most workingmen never knew that there was such a thing as a Westminster Confession of Faith, and those who did cared mighty little about it. They were not so much concerned about the glorious traditions of the Church as they were about what the Church was doing here and now.

At about that time, the Confession of Faith was beginning to make a lot of trouble for the Presbyterians. It was the beginning of the fundamentalist controversy which has since assumed such large proportions, and why the workingmen should be dragged into this business I did not know. I half suspect that the reason this subject was assigned to me was because somebody on the program committee who knew of my interest in workingmen, was anxious to have me speak in Joplin, which was a mining town in southwestern Missouri, and as the main theme was the Confession of Faith, they simply hitched the two things together and thus provided a subject, or perhaps an excuse for my speaking.

In the course of my address I remarked that, although very few workingmen seemed to be attending the churches of Joplin, the streets were thronged with them. Speaking out of my experience in tent and open-air preaching, I suggested that the churches might well go after the men who had declined to come to them.

“Will you conduct such a meeting on the streets of Joplin to-night?” shouted somebody in the audience.

“Yes, I will, if you will go with me,” I replied.

Immediately a dozen others volunteered, and when the dignified body of Presbyterian ministers from all over the State adjourned that afternoon it was to reconvene at seven o'clock that evening on a certain street corner in Joplin, where I was to conduct an open-air meeting. As I stood on the seat of a big barouche, or carriage, which somebody had furnished, I faced hundreds of miners who had first been attracted by the playing of a cornet which I had insisted should constitute the music for the occasion. Mingled with the miners were the preachers.

Just as I was to begin my address my eye rested on the sign of a clothing dealer whose name was "Gottlieb." Pointing to the sign, I told my audience that that was to be my text, namely, the love of God. And the Jewish storekeeper, who stood in his doorway, smilingly nodded, and said, "Dot's right."

One man who stood on the outskirts of the crowd, one of the National secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, had come all the way from New York to bring his greetings to the meeting. At the afternoon session he accepted my challenge when I said: "If there were time, I would like to tell you what I think the National Presbyterian Church should do in connection with the problem of the workingman."

"Tell us," shouted the secretary, Dr. John Dixon, and quickly I outlined some of the things which I thought should be done, perhaps by the Board which he represented. Dr. Dixon and I talked the thing out that afternoon. The result was that I was invited to come to New York by Dr. Charles L. Thompson, the General Secretary of the Board. For three days we talked out every possible angle of what I had proposed, and it was finally agreed that I was to spend six months on the field trying out my plan.

The first place I visited was Minneapolis. The difficulties of beginning at the point where I had begun my work as a student-preacher were perfectly obvious; but I had the advantage of knowing the city. Without very much preparation or announcement I landed in Minneapolis, to remain in the city for a month. Frankly, I was not greeted with open arms by the churches and preachers. They thought that I had come to

impose something upon them which they neither understood nor desired.

Sufficient pressure had been brought to bear upon the leading church in the city to permit me to give an illustrated lecture. But before I was allowed to deliver that address, not only was my manuscript censored by a professor in the Law Department of the University of Minnesota, but even the ticket of admission which I had drawn up needed to have his approval. It was probably supposed that I was to present some radical Socialistic or Anarchistic doctrine which I was going to ask the churches to advocate in order to win workingmen. It was with the utmost difficulty that I secured a hearing in a few of the churches. The situation was so discouraging that it seemed to me a waste of time to try to convert the preachers to what was to me a very simple proposal and to something I had fully demonstrated in my church in St. Louis.

So I telegraphed the New York office one afternoon that it might be better if I moved on to another town, because it would take too long to accomplish anything in Minneapolis. Scarcely had I sent the telegram, however, when I realized that to acknowledge failure at the very beginning was almost fatal to the entire undertaking. So I sent a second telegram immediately to New York canceling the first. I remained for a month. Before I left Minneapolis the preachers in one of their regular meetings apologized to me and sent a strong resolution to headquarters in New York endorsing the entire proposal. But the month's experience cost me ten pounds in weight, lost mostly through sheer anxiety.

That was not the end of my trials, however. I went next to Denver, for at that time Colorado was having its troubles with the Western Federation of Miners, with strikes in the Cripple Creek district. Dynamiting and murders were almost daily occurrences. The "Bull Pen" had been established, and the deportation of the strikers, which meant dumping them onto the prairie hundreds of miles away and leaving them to shift for themselves, was included in the tactics adopted by the State Militia to restore peace.

Naturally, I went to Cripple Creek, attended the meetings of the unions, went down into the mines, talked with all classes of people, and formed my own conclusions. Then I came back to Denver and tried to make some appointments in the churches.

It was rather curious that while I was in the Cripple Creek district the churches were afraid that in my public addresses I might antagonize labor; but when I arrived in Denver the churches were afraid that I might antagonize the employers. However, I spent a couple of weeks in Denver, speaking in many of the churches. But when it came to paying my local expenses, which, divided among the churches where I had spoken would have amounted to a very small sum, the preachers were disinclined to ask their official boards to contribute money for the purpose. Even the Y. M. C. A. balked at paying a bill for three dollars for hiring chairs for the mass-meeting which I had addressed in their hall on Sunday afternoon, disclaiming all responsibility for the meeting. The arrangements therefor had been made by an individual workman, who, I recall, was a Christian Scientist and a Socialist.

One employer of labor declared that I was a detective in the employ of the American Federation of Labor assuming the guise of a Presbyterian preacher. Some of the newspapers openly antagonized my mission, although actually I said very little about local issues, but tried to deal with the broader principles of the interest of the Church in modern industrial problems. Apparently the only group that believed in my sincerity of purpose and in the genuineness and value of my work was the trade-unionists. Nor was this interest on the part of the workingmen secured by playing up to them. I spoke to the workingmen in their labor halls as plainly as I could regarding their responsibility toward their employers, the Church, and the community. But they also knew that I was talking as frankly to the other crowd about their responsibility, and they felt confident that I was not trying to deceive them.

My study of the entire situation in Colorado at that time convinced me that both sides in the controversy were wrong; that the labor unions were as much to blame as the employers;

that citizens' alliances and similar organizations were guilty of breaking the law just as frequently as were the trade-unionists or those who represented them.

I wrote several articles to that effect for the leading Presbyterian paper. The result was that headquarters in New York received several letters of protest from leading Colorado Presbyterians, objecting to my literary efforts. One of them, a man of considerable wealth, declared indignantly that hereafter he would do his own home mission work if the Board was going to send an "agitator of social unrest" into the State to stir up things.

"Big Bill" Haywood, who has since gone to Russia to help the Soviet government organize its industrial plan, was in charge of the Cripple Creek strike, as head of the Western Federation of Miners. I recall a three-hour interview which I had with him in his office in Denver. His single eye blazed with indignation as he showed me a card which he said was being given to the scab workers in the mines, entitling them to jobs. He thought that the height of imperialism and tyranny. It probably never occurred to him that the employers of labor looked upon the union card which his organization issued in much the same light.

Some time later, while I was in Chicago conducting a campaign in that city, I saw Haywood on the street with some other officials of the Western Federation of Miners, and several other radical labor leaders, heading for a hall, evidently for the purpose of attending a meeting. I followed them upstairs. That day the Industrial Workers of the World was organized upon the idea of "the one big union." The original plan of the I. W. W. was to organize all workers engaged in a particular industry into a single union, no matter what their trade, instead of forming separate trade unions in each industry. This was much like the old Knights of Labor, which was superseded by the American Federation of Labor, the latter standing distinctly for the "trade" union, as over against the "industrial" union.

Pittsburgh was my next point of attack. It can readily be seen that my managers were putting me through a rather severe

test, for Pittsburgh is about as sensitive a city as one can find in this country when it comes to a discussion of labor and its problems, particularly in the steel and iron industries. After I had addressed the preachers' meeting in that city on a subject which was entirely foreign to the labor union, one of the leaders arose and said:

"Do you mean to say that if the union wages are four dollars a day, that I as an American citizen haven't the right to work for three dollars a day if I want to?"

To which I replied:

"I understand that the Pittsburgh Presbytery has a rule that no minister shall be permitted to accept a call and be installed as the pastor of any church unless he receives the amount of salary which the Presbytery has declared shall be the minimum paid to any minister. Now if you can tell me the difference between your labor union and the union composed of workingmen, so far as union wages are concerned, I will be obliged to you."

"I am through," the preacher said, and sat down.

On the face of it, there appeared to be a similarity between the "closed shop" of the trade unionist and the "closed shop" of the preachers, and I found that the workingmen were constantly charging the preachers with having a "closed shop." I pointed out to them, however, that the preacher had no restrictions placed upon him so far as hours of labor were concerned, and that nothing was said about overtime, nor working with non-unionists, nor limiting the output, nor the number of apprentices in his occupation, nor about some of the other trade-union features which are usually emphasized in denouncing the labor organizations. I tried to show the trade-unionists whom I addressed that no organization of preachers had ever tried to prohibit any man from preaching if he felt called upon to do so. As a matter of fact, I said, some of the greatest preachers in the Church had never been ordained—that is, given a "union card." And I referred to such men as Moody and Spurgeon, who were outstanding in this respect. Many denominations, I informed them, did not require a "union card," but most workingmen, I understood, preferred that the preacher who married, and baptized, and administered the

sacrament of the Lord's Supper should have the training, experience, and dignity which the Church usually requires of its ministers. I declared that only about fifteen to twenty per cent of the working people of America were members of labor unions, whereas the entire Church was "unionized"—it was a one hundred per cent organization. Of course, I reminded the trade-unionists to whom I spoke, that the average salary received by the preacher was less than that received by an ordinary day laborer, in spite of the fact that the preacher usually spent twenty years securing his education, including common school, college or university, and theological seminary.

Chicago was the next city on my program. The first meeting was held in Bricklayers' Hall, and I talked there to as rough a crowd as I had yet encountered. The subject of my address was the moral aspects of the labor question, in which I tried to impress upon these avowedly antagonistic workers their responsibility in industry. Before I began my formal address I had said that questions would be permitted when I finished it. While I was waiting for the crowd to assemble a reporter who sat before the platform said to me, quietly:

"Do you see that fellow coming down the aisle? You want to watch out for him. He's a Jew and a Socialist, and if he gets a chance, he'll rip you up the back."

At the close of my address he was the first man to rise to his feet. With a sneer on his face, he said to me:

"What's the use of your talking about the moral aspects of the labor question? You know very well that all sin is due to poverty. It's because people are poor that they sin. That's the only reason. Wipe out poverty, and sin will disappear, and you know it, but you're afraid to say so because you think you'll lose your job."

Which sentiment the crowd most heartily applauded.

"I suppose you are a Socialist, aren't you?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said, with a vigorous shake of his head.

"Then I suppose you would say that, according to your philosophy, all the millionaires in Chicago are saints, because they are not poor."

For a moment he seemed stumped. Then the crowd, quick

to catch the humor of the situation, simply howled with laughter at his discomfiture. Before the close of the meeting another Socialist in the audience read a paragraph from the current issue of a magazine which apparently bitterly antagonized the Church. It happened by the merest chance that I had read the same article earlier in the day. When he had finished, I said to him, "Now read the next paragraph." He evidently did not care to do so, but I insisted. It developed that the paragraph which he had read was merely a quotation which the following paragraph completely annihilated. The crowd, although socialistically sympathetic, hooted down the accuser for his unfair tactics.

Another critic at the same meeting began his statement by declaring that he believed in the principles of Jesus, and that he thought that if these principles were applied to society, all the evils under which we were living would disappear—and then with a sudden outburst, he shouted:

"If I had my way, I would send all the capitalists to hell!"

"My friend," I said to him, "you need to go back and learn your lesson all over again. You haven't grasped the first principles that Jesus taught, for Jesus was trying all the time to keep people out of hell."

It was in the regular meetings of labor unions that I had some of my most interesting experiences. One night I attended a meeting of a central labor body, consisting of delegates from the various local unions in the city. After I had finished my address the chairman invited speeches from the floor. He went clear around the circle of something like fifty delegates, calling upon each, in view of the fact that I was a preacher and that I had said something about going to church, to explain why he himself had not been attending church. Finally, it was the turn of the delegate from the Bartenders' Union.

"I don't know whether you fellows have been telling the truth about this church business or not," he said. "Maybe you have, but I just want to say for myself that I just plain backslid. I was once a Methodist. Now I'm only a bartender. I hope you will excuse this sermon, but I wanted to tell you the truth about myself. I feel sorry for the preachers in this city.

Some of them get only a few hundred dollars a year, and they work longer and harder and more hours than we do. They ain't got any cinch."

After the meeting this bartender invited me to attend and address the regular meeting of his local. This was the first time that I had ever gone to a meeting of the bartenders. There were many interesting things about that particular meeting, but the most startling was the fact that it was opened and closed with prayer, the members being led by a duly elected chaplain, who was one of the regular officers of the union.

The presiding officer gave three sharp raps with the gavel. Instantly, every man was on his feet. The President then said:

"Let us be silent while the Chaplain invokes the Father's aid."

And here is the Bartenders' Prayer:

"Be with us, our Father, in this our Convention. Grant us, we pray Thee, a part of Thy wisdom that we may pursue the path which causes all men to acknowledge the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of Thee."

At the close of the meeting, the President again called the delegates to their feet, and said:

"Let us be silent while the Chaplain offers thanks to the Father."

Then followed this invocation:

"Thou, O Father, who has created all things as they are, now that we are about to quit this circle and mingle again with the selfish world, we pray Thee to protect and shield us and our work from evil hands, and may we all at last be received into the circle of Thy love. Amen."

They told me that at a meeting of the union held a short time before a bartender had been fined one dollar for saying "damn." The remark was made in all seriousness, and no doubt for the purpose of impressing upon me their desire to be as decent in speech as most other men are supposed to be.

At one of the local meetings which I attended it required five different interpreters to obligate five candidates. It was here that I first learned of the important function of the labor

unions in this country in Americanizing foreign-speaking workmen; for the constant exhortation to secure an education, to live in better homes, to buy better clothes, to eat better food, is bound to have a good effect upon men who have long been satisfied with lower physical conditions.

Coming out of a theater meeting in Providence, Rhode Island, at which I had spoken, at about this time, I was met at the door by a man who said that he was the local organizer for the Machinists' Union. We stood on the street corner for two hours—he declined to go to my hotel, probably because he thought that the conversation would not last very long—and I listened to a recital of most dramatic personal experiences. Among other things, I recall that he told me he was once a Salvation Army captain, but that he felt that he could accomplish more in behalf of the people through the labor movement than he could in the Salvation Army or in the church. And to-day that man is in a position of great influence as one of the outstanding officials in the American labor movement. He is William H. Johnston, President of the International Association of Machinists, one of the strongest and most effective labor organizations in the world.

It was a constant surprise to see how actively leaders in the labor unions were also engaged in Christian work. In the Cripple Creek district, for example, when the fight was hottest between the mine owners and the labor unions, the president of the local union was a Presbyterian elder. Indeed, it was quite a common thing to find Presbyterian elders and officers in other churches who were heads of both local unions and central labor bodies, or who were labor editors.

One day I met in Des Moines, in the office of the local labor paper, six men active in the trade union movement in that city, every one of whom was an officer in a local Protestant church. There were many officials of labor unions who were Sunday-school workers and workers in young people's societies. In Canton, Ohio, a local labor official, who was an elder in the church, told me that both his father and grandfather held similar positions in the church. John Mitchell once told me that his father had been a Presbyterian elder.

Matt Shay, Acting President of the Locomotive Engineers in his division, and who was at that time Chairman of the Board of Adjustment of the entire Erie system, was an active Methodist.

I recall meeting a young labor official in an Ohio City, who when introduced to me said that he was then looking for a preacher who could fill the pulpit on the coming Sunday of a little mission church in which he was interested. He had been responsible for conducting the "cottage prayer-meetings" in the city, one of which was held in the back of a saloon with about fifty people present. Evidently he had sold the idea either to the saloon-keeper or the saloon-keeper's wife.

I was further impressed during my visits from city to city with the keen interest of workingmen in the discussion of religious problems, although their language was decidedly non-ecclesiastical. There was no doubt that at heart they were stirred by the religious appeal; more so, indeed, than was true of any other group which I addressed.

VIII

CAMPAIGNING FOR WORKINGMEN

SOCIALISM was growing very rapidly among workingmen during the days that I was pioneering in the Church and labor movement. At that time Victor Berger first represented Milwaukee in the House of Representatives. I once asked him how it was that the Socialists in Milwaukee were so successful. He told me that there were hundreds of men, members of the Socialist Party, who were pledged to go out every Sunday morning to place Socialist literature under the front doors of the people living in the district for which they had become responsible. They were usually guided in the selection of the language of the pamphlets they should leave by the Sunday morning newspapers they found on the front porch. I have often wondered whether it would be possible to secure in any city in America an equal number of churchmen who would volunteer to get up at five o'clock in the morning for any purpose whatsoever in connection with the work of the Church, solely because they felt that the message of Christianity was a far more vital message than that contained in Socialism. I rather think that the task would be a hopeless one.

Stumbling into a conference of Socialists in Chicago, I found that they were discussing the question as to how they had been converted to Socialism. Practically every man present testified that he had been first attracted to Socialism by something that he had read.

One night I was talking in Carroll College in Waukesha, Wisconsin, a Presbyterian school. The President pointed out a girl in the audience who he said was a converted Jewess. She was then a Senior. He told me she had come from the sweatshops of Chicago, that she was a Socialist and that when she had finished her course of study she was going back to

Chicago as a "Socialist missionary" to tell the working people in that city that their economic salvation was in Socialism and Socialism alone. This girl, he declared, was about to engage in this work in the same spirit and with the same devotion that prompted others in the college to go to the foreign field as missionaries in behalf of Christianity.

I found that about all many preachers could see in the modern social movement was a cheap, godless propaganda which was destined to fail because, as they said, it had nothing of the "cross" in it. "The workingmen think that morality and Socialism are the only things that are necessary in this life," one preacher said to me.

One can only say that such a conclusion ignored altogether vast areas of experience and conviction on the part of workingmen, which accounted in a great measure for the failure of the Church to interest them in its message.

There was a foolish fear of Socialism on the part of many of the preachers; in fact, everything that seemed to be a bit different from the accepted order of things was branded as Socialism, and I discovered that comparatively few of the critics of Socialism understood what Socialism really was. They thought it a good joke to say, when cornered in a discussion:

"There are fifty-seven different kinds of Socialism—what kind of Socialism do you refer to?"

One might easily have reminded them that there are something like two hundred and fifty kinds of Protestants in the United States. I did not advocate Socialism, nor have I ever accepted it as an economic philosophy. But with my audiences I had to face it frankly, and I wanted the preachers to understand that it was necessary for them to realize exactly what they were talking about when they criticized Socialism, lest they do more harm than good. I reminded them that it was an unfair criticism of Socialism which originally drove Karl Marx, the founder of modern Socialism, out of the Church.

In Chicago I was approached by a printer who asked me to preside at a most unique baptismal service. This printer was the father of a six-months-old child. He told me that he and

his wife had decided to dedicate their baby to the cause of labor in a public service. He said they had invited several labor leaders to give addresses and that he himself had prepared the entire order of service, with the obligation that he and his wife were to assume to bring up their child so that when he arrived at years of maturity he would be familiar with the labor problem in all of its aspects, and could intelligently and in a true Christian spirit go out into the world and fight the battles of labor. It was the purpose of this printer to inaugurate a new religious custom among the trade unions of this country, and he hoped that the dedication of his tiny baby would be the beginning of a mighty movement for the consecration of little children to labor's cause, just as other mothers and fathers were dedicating their children to become ministers and missionaries.

Although I did not preside at this service, another minister was found who did so, and it was attended by about five hundred trade-unionists. Messages were read by some of the most prominent labor leaders in America. But nothing ever came of the attempt to enlist other parents similarly to consecrate their children, mainly because workingmen, as a class, are extremely conservative in matters of religion.

One of the things that constantly amazed me in contacts with national officials and local workers in the field of social work was the number of professional social workers who were ex-preachers. And they were men who, for the most part, would be successful as preachers; and who had not been failures in the Church. If they had been men of smaller caliber they might have remained in the Church, but they told me very frankly that they had a better chance to do a man's job in the social field than they had in the Church—that they were tired of spending their time making unnecessary social calls and trying to pacify disgruntled members.

At about this time, Dr. W. D. P. Bliss, the editor of "Encyclopedia of Social Reform," conducted an investigation into the church affiliations of men and women engaged in social reform work in the United States. Returns were received from over 1,000 persons, of whom 401 were workers in

associated charities, 339 in settlements, and 272 were connected with various national social reform organizations. All portions of the country were represented. Out of 878 social reform workers reporting upon the point, 753 were returned as communicants in some church. Even if the 134 who did not report on this point be all counted as non-communicants, it still made 753 out of 1,012, or 74 per cent, who were members of the Church. The church membership of workers in the associated charities number 92 per cent. In settlements it was 88 per cent. Among other reform organizations it fell to 71 per cent. It is interesting that of the 980 who reported on this point, only 22 indicated no dominant early religious influence. It was quite obvious from this study that while the Church was so largely responsible for the inspiration which social workers received, after they became active in their life's work they received very little encouragement from the institution which gave them so good a start.

One of the greatest editors in this country once told me that he thought the preacher had the biggest job in America because every important problem before the people to-day had fundamentally a moral or ethical issue. He added that with the Church's position of authority on morals and ethics, its field of work was quite clearly defined: he thought that a preacher's real job was that of interpreter or prophet, and that he should not be bothered with the many details that were being heaped upon him in the average church. This editor declared that the reason so many ministers were considered poor preachers was because they hadn't the time to study—to keep up with the times on the big questions of the day, and that the people in the pews knew more about what was going on in the world than the preachers did.

However, there is no desire on the part of laymen that the minister should concern himself with the every-day business life and conduct of his parishioners. While the average business man and employer may sincerely agree to the premise of the editor that the great issues of the day are fundamentally moral and ethical, and that the labor problem and other important questions can never be settled until they harmonize with the

teachings of Jesus, these leaders in commerce and industry and in affairs of the State actually would never think of inviting a preacher to advise with them regarding the principles upon which they were to operate their businesses, even though conceding the preacher to be an expert and authority on morals and ethics. I often wondered why this was so. Wasn't the average preacher wise enough? Did he not know how to interpret the facts of life? Had he been too easily content preaching harmless platitudes until the leaders in their various fields came to expect nothing better of him?

From my own experiences, I felt that many ministers were handicapped by inadequate methods of organization in the Church and the many trivial demands which it was making upon them. Young preachers who began with great zeal and earnestness were soon sidetracked and their messages smothered because of the multiplicity of minor duties which were laid upon them.

Particularly they had nothing fresh and interesting to say to workingmen. Those who held the interest of workingmen at all did so through the emotional appeal. This method must not be undervalued, because unquestionably emotions enter very largely into the religious life of every one. But one startling fact presented itself to me very early in my work—apparently, the more intelligent workingmen became, the less interested they became in the Church.

I discovered that the real problem of the Church was not so much to win the workers who were bitter, but those who were indifferent. The general tendency among workingmen was simply to tolerate the preacher and the institution which he represented. They did not feel unkindly toward the minister, but they felt that he had nothing vital to say to them.

There has always been a needless antagonism between the men in the Church who believed in social service and those who believed in evangelism. It has seemed to me that the sharpest criticism came from the evangelists who persisted in saying that social workers were concerned only about changing a man's environment; that they cared nothing whatever about his spiritual welfare. A famous evangelist of another day

always evoked a laugh from his audience by saying, "These social workers believe that all that is needed is another grandfather and better sanitation."

The evangelists arrayed themselves against social settlements and all other forms of work which expressed an interest in improving the everyday conditions of the people. Actually there were very few social workers in the Church itself who did not give spiritual values the chief place in their work in behalf of humanity, but as they felt the great need for social work, they wasted no time in argument, but engaged in it without apology.

The feeling on the subject of social work in the Church has been so bitter in many quarters that the conservatives in the Church literally drove out many men and women who might have become a distinct asset in the larger activities which the Church later took on.

It dawned on me one day that evidently those preachers who were opposed to social work knew nothing about what the poor in the city were facing. They usually prefaced their remarks by saying that they themselves had been poor, and sympathized with the unfortunate. But it developed that the poverty to which they referred had been the simple life with its lack of luxury in a small town or on a farm, which was quite different from the pangs of cold and hunger experienced behind dank city tenement walls, similar to those which I had gone through.

When this realization came to me, I began to question the various groups of preachers which I addressed every Monday morning in some city, as to where they were born and raised and I found that fully ninety per cent of the ministers in city churches had their early training in the country—they were farmers' boys and they always seemed proud of it. But this also accounted for their failure to reach the workingmen! Leaving their homes to go to college and then to the seminary, they had practically no contacts with city life when they came to take charge of city parishes, and they almost invariably built their city churches upon elaborated country church programs, with no true understanding of what the people in the

community were thinking about or what their problems were.

It seemed strange to me that so many churches should be allowed to exist in a community when they were so apart from the life of the people. I have felt very keenly that no church had a right to exist in a city without being taxed, unless that church was rendering a definite service to the community in lieu of the taxes which others were asked to pay in order to maintain the institutions of the city. Merely to conduct an enterprise for the benefit of a few self-satisfied persons who constituted the membership of a church having its doors open once a week, did not, it seemed to me, fulfill the Church's obligation to the taxpayers.

I was once invited to address the Men's Club in a church situated in a suburban community, and upon alighting from the train and not knowing where the church was, I asked the clerk in the corner drugstore if he could direct me, but apparently he had never heard of the church, nor did his assistant know anything about it. A man on the street corner, of whom I asked the same question, was also ignorant of its whereabouts—likewise a young woman with a small boy in tow, whom I met further down the street. Going a block farther along, I saw a young man letting down an awning—it was raining very hard—and I shouted to him:

"Say, young fellow, can you tell me where the First Presbyterian Church is?"

"I'm not sure," he replied, "but I think that's it just across the street."

There through the mist I saw the outlines of the church building, and going across the street, I found that it was the church that I was seeking. When the Chairman of the meeting introduced me to a handful of men, he made an apology for the smallness of the crowd, but he explained it by saying that it was raining, that there were other meetings in other sections of the town, and he gave the usual excuses which a chairman makes upon such an occasion.

"I suppose, Mr. Chairman," I began, "you imagine that everybody in this town knows all about this church, knows who

the minister is, and knows about the work that you are carrying on, but you are entirely mistaken."

I then told him of my experience in trying to find the church. One might have thought that the building was in an out of the way part of the town, or that it was a new enterprise, but this was not so. It stood in the very heart of this little city, every street-car in town passed by its doors, and I was told with a great deal of pride that night that the church had been there for two hundred years, but evidently the town did not know that it even existed, it had made so slight an impression upon the people of the community.

It was one of my conclusions, therefore, that the average church was greatly at fault in not making its work known to workingmen, as well as others. If the minister was ignorant of the workingmen's problems, the workingmen were decidedly ignorant of what the churches were doing, and I felt that what was needed was a definite, well-organized publicity campaign, intelligently and continuously conducted.

One of the most interesting experiences during this Church and Labor period was a meeting held in Scranton, Pennsylvania, at a very critical time in that anthracite-coal region. The coal operators had flatly refused for years to recognize the unions, and the unions had taxed their resources in a series of forced contests with the operators. The church where the meeting was held, under the pastorate of Dr. Joseph H. Odell, had within its membership men of national standing as coal operators and employers of labor. Among its trustees were T. H. Watkins, appointed a member of the famous Anthracite Strike Commission by President Roosevelt; E. L. Fuller, president of the International Salt Company; Henry Belin, Jr., president of the Du Pont Powder Company; T. J. Foster, the founder and president of the International Correspondence Schools; and T. E. Clarke, general superintendent of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad Company. There were also in the membership some miners, machinists, and molders.

I addressed the usual Sunday evening congregation. Invitations had been sent to representatives of the local unions and

the district and national officers of labor organizations, who responded in generous numbers. I pointed out how religion is involved in the labor movement, and how the labor question in itself is fundamentally a moral and religious problem, emphasizing the obligation of both employers and workingmen not only toward the Church but toward each other.

Immediately afterward a "reception" was held in the basement of the church, at which refreshments were served. The two hundred men present took part in what a local newspaper characterized as "the most novel scene ever witnessed in this community." After a straight-out discussion by both sides, those prominent coal operators were shaking hands and eating and drinking with union officials whom they had fought for years, but had never met. T. E. Nicholls, the president of District No. 1 of the United Mine Workers of America, and who had been recently elected as a Labor Representative in Congress, came into personal touch with the forces that had opposed his election most strongly and bitterly. Officers of the Molders' Union, at that time on strike, were found chatting with ironmasters and owners of foundries from which they had withdrawn their workers. Hugh Frayne, one of the most prominent organizers of the American Federation of Labor, was soon on the best of terms with the attorney representing the coal-carrying railroads which had been trying for years through the courts to break up the Mine Workers' Union. Men who had only cursed one another for years paid graceful compliments to one another. The ethical basis upon which both sides must rest their cases was disclosed in the discussion, and misunderstandings that had been a chronic source of friction were explained away. Class distinctions were faced and discounted, and, what was best of all, the human element was kept constantly to the front, so that the mechanical arrangements of labor and capital seemed to fade, and the contestants regarded themselves as men dealing with men of like desires and similar prejudices.

It became quite clear to me that here was something which the Church could do without taking sides with either party in the controversy. It could serve as the great mediator between

clashing elements in human society. For this must be remembered: In the labor situation both sides may be perfectly sincere and thoroughly Christian in their convictions. They usually disagree because they do not understand each other.

It was a very common experience to have ministers and laymen declare, sometimes with indignation and usually with a feeling of self-righteousness, that if there was an alienation between the Church and the workingman, the workingman was at fault. I never argued this point, but insisted that the Church was established for faulty people, therefore, the greater the fault of the workingman, the greater became the responsibility of the Church to win him and to help him. I was far more concerned about having the Church become interested in the workingman than I was about having the workingman become interested in the Church. I felt that if the Church studied the newer movements among the masses and helped direct them with unselfishness and with a devotion to the right, it would win millions of those who were then outside the Church.

In order to familiarize ministers with the local labor problem I inaugurated the plan of the exchange of fraternal delegates between central labor bodies and ministerial associations. This not only gave the ministers an opportunity to know the workingmen, but it gave the workingmen a chance to know the preachers. At one time this plan was in operation in one hundred and fifty different cities. The fraternal delegate had no vote, and he was not responsible for the actions of the organization to which he was delegated. The office was one of courtesy, of friendliness, of a desire to know what the others were thinking and doing.

Almost invariably this plan met with instant approval both on the part of the ministers and of the workingmen.

At every session of the central labor body the ministerial delegate was called upon to report for his "local." This gave a wise preacher many an opportunity to create better impressions regarding the attitude of the Church toward workingmen; and frequently he served as counselor at critical periods in the affairs of the local labor unions. He became mediator

and arbitrator between factions in the industrial world. On Labor Day he marched with the trade-unionists. He was very generally recognized as the chaplain of the organized workingmen in the city. Given these opportunities, tact and wisdom must have accomplished many things which never went down on the records.

The trade-unionist delegate gained a new conception of what the preachers were talking about at their regular meetings. Indeed, let me be frank and say that the presence of this workingman compelled the preachers to give more serious thought to the problems of the working people throughout the city.

It must not be imagined, however, that it was altogether smooth sailing to inaugurate the plan of permitting ministers to attend the meetings of central labor bodies. I was told frankly in a number of cases that it was feared that the ministers might act as spies, reporting back to the employers what went on at meetings of central labor unions, which were usually secret meetings. To such accusations I invariably replied that if employers desired to know what was being done behind the closed doors of labor unions they had other methods whereby this could be accomplished, and I needed simply to refer to the system which had been very generally adopted of having detective agencies send their representatives to the meetings of labor unions in the guise of regular delegates. This fact was so well known that without further question the preacher was admitted.

The greatest difficulty was experienced in Chicago.

"I never yet saw a preacher who did any work," the leader of the opposition said. "I have yet to see the preacher who hoed potatoes or sowed a patch of cabbages. I have yet to see the garment woven by a preacher. We have had to do all of that for them. We have had to carry the preachers on our backs, just as we have the other parasites of society. I never saw a preacher yet who did not pose as the workingman's friend; but if they are his friends, let them prove it by getting off the backs of the workingmen."

It was, of course, useless to try to answer all the charges

which were hurled at the heads of the preachers. Most of them were ridiculed by the intelligent workingmen present, who knew that they came from avowed haters of the Church, who did not at all represent the great body of delegates. It was simply stated in reply that, as many men in the labor movement had charged the Church with having no interest in the workingman and not caring about his affairs, the preachers were now knocking at the door of the labor union and asking for admission, so that they might honestly and sincerely study the problems which were facing workingmen; and if they were not admitted, the workingmen of Chicago would have no excuse if there was a misunderstanding on the part of the preachers who sincerely desired to secure exact information.

Most of the Chicago papers commented favorably, editorially, upon the plan, and the story of the meeting at which the matter was discussed was carried by the press agencies throughout the entire country.

The American Federation of Labor adopted unanimously at its Pittsburgh meeting in 1905 the following pronouncement: "Resolved that the American Federation of Labor recommends that all affiliated State and central bodies exchange fraternal delegates with the various State and city ministerial associations wherever practicable, thus insuring a better understanding on the part of the Church and clergy of the aims and objects of the labor union movement of America."

At that meeting of the Federation I was received as the first fraternal delegate from the churches, representing the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. For about a dozen consecutive years I attended the conventions of the A. F. of L. in that capacity. The last few years, however, I represented the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which constituted the combined Protestant forces of this country. At each annual session I was received with other fraternal delegates—those from the British Trades Union Congress, the Canadian Trades and Labor Congress, and three or four other national bodies—and I made an address of about half an hour. I was always most cordially received by the four hundred delegates.

When it is recalled that several years before the Federation itself had declined to permit a minister to address its meeting, it will be seen that considerable progress had been made in winning the friendship of this body.

At the request of Frank Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, I wrote a pamphlet entitled: "An Open Letter to Ministers of the Gospel," in which misapprehensions concerning organized labor were explained. This pamphlet was very widely distributed, and is still one of the Federation's publications.

"Labor Sunday," which I introduced while head of the Department of Church and Labor of the Presbyterian Church, proved to be one of the most popular features that the Department inaugurated. The American Federation of Labor also gave hearty endorsement to Labor Sunday and urged labor unions everywhere to coöperate with the ministers and churches in making it a success. Special programs and suggestions were prepared for the use of the ministers, the custom being to have the preacher talk to his own congregation in the morning and to the workingmen of the community at night.

In many cities the labor unions gathered in their halls and marched to the church in a body. Ordinarily, the night service was a union meeting in which the churches in the neighborhood participated. Frequently the ushers and the music were furnished by the workingmen, and the central labor body appointed a special committee to work up the meeting in the various locals. This plan was so generally observed that soon it was taken up by other denominations until finally the Federal Council of Churches made it one of the outstanding features of its work, and it is still being observed throughout the entire country.

For eight years while with the Board of Home Missions I regularly wrote a weekly article for the labor press of the United States and Canada, consisting of about one hundred and fifty papers, and a separate article for the nearly one hundred monthly journals, thus speaking through these papers every week to millions of workingmen and their families. If the Board had been obliged to print this material in pamphlet

form and distribute it as effectively as these articles were distributed among individual workingmen through the labor press, it would have cost more each week than the entire annual budget of the Department. A study of the situation revealed the fact that the Department distributed more literature for workingmen in this manner than was printed by all of the tract societies of the United States combined, of which there were something like sixty.

The result of this wide and effective propaganda was a complete change in the attitude of the labor press, the labor leaders, and of workingmen in general toward the Church. The radical articles against the Church which formerly appeared in the labor papers disappeared almost entirely.

At first I feared that the title "Reverend" which was attached to my name might shut out the articles from the labor papers, but to my surprise, the labor editors not only printed it, but frequently added "D.D." after my name. This, by the way, is how I received the "Doctor's" degree which some of my friends insist upon crediting to me.

The articles which contained the most Scripture and the most frequent references to Bible stories were always given the biggest headlines. Here again was a demonstration of the fact that workingmen responded most eagerly to the religious appeal. Several daily newspapers in various parts of the country regularly printed the articles in their Saturday editions, and a number of them were reprinted by leading magazines.

Great workingmen's mass meetings were conducted during my incumbency in the Department of Church and Labor, not only on every Sunday afternoon during the entire winter season in various cities, in theaters and other large public halls, often under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, but frequently under the direction of church brotherhoods and sometimes under the supervision of workingmen themselves. The audiences rarely numbered less than one thousand. The greatest of these workingmen's mass meetings were held annually in connection with the meetings of the

Presbyterian General Assembly, when the largest hall available in the city was always jammed and usually thousands were turned away. In these cases the men attending numbered from six thousand to fifteen thousand.

Probably the largest meeting ever held in the one hundred years' history of the Presbyterian Church in this country was the workingmen's mass meeting in the Coliseum in Kansas City, which though held on a sweltering day, was as crowded as any great political convention ever held in that historic building. I addressed something like fifteen thousand people on this occasion on "A Square Deal," arguing for a square deal for the boss, for the workingman, for the Church, and for Jesus. The Governor of the State and the Moderator of the General Assembly brought greetings to the meeting. These mass meetings, held in various parts of the country, always received the hearty support of the entire labor body in the city, and of the newspapers. They were set up systematically and painstakingly. A profound impression was always made upon the nine hundred odd Commissioners of the General Assembly and undoubtedly the Department acquired many new friends.

In connection with the meeting held in the Armory in Louisville, Kentucky—which likewise became a historical occasion because of the tremendous interest manifested—as was my custom, I suggested to the Moderator, who had just been elected, that he bring a greeting to the workingmen who would attend the meeting on the following Sunday in the Armory, but I requested that he speak not more than five minutes, as the program was already full and the weather was extremely warm.

The gentleman in question squared off a bit and said to me with some indignation:

"If the Holy Spirit leads me to speak fifteen or twenty minutes, I shall speak so long."

The resentful statement caught me a bit unawares, and I hastily replied:

"Oh, please don't charge up to the Holy Spirit a fool mis-

take like that. If you talk twenty minutes on Sunday afternoon, it will be out of pure cussedness, and not because you were led by the Holy Spirit."

He nevertheless talked the full twenty minutes. Since he gave a prepared speech, and read from a typewritten manuscript, he evidently didn't trust the Holy Spirit very much in this case.

One of these large meetings in Baltimore, attended by between fourteen and fifteen thousand men, made so great an impression upon the labor unions of the city that they determined likewise to have a monster mass meeting in the interest of labor, leaving out the discussion of religion altogether. They invited the leading labor officials in America, some professors from a near-by university, the Mayor of the city, and the Governor of the State as speakers. They organized a band of about one hundred pieces. But the entire audience, including speakers and band, numbered less than three hundred.

When it was suggested to the officials of the Chicago Federation of Labor that a similar meeting be held in that city, and I asked their coöperation, they declined to have anything to do with it, although they were friendly to the idea, because some time before they had tried to have such a meeting and the audience had been so small that they would not even mention a figure. In spite of such a discouraging situation, the meeting was organized in the regular fashion, and, notwithstanding a pouring rain, the attendance was over three thousand. A quartette of machinists who sang at the gathering broke down twice; but they finally did sing a song in which they finished all together. If this had been a regular church quartette or a professional group, they would have fared badly at the hands of the workingmen present. As it was, the machinists were simply jollied, but were cheered to the echo when they finally finished.

Shop meetings at the noon hour developed into an important feature of my work. It was the purpose of the Department of Church and Labor to develop for the churches "industrial parishes," each church becoming responsible for a

particular shop and contributing not only money but its minister and assistants. One of the most significant of this series of noon-day shop meetings was held in Chicago, when the combined ministerial associations of the city united in a ten days' campaign under my immediate supervision. About three hundred meetings were held during ten consecutive days in one hundred and ten different shops. They were attended by nearly one hundred thousand workingmen. A campaign of similar proportions was held in New York, and smaller series were conducted in many other cities.

In one important city the local committee had had great difficulty in securing the consent of shop owners to hold meetings. And when I arrived in town on Saturday morning—the meetings were supposed to begin on the following Monday—not a single shop was open to the committee. I ordered an automobile and visited the superintendents of the biggest factories in town with the committee, and before noon a dozen places had given permission to have the meetings.

Previous to my reaching town, the committee interviewed the secretary of the local Y.M.C.A. and told him their troubles, but he would not help them out.

"There's nothing left to do then, but to trust in the Lord—and wait for Stelzle," said the chairman.

"Who's Stelzle?" asked the Association secretary. "He can't have much of a reputation, or else he wouldn't risk it, knowing the campaign is going to be a failure."

But it wasn't a failure. Dozens of other shops and factories welcomed the speakers, who soon entered into the campaign with the finest enthusiasm.

On the appointed day, promptly at noon, the cornetist took his station at the meeting-place and just as soon as the whistle ceased its shriek he began playing as the men filed out or sat down to eat their lunches. It was good music, too. I don't mean that it was necessarily of the kind that is known as "sacred," because it was not always. Sometimes it was a rag-time selection or some other tune that was familiar to the crowd, first heard perhaps in the theater or in the saloon. Not

always was the Scripture lesson read, nor was prayer offered at every meeting.

Workingmen were tremendously interested in the entire proceeding and attended the meetings without very much urging. Perhaps it was because the grime on their faces served as a mask to their emotions, or because they felt more comfortable in their overalls than when they were "dressed up." Possibly they thought that they had the leader at a disadvantage because he was in strange and unfamiliar surroundings while they were "at home" or perhaps they felt more secure because they were surrounded by their shop-mates.

In any event, the workingmen were impressed with the "dead earnestness" of the preachers, who otherwise would not have come down to speak to them in the shop, and the preachers won out with the men.

"You will have a hard time of it in this place," sympathetically remarked a workingman to the preacher one day. "I am the only Christian man in the shop," he said.

When the minister returned on the following day, the same mechanic greeted him with a glad smile. "I was wrong," he said. "I supposed that I was the only Christian here. But after the meeting yesterday six other men in the shop came to me and told me that they also were Christians, and to-day just before you came we held a prayer meeting back of a boiler, asking for God's blessing on this meeting."

The industrial phase of my work was so marked that social service agencies later organized by various denominations gave the same emphasis to their work, although, of course, the field of social service was much wider than that already covered by the Department of Church and Labor of the Presbyterian Church. Interest in the work extended to other countries, even as far as Australia. Some of the leading denominations in those countries appointed committees to study the industrial problem in the United States, and particularly to familiarize themselves with what was being done by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions in this field.

Probably a dozen different denominational bureaus were organized within a few years, with secretaries in charge to

study the social problem, but especially the labor question. These churches and departments frankly acknowledged their indebtedness to the Presbyterian Church because of its leadership. The *Boston Herald* said editorially: "When the Presbyterian Church in this country a few years ago established its Department of Church and Labor in connection with the Home Missionary Society, it established a precedent among American Protestant churches and did the most statesmanlike thing to be chronicled in the history of American Protestantism during the past decade. The results have justified the innovation."

IX

OBSERVATIONS OF A SOCIOLOGIST

WHEN the editors of "Who's Who in America" asked me how I preferred to be designated in the volume which is supposed to contain the names of men and women of prominence in the United States, I told them to put me down as a "sociologist." The term has been the cause of no end of misunderstanding and trouble for me, although the Standard Dictionary defines sociology as "the science that treats of the origin and history of society and social phenomena, the progress of civilization, and the laws controlling human intercourse."

I confess that as rather an ambitious designation. But, strangely enough, unthinking people have insisted that the word "sociologist" is synonymous with "Socialist." Here it is that I have had my troubles.

I am not a Socialist. I follow the Socialists in their protests against unjust social and economic conditions to-day, but I cannot accept their program. A former moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly once brought charges against me secretly for alleged Socialistic teachings. Without my knowledge he appointed a committee of three to study the books and articles which I had written and to listen to some of my addresses, in order that his charges might be substantiated. The first intimation I had that I was being watched by this august body was when a press-clipping bureau sent me newspaper cuttings from various parts of the United States containing my photograph with the statement underneath, "Prominent Presbyterian minister charged with being a Socialist."

I laughed about the matter, because it had so little significance to me, although here and there in the Middle West a few of the Chautauquas and lecture committees declined to

engage me because of my alleged heretical teachings. The committee evidently found nothing to condemn, since the report concerning this matter never reached the General Assembly.

However, at the insistent urging of friends, and after I had given the matter careful thought, it seemed to me that it was only fair, since the charges had been given such publicity, that the findings of the committee should also be brought to the light. I insisted upon appearing before the Executive Commission of the Presbyterian General Assembly, which had the entire matter in charge, and presented my contention that the Presbyterian Church had no right to take any action concerning sociological convictions or teachings, that its concern was only with theological teachings, and even though it could have proved that I was a Socialist, the matter would be entirely out of its jurisdiction. I took that position, not for my own sake—for it affected me not at all in my work—but for the sake of many young men in the ministry who had progressive sociological ideas and who I felt should be given the opportunity to speak of them as occasion required. The Commission accepted my position fully, and so reported to the General Assembly, adding that an apology was due me because of the manner in which I had been misrepresented in the press due to the attitude of the previous Executive Commission, of which my friend of the "Holy Spirit" episode, the ex-moderator from the West, was the chairman.

Being a "sociologist" in the Church is not a very popular thing. Least of all does one receive perquisites from the wealthy, nor is one honored by degrees or positions of prominence. There are too many interests to be conserved, there is too much money to be raised, for any institution to run the risk of giving such an allegedly dangerous person any place of authority or honor.

At about this time there died in New York City a minister who for a generation had been an outstanding leader in presenting to the Church her social responsibilities, challenging hosts of men and women, ministers and laymen alike, in their social thinking. While he was very popular at certain kinds

of conventions and conferences, he was not so widely accepted—although actually comparatively conservative—by the leaders in the Church, even though he was a courteous Christian gentleman, always mild and considerate of others.

As a speaker at a memorial service conducted in his memory, I was glad to acknowledge my great indebtedness to him in directing my thinking with reference to social problems in America. The attendance at this memorial service was comparatively small and was entirely unworthy of this really great man who actually died a martyr's death.

When he was elected a member of an exclusive ministerial association in New York City, which would have obligated him to entertain the twenty-five or thirty members perhaps once a year, he declined membership because he frankly stated that he could not afford it. He confidentially told the chairman of the committee which informed him of his election, that he and his wife spent only five dollars a week for food for both of them, because of their financial condition.

Fortunately, there are not entirely lacking in the Church rich men who are large-hearted and level-headed enough to see that it is necessary to speak frankly about certain social conditions that need to be remedied. Perhaps because an audience of rich people always tempted me to be somewhat more extreme than I was ordinarily, one Sunday morning, in the Presbyterian church at Riverdale-on-Hudson, I expressed myself as plainly as I knew how about certain injustices, and the remedy which I thought the Church should apply to improve social conditions. The audience consisted of a number of prominent millionaires, although the church was very tiny. I noticed on the very front seat a big, impressive-looking man who sang most lustily and who helped take up the offering. After the address this man reached out his hand to me and said:

"I am Cleveland Dodge. I was mighty glad to hear your address this morning because I had always heard that you were a radical."

I confess that I was taken aback by this comment of one of America's leading industrialists, from whom I might have

expected a very strong disagreement with my presentation. Not content with this assertion, he insisted upon my walking home with him; and we talked fully and freely about his own labor problems, but mostly about the need of a more progressive spirit in the Church.

The superficial observer would conclude that American workingmen lack appreciation of what may be done for them. And this would apply particularly to organized labor as a whole. It is no doubt true that organized labor is the proudest and most self-sufficient body in the world. It asks no favors. It is frankly a fighting machine. It is always on parade.

But this apparent lack of appreciation is mainly due to a limited vocabulary on the part of individual workingmen, and the general stolidness which pervades their group meetings. They dislike giving the impression that they are sentimental, although inwardly they respond most readily to the heart appeal.

I can say freely that for over twenty years I have taken every opportunity to defend organized labor, and in many ways I have given service which cost not only time and money, but the sacrifice of position and wider opportunity in several fields. This service has been rendered whole-heartedly and sincerely, and that it has come to the knowledge of workingmen throughout the country, there can be no doubt. In all this time I have never received one dollar—from labor editors, for whom I wrote nearly a thousand different articles, nor from any group of workingmen whose meetings I may have addressed, nor for special service given from time to time to local and national organizations of workingmen. It really never occurred to me that I would be compensated financially, nor did I expect or desire it.

However, I recall two occasions when appreciation was expressed, once for general service, and again for a specific thing done. Mr. Gompers once said to me, when trying to persuade me to give up my fight in favor of Prohibition, that up to that time organized labor in America would have granted me anything that I might have asked, but that if I continued this fight,

I would make many enemies in the labor movement. The latter proved to be true. But until this discussion took place, I had never been given any specific sign that I was especially favored by the American Federation of Labor, except, of course, as I had won the friendship of many of its officials.

The other occasion was when I declined to write a series of articles for a magazine whose type-setters were out on strike. Theodore Dreiser, then editor of *The Delineator*, had asked me to write these articles for his magazine, and I was to receive, as I recall it, approximately three thousand dollars for the work. After the first story had been written and was accepted, it dawned on me that the Typographical Union was boycotting this publication, and I told Mr. Dreiser that I could not consistently complete the series. The Union heard about this transaction and got out a special bulletin expressing its gratitude.

Once, when the local Machinists' Union in Wilkes-Barre invited me to address a theater meeting and I had declined the fee which they had offered, I was given a finely engraved gold-handled umbrella, which was publicly presented by Father J. J. Curran of St. Mary's Church of that city, and after the meeting the committee in charge very gravely led me to the local hotel where a most sumptuous supper was awaiting me. They evidently had ordered everything that the menu afforded, and quantities and quantities of the food went to waste. Meanwhile, the committee solemnly sat around and watched me try to do justice to all the various courses. I certainly appreciated their hospitality. Never had any one been more generous in serving me a meal.

There have been few occasions when I felt more highly honored than when Dennis Hayes, the Irish Roman Catholic head of the Glass Bottle Blowers Association, urged me to stop off at Milwaukee on my way West, to address the annual convention of his organization. It was at a time when Prohibition sentiment, expressed in local option victories, was angering the men in his craft, who felt that their livelihood was slowly being taken away—although the introduction of machines for mak-

ing glass bottles really had more to do with it than Prohibition.

But "Denny," as his friends affectionately called him, had come to realize the harmfulness of the excess use of liquor among workingmen, and he had developed a warm regard for me because of the principles which he had heard me express in addressing the annual conventions of the American Federation of Labor. And so he was willing to take a chance. He did not know what I was going to talk about and he declined to instruct me. But as he led me to the platform, he whispered: "Brother Charles, we have been having a pretty tough time here for about ten days and the men have become very irritable, but I'm sure that you're going to help them—I know you'll say the right thing."

In the course of my address, I came quite naturally to a discussion of the liquor question, and as I began, I could hear the shuffling of shoes on the floor. But I went through with it, and closed with an appeal for the expression of the highest ideals of organized labor in their convention proceedings. Scarcely had I finished, when "Denny's" gavel pounded out three terrific blows and the whole body of delegates arose, still cheering my address. And while they were still standing, a delegate moved that the entire address, which had been reported stenographically, be printed in the minutes, which resolution was unanimously adopted, amid the utmost enthusiasm. When I turned around to take my seat, I saw the tears streaming down "Denny's" cheeks. It had been a tremendous strain on him, but he had been vindicated.

When I reached Denver, on that same trip, I preached in the Jewish Synagogue in that city at the regular Friday night service, at the earnest solicitation of Max Morris, the head of the International Protective Association of Retail Clerks, who was a member of the Synagogue. Both Hayes and Morris were members of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor.

Occasionally I felt the necessity of taking a "swing about the circle," visiting some representative cities, not only for the purpose of giving formal addresses to selected audiences,

but of talking out with employers, workingmen, ministers, social workers, and others the particular problems by which they were faced.

After I had addressed a Rotary Club in a northern Pennsylvania city—I had been limited to ten minutes because it was feared that I was a radical—the owner of the largest foundry in the city asked me if he might not come to my hotel so that I could finish my address to him in person. He said he had some very definite questions to ask me about conditions in his own plant. At the hotel he talked steadily for an hour, unburdening himself regarding the things he was facing.

“One day the men in one of my departments struck for higher wages,” he said to me. “I knew nothing about it until after the thing had happened. When the superintendent told me that the men had gone out, I asked him whether he didn’t think that they should have had their wages raised. He replied that there was no doubt that they were getting less than they should. I said to him: ‘You damned fool, why didn’t you give it to them? I’ve got to depend on you for things like that. It’s your business to see that the men get a square deal. I can’t keep track of all the details of the shop.’ Then the superintendent told me that he thought he was doing me a favor by keeping wages down as low as possible.

“But,” turning to me, this employer said, “that superintendent not only misrepresented the men to me, but he misrepresented me to the men. I fired him because of his injustice to both.”

As a rule, I have found employers of labor to be far more liberal toward their men than those who are supposed to represent them.

The leading minister of another Pennsylvania steel town piloted me through the mills there, accompanied by the superintendent, to whom I was introduced as “the Reverend Charles Stelzle,” with nothing said about my interest in sociological matters.

I remarked casually to the superintendent: “I suppose that all your men are members of the labor union, aren’t they?”

He replied, with a smile: "No. So far as I know, not any of the men in this plant belong to the union."

"How do you find out whether a man is a member of the union or not?" I asked.

"Do you see that man on the top of that pile of slag?" pointing to rather an ordinary-looking laborer. "Well, that man may be a spy employed by a detective agency in Pittsburgh. This mill is full of men of that kind. If anybody speaks to them about joining a labor union, or if they discover any man who is a member of a union, it is so indicated in the report which they mail to headquarters that night. These spies never report in person. Everything is done through the mails, to protect them. That way they can do their work more effectively."

"Do the men in the mill know that they are being watched in that way?" I asked the superintendent.

"Of course they do," he replied. "That makes them all the more careful in their labor agitation. It is absolutely impossible for any kind of an organizer to do any work among the men employed in this plant." This he said with a great deal of pride.

I could easily fancy the attitude of the average workingman in that mill, with the knowledge that through this system of espionage his every action might be reported to headquarters. It did not really matter whether he wanted to join the union or not. It was the fact that he could not join if he wanted to which made him bitter.

Unfortunately, the espionage system is still very widely practiced. I have a conviction from my own experience within the ranks of labor that the bitterness aroused by the presence of a spy is far greater than any damage that might be done by open discussion of what labor men are thinking and proposing to do. After all, frankness wins more than trickery. The open-handed method of a boss is always productive of better results than the secret spying of men who are usually paid to make out a case against the laborers if it can possibly be done, to prove to the boss the necessity of the kind of service their agency is giving.

Everywhere in industry I found an atmosphere of militancy. There seemed to be neither trusted leadership nor definite plan of action on either side of the battle-line—and, frankly, the battle was going on. It is this lack of leadership which either saves us from an industrial outbreak or deprives us of an industrial peace. There is an increasing impatience on the part of labor with anything except that which promises prompt action and immediate relief. But it is also obvious that there is a tightening up on the part of the extreme conservatives among employers. For a time after the war it appeared that they had recognized the fact that the workers had entered upon a new era and that it was impossible to go back to the conditions that existed before the war. Then came the organized movements against alleged "Reds" and radicals of every kind, which had at least some justification, with the result that there has developed a conservatism among some employers which simply invites extreme radicalism on the other side.

I spent several days in Lackawanna, near Buffalo, when the Lackawanna Steel Company was attempting to secure relief from the New York State law which required one day's rest in seven, visiting the homes of the workingmen and interviewing saloon-keepers, boarding-house keepers, storekeepers, and others who knew the facts regarding the situation in the mills. I found the assertion general that the steel company was already violating the law by working some of its men seven days a week.

The company's chief argument was that none of its competitors, all of which were outside the State, observed one day's rest in seven; that there was no evidence that the operatives wished the statute strictly enforced; and that the scarcity of labor was such that it was impossible to hire sufficient men to comply strictly with the statute. The Federal Council of Churches was fighting the company's request, in alliance with several State-wide organizations having to do with industry, sociology, and religion.

When I was in Lackawanna, I learned that the pressure of the work done by the men in the plants and the inferiority of

their living conditions were freezing them out as they approached their fortieth birthday. Comparatively few men over forty-five were working in the mills. The death rate in Lackawanna was 24.5 per thousand of the population, as against 13.5 per thousand in New York City itself. There were 164 saloons in the town, one to every ninety persons, and twenty saloons within two blocks of one of the main gates of the plant, before whose bars men stood five and six deep and drank beer and whisky as they rushed out of the mills at the noon hour and at the close of the day, because of their exhausted condition.

The argument that the men wanted to work seven days a week was countered in part by the contention that if any man desired to work seven days in a steel mill, there were just two reasons for it: either his wages were so small that he was compelled to work, or he had become so sodden because of the seven-day week that his finer sensibilities had become blurred. The question was raised whether a workingman had the right to work seven days a week continuously. If it was a bad thing for a man's family and for the State that he injured himself physically and mentally by working seven days in the week, if he was likely to become a charge on society, if he should injure other workingmen, then the State had a right to insist that he should not be permitted to work a seven-day week.

Quite different from these experiences in industrial cities were those which I had in sixty-nine towns with an average population of 5,000, situated in Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, while on a Chautauqua trip. These Chautauqua audiences were drawn from all classes in the community, although they usually represented the best element in those classes. Following each address there was an open forum discussion. This gave me an unusual opportunity to draw out the people and to get at their processes of thinking regarding American social and religious problems. I discovered that it was very rarely true that the men who were the leaders in local commercial and civic affairs were also leaders in the work of the church. The small town attitude toward

the church and the preacher on the part of such men was one of patronage or paternalism. They spoke of the "Reverend Smith" with toleration. This was also often true of large numbers of professional men and women. The ministers in some towns had so little standing that even the women who ran the Chautauquas would not give the preachers the complimentary tickets which they had been receiving from time immemorial.

There was almost absolute lack of united religious effort in the average small town and this was particularly true in the Southern States where from 80 to 90 per cent of the people were members of the church.

There was still a good deal of feeling against the motion pictures in the small town, and in several cases the ministers declared with vehemence to their people that if they persisted in going to see the motion pictures they were on the road to hell. It was remarkable that in many of these small towns, while it was comparatively easy to interest men in Bible classes which they attended in large numbers because they had a chance to talk, they were not so ready to attend the services of the church, where they had nothing to do but to listen.

In defense of the ministers of the churches in these small cities, it should be said, first of all, that it is undoubtedly more difficult to make good in the average small town than it is in the larger city because of the limited number of persons with which the average minister is compelled to work. He must make good with these people or he will not make good at all. Furthermore, the preacher is face to face with more conservatism than he will probably find in the larger cities. He must, for example, deal with the "retired farmer," who is by all odds the most reactionary individual in this country, not only in the churches, but in every other relationship, largely because he is interested in maintaining the present state of things, because any agency which would take away from his stated income would work a serious hardship upon him. Therefore, he is opposed to practically all improvements which may cause him to pay higher taxes or more assessments. This con-

servatism naturally influences his attitude toward matters of religion and church management.

It was my conviction that the churches of America should engage in a campaign for the conservation of life. In a statement which I issued in 1916 for the consideration of the churches, I said that "the practical effects of the miracles of Jesus whereby he raised men from the dead may be repeated to-day, not in exceptional cases as was true of Jesus' experiences, but in the average man's life. Human life may be extended fifteen years in a single generation by applying the science of preventing disease and accidents. Science alone could never accomplish this miracle, because the extension of human life will resolve itself into a question of developing character and will power. The prevention of sickness and death involves the ability to fight harmful appetites and evil practices. Science must be supplemented by moral and spiritual culture. The Church can furnish the power whereby self-control can be exercised as no other agency can."

But my special interest was in the wage-earners and what they suffered on account of sickness and death. The thirty-five million workers in the United States at the time that this statement was originally presented to the Churches, lost an average of nine days each year on account of illness. This made a total of 315,000,000 days. If the average wage earned by these workers was only \$3.25 per day, it meant a loss of \$1,025,000,000, and the cost for doctor's fees, medicine and other extras, probably amounted to as much more, making a total of over \$2,000,000,000 lost by workers on account of illness, and what a worker loses in this way can never be made up—it is to him a total loss. This was about four times as much as was given to all kinds of philanthropy during normal times. Furthermore, sickness was the disabling cause in 80 per cent of the cases assisted by organized charities, and in proportion that sickness could be reduced, it was quite plain that poverty could be eliminated. The industrial workers in this country paid a fearful price for our great commercial and industrial prosperity. It had been conservatively estimated

that at least 30,000 working people were killed annually in industry, and 300,000 more were seriously injured, although there were said to have been 2,000,000 industrial accidents of all kinds every year. The death-rate among workingmen was very much higher than it was among men of all classes—almost 50 per cent. No other organization besides the Church could possibly conduct such a campaign without enormous expense and the building up of a tremendous machine; but the Churches were already in a position to do the work as far as equipment was concerned. They had the buildings, organization, membership, influence, motive power, and the money to meet all expenses. These were the arguments used.

Detailed plans were set up whereby the entire proposal was to be organized. But then came the war; human life was counted very cheap. It was apparently no time to promote a campaign for the conservation of human life, and the proposal was shelved. But here is still a task which the Church may take up at any time with great honor to itself and with boundless benefit to all humanity.

I have always instinctively rebelled against the tyranny of the pious Sunday in the lives of working people. To have one day's rest in seven is highly essential, but to pass tyrannical laws as to what may be done or may not be done on this seventh day of rest has often been carried to such extremes that Sunday has become a nightmare to many workers. A prominent preacher in New York City once "marveled" that God did not cause the Metropolitan Tower, with its fifty stories of steel and stone, to fall upon the "Sabbath breakers" in the park in Madison Square. If this gentle soul would have taken the time to study the tired and worn-out men and women who were sitting upon the benches in the park, trying to escape from their stuffy little quarters, he probably would have been more sympathetic in his expression. The depth of their depravity was reading such scraps of newspaper as they could borrow from one another.

There are hundreds of thousands of people in our large cities to whom Sunday offers the only relief from the monotony of their daily toil at any time of the year, and it must

not be forgotten that the Sunday recreational problems of a big industrial city cannot easily be understood by people who have always lived in the suburbs or in country towns. To close recreational centers on Sunday, whether they are concerts, movies, art galleries, or libraries, merely because those who patronize them will not go to church is, to say the least, a sign of mighty poor sportsmanship on the part of the churchman, and yet that is frequently the principal argument used against allowing people to enjoy Sunday as they prefer to spend it. The fairer thing is to make the Church so attractive and appealing that men and women will see that it is better to go to church on Sunday than anywhere else.

At Chautauqua, New York, where I was speaking one day, in answer to a question from the audience, I said that I favored the hiring of a string of big barges and having the working people in the intolerable tenements during the summer taken for a trip out on Long Island Sound, where they might spend Sunday, instead of sweating and swearing at home. Bishop John H. Vincent, the founder of the mother Chautauqua, presided at the meeting. It was most encouraging to see him clap his hands in approval at the suggestion.

After all, it is true as I once replied to a preacher who protested against a Sunday program which I had set up in the tenement district, arguing that I was not justified in doing these things on the "Lord's Day":

"It may be the 'Lord's Day' up where you live, but it's the devil's day down where I work."

THE FACTS ABOUT SURVEYS

DURING the early years of my national activity, I wrote about fifty leaflets and pamphlets on how to conduct various kinds of enterprises in local churches. While all of these plans had grown out of actual experiences and had proved successful in my own work, I discovered that some ministers were trying to adopt these suggestions bodily in fields to which they did not apply, failing to realize that no two fields are exactly alike, and that each church must study the peculiar conditions in its own community, and then organize its work in view of the needs discovered.

It was this fact which led to the setting up of a Survey Department, which soon became an outstanding feature of the Presbyterian Department of Church and Labor. Not only were the fields of local churches studied and recommendations made as to the kind of work which should be conducted, but surveys, covering social, economic, and religious problems, were made of entire cities and counties and states.

Making surveys was an utterly thankless job, because the diagnosis of a city was not made for the purpose of discovering its good points so much as it was to find out what in the city's life needed remedying. When reports were made to citizens, usually in public meetings, the facts produced were not especially complimentary.

Sometimes there was a disposition on the part of the local municipal officials to deny or fight back when survey figures were published. But invariably whatever statements were published or made on the platform could be substantiated by statistics or other data which had been secured by trained investigators.

In a city in northern New Jersey a mass meeting was called for Sunday afternoon in a large theater to present the findings of the survey and recommendations based upon them. As I was entering the theater for the afternoon meeting—and the place was packed—a friend met me at the door and cautioned me that the Health Commissioner was in the audience, and that he had threatened to “make a monkey out of me” before the crowd if I dared say anything there about health conditions.

However, as I proceeded to present the findings of the report on health conditions, which reflected failure on the part of that particular Department to fulfill its functions in maintaining the health of the city, there was not a word from the Commissioner, because he soon knew only too well that I was correctly quoting figures which his own office had furnished.

One of the most successful surveys was that made for the Men and Religion Forward Movement, which was conducted by the combined Protestant Churches and other religious enterprises of the United States. Seventy principal American cities with a combined population of twenty millions were studied during the winter of 1911 in preparation for the campaign conducted by the movement during the following year. About one thousand questions were addressed to the local committees having charge of the surveys in each of the cities, covering among other things the following subjects: the population, municipal administration, social influences, housing, health, political life, social service agencies, public schools, libraries, recreational life, juvenile delinquency, and the general condition of the churches.

It will no doubt be interesting to give a brief summary of some of the principal findings, so that one may get a picture of the conditions in these seventy cities as they were fifteen years ago.

The membership in all the Protestant churches consisted of 30.7 per cent of men, 54 per cent of women, 6.2 per cent of boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen, 9.1 per cent of girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen. Sixty-five per cent of those who attended the Sunday morning services in the

Protestant churches were women, and the morning attendance at all the churches was 65 per cent of the total attendance of the day. More people united with the Church at the age of fourteen than at any other time, and there appeared to be a sharp decline in Church accession after twenty-one. Seventy-three per cent of all the contributions to the Protestant churches in these cities for the previous fiscal year was used for congregational expenses. The amount spent for denominational benevolent purposes was about equally divided between home and foreign missions. Of the enrollment in the Sunday schools, 57.2 per cent were women and girls, and 42.8 per cent were men and boys.

Among the millions of subscribers to the public libraries, 25.5 per cent were men, 35.6 per cent were women, 19.6 per cent were boys, and 17.3 per cent were girls. The record of crimes and arrests indicated that of those arrested, 80.3 per cent were men, 9.1 per cent were women, 6 per cent were boys, and one per cent girls; 40.8 per cent of the cases were due to drunkenness, 19.9 per cent to disorderly conduct, 8.2 per cent to disturbance of the peace, 7.8 per cent to vagrancy, 6.1 per cent to assault, 4.8 per cent to larceny, 3.5 per cent to gambling, and 5.1 per cent to social evil. The Juvenile Court records showed that 25.4 per cent of the boys committed were guilty of larceny, 26.3 per cent of incorrigibility, 8.2 per cent truancy, 6.1 per cent disorderly conduct, 2.2 per cent assault, and 31.8 per cent other causes. The parents of these boys were 52.3 per cent American born, 7.6 per cent German, 5.8 per cent Irish, 5.1 per cent Italian, 2.2 per cent Russian, and 27 per cent were of other nationalities.

During the Men and Religion Forward Movement campaign it was my especial task to head up the social service section. Associated with me were such men as Graham Taylor and Raymond Robins, of Chicago, and several members of social service commissions of the various denominations, each of whom worked with separate teams of half a dozen men. My own part was that of taking charge of all the surveys for the various cities and serving as the dean of the social service "experts." I was also leader of "Team I." There were four

teams which were in the field continuously for almost a year. The entire task was under the direction of Fred B. Smith, whose matchless generalship was responsible for the success of what I regard as one of the most stirring social movements that ever swept this country.

"Team 1" was commanded to cover a chain of Southern cities. It would not be fair to mention them by name, because many of them were greatly handicapped by conditions for which they were not altogether to blame, as compared with some Northern cities which had much greater opportunity and longer experience in making progress in the social and educational field. The meetings in each city were continued for a week. Each man on the team held three or four sessions a day. In every city visited I met with the municipal authorities and other agencies which dealt with social problems. Recommendations were based upon studies which had been made by local committees. Ordinarily these studies had occupied some months' time.

Whenever an unusual situation was discovered, I tried to make a special visit or a closer analysis before discussing the question in public. In one city I visited the workhouse before addressing the city commissioners and a group of nearly one hundred business men at a luncheon. At the workhouse I had found about thirty men, practically all Negroes, who belonged to the chain gang, occupied during the day in sweeping the streets of the city. The clothing worn during the day was slept in at night, and they were about as filthy as one can imagine. There was an old cast-iron bathtub in the middle of the yard in which the men bathed, and although many of them had the most shocking forms of venereal diseases, it was the custom for about fifteen of them to bathe in the same water without change. When I addressed the business men, I pictured the situation as graphically as I knew how, closing my remarks with the statement:

"I would rather go to hell than be sent to your workhouse."

Needless to say, the city commissioners saw to it that conditions were cleaned up in that workhouse in a hurry, perhaps largely because the leading newspaper in the city took up the

charges in its columns, running a big headline across the top of the front page which read:

"Stelzle Would Rather Go to Hell Than Go to Our Work-house."

In another city of the South I found what was really a frightful condition in the principal packing-house. Conditions in the public laundries were vile, and there were situations in several of the department stores which were deplorable.

It happened that the Daughters of the Confederacy were in session in the city while our meetings were in progress, and I was invited to address nearly two thousand women on "social conditions." It was not expected that I would speak on the situation in that city, but I reminded those women of the South that naturally they were far more interested in what was going on in the very city in which they were meeting than to have me talk about social problems in New York City, where I lived. Then I told my story, giving exact figures and facts, and using the plainest language possible. The audience was naturally greatly horrified, and many of them were indignant.

The evening paper printed the story of my address. I found out many years later that the story was written, not by a reporter, but by the wife of the editor, who happened to be in the audience, but who had never before written a newspaper article. The morning newspaper did not carry the story, but for a perfectly obvious reason, I discovered later. The managing editor of the evening paper which had printed it called me on the telephone at the hotel and wanted to know if I would stand for what I had said to the women the afternoon before. Then he told me that the owner of the packing-house whose conditions I had particularly emphasized had threatened to sue his paper for fifty thousand dollars. I replied that I would not only stand for what I had said but that the managers of the entire movement which I represented would back me financially and otherwise in making a fight to the finish. Late in the day I learned that the owner of the packing-house had gone to one of the leading business

men of the city and had complained most bitterly of what I had said.

"Did the fellow tell the truth?" asked the business man.

"Yes, he certainly had the goods," was the reply.

"Then why in hell don't you clean up your place?" said the business man. "What are you coming to me for?"

That night I was to leave for another city. Just as I was getting ready the telephone in my hotel room rang, and, answering it, I listened to what was to me a jumble of words. But at the end of whatever was said I understood the voice to repeat:

"I am the deputy sheriff. You are hereby summoned to appear immediately before the grand jury."

Of course I went. And for two hours I gave that grand jury more stuff than they could digest in many sessions. They threatened to follow up my statements, but I rather think that the enterprise concerned cleaned up, for that was the last that I heard of the entire situation.

The morning paper, which also had been threatened with a libel suit if it copied the story in the evening paper, said editorially a little while later, possibly to get itself into the good graces of the complainants:

"If you want to land in jail, just start in to make a noise like Stelzle."

The Southern Sociological Congress grew out of these Southern experiences of ours. It has ever since been active in promoting the welfare of the South in the fields of the subjects discussed in that series of meetings.

A typical extensive survey was made by the Department of Church and Labor to find out how workingmen spent their spare time. This study was made by the staff of the Department under the general direction of George E. Bevans, in connection with work he was doing for Columbia University. Over a thousand workingmen were interviewed, and nearly four months were required to complete the investigation. Among the men studied were found to be 29 different nationalities, and 164 trades and occupations. Sixty-four per cent were married.

Here are some of the outstanding facts which were revealed:

Men working the shortest number of hours were the most temperate in their habits. It had often been said that if workingmen were given shorter hours and more leisure time they would spend the extra time in saloons. That was clearly proved to be untrue. Long hours, causing over-fatigue, seemed to lower the vitality of workingmen, so that at the end of the day's work they gravitated toward saloons. Books were read by fully twice as many of the eight to nine hour workers as by the group who worked eleven hours or more.

Married men patronized the saloon more than single men. There was an interesting phenomenon for the moralist, and the psychologist, and the sociologist! Part of the explanation is that the saloon had the most appeal in the dull, drab years of middle age, which were usually the married years. Furthermore, wives suffered limitations by remaining at home with domestic duties, seeing few persons except their families. Husbands had broader experience in the association of other men in their shops and lodges and labor unions. So they were likely to spend their free hours away from home, where talk was more interesting. Workingmen spent more money for beer than for any other recreational item.

The movies were the workingmen's principal recreational centers. The moving-picture show hit the saloon harder than any other agency.

Church and synagogue received the smallest vote as the most profitable way of spending spare time. Men working the shortest hours and those highest in mental attainments were least responsive to the Church. Old men attended church more generally than young men. It was puzzling that the men who worked the longest hours, conversely, went to church most frequently. It had long been held that workingmen did not go to church because they did not have the time.

XI

ORGANIZING THE LABOR TEMPLE

LOWER New York is the arena in which the greatest battles of America's masses will be fought for some time to come. Here every social, economic, and religious problem of the day is being faced by the people of the tenements, without regard for precedents and untrammelled by tradition.

For many years working people had been pouring into this district, creating a congestion unparalleled in the history of the world. Yet as the people moved in, the Protestant churches steadily moved out, deserting them in spite of the fact that for generations the Church had been insisting that the Gospel which it preached was a universal Gospel; that it met the needs of all classes and conditions of men, and that it alone could solve the social problems of the times.

The churches thus practically confessed that they could live only when they followed the well-to-do to the uptown districts and to the suburbs; that only Socialism and Anarchism could thrive in the soil produced by congested tenement life.

Missionary societies talked about "the problem of the downtown church," whereas the emphasis should have been placed on "the downtown problems of the Church." The situation confronting the Church downtown should have been the concern of the whole Church, and not simply of the downtown churches. If there is such a thing as Christian unity in the attack upon modern social and religious conditions, it should be manifested in the big cities, where the problems are so gigantic that no one church can adequately meet them.

The attempt of religious enterprises to meet the conditions in lower New York was manifested in the organization of city missions. For a time these succeeded fairly well—while those among whom they labored were of nationalities which were Lutheran or Protestant of other denominations. But when

lower New York was peopled by immigrants from southeastern Europe these religious enterprises quickly failed. To-day they are practically all gone.

New York thus became a wilderness of humanity, puzzling and heartbreaking to many sincere workers who would have given their lives to win in the battle against the elements which they felt were steadily pulling down the morale of the people. Yet that conception was not altogether true, because the recent developments in the social and economic world had given the masses of the people a new idea of their rights and privileges. It was largely this growing spirit of democracy among the people which so seriously affected the old-fashioned mission enterprise. The managers of those institutions simply failed to keep abreast of the times. They lost their grip when the masses of the people became imbued with the modern spirit of self-reliance and independence. The methods used by working people when they first try out their own initial powers may not always be right; but the mere fact that they appreciate their responsibility in trying to solve their own problems is most encouraging.

The situation demanded a new approach on the part of the Church. It required a movement which would take into account the fact that other forces were fighting for supremacy in the hearts of the people, and had already largely taken the place of the Church. It was to a great extent a question of adaptability, of flexibility, on the part of the Church. To this, apparently, the Church of twenty years ago seemed unequal.

On the corner of Fourteenth Street and Second Avenue stood a brownstone church which had had a most glorious career. Its ministers through a half-century had rendered valiant service. But its membership had steadily moved out of the district, until a dozen or so years ago there was a mere handful left, only thirty or forty people to attend its Sunday service.

Something like twenty-five years ago Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist, was challenged to conduct a month's meetings in this old church. Characteristically, he plunged in, with

his singer, Ira D. Sankey, and together they held forth. But, to Mr. Moody's utter amazement, not once during the entire series of meetings was the church full. On the first night of the meetings there were about two hundred people in the audience. Mr. Moody had been preaching to audiences of five and six thousand in the upper part of the city. Walking onto the platform, upon which were seated the ministers of the district, Mr. Moody gave one quick glance at the audience. Then, turning to the preachers, he said, "Where are the people?"

The chairman facetiously remarked, "Out on the streets."

"Well, why don't you go out and get them?" quickly responded the evangelist.

There was nothing else for the preachers to do but rather sheepishly leave the platform and try to "bring in the multitudes." The chairman and another preacher went to a corner saloon which was crowded with workingmen, most of whom were playing cards or drinking at the bar.

"Don't you want to come up to the church on the corner of Second Avenue and hear Dwight L. Moody preach?" the chairman said to four men who sat at a card-table near the door.

"Who the hell is Moody?" one of them replied. And that was all there was to that.

Mr. Moody admitted complete defeat in this attempt to preach the "pure Gospel" to the East Side.

It was not strange, therefore, that when the question of selling the property came up in about 1910 before the remnant of the congregation they felt justified in disposing of it for a considerable sum, and agreeing to combine with another Presbyterian church on the West Side of the city. Before the plan was consummated, however, I made a proposal to the officers of the church that they give me the use of the church building three nights in the week to conduct services in whatever way I thought best, but not without their entire approval; simply to see what could be done by a new method of attack.

After considering the proposal for some time, the officers voted that my plans be accepted, on condition that I pay the church five thousand dollars a year in addition to furnishing

all the money for carrying on the work itself. Frankly, I was stunned, particularly as I had agreed to take on this work as an extra task. I was already responsible for three or four other enterprises. I realized, however, that it was because these men were simply tired out with the situation under which they had been working so long with complete failure, that they wished to absolve themselves of any further responsibility, financially or otherwise.

Then I submitted the same general proposal to the Church Extension Committee of the New York Presbytery, to whom I spoke even more strongly about the responsibility of the Church toward this downtown district. Finally, the Committee voted to purchase the property outright with part of two million dollars left by John L. Kennedy to the Board of Home Missions, with the understanding that I should conduct this work for two years as an experiment; that I was to have complete charge of every department of the work without interference by any committee or individual.

That was the happiest moment in my career as a minister. I was about to realize a dream which I had had since my machinist days—of organizing and conducting a church such as I felt would appeal to the average workingman. It was to be a real workingman's church in every particular. Avowedly it was to be run by workingmen, the men who actually lived in the community. So I called it the "Labor Temple," a name which as a religious enterprise became famous the world over even before I had completed my two years' experimentation.

To the amusement of the sub-committee representing the Church Extension Committee, I assured them the church would soon be so crowded that the floors would not stand the weight of the people, and I took them into the cellar of the old building, where I had found that the floor of the main auditorium was supported by wooden posts, and insisted that these be removed and that iron pillars take their place. I was thoroughly sincere. I was quite positive that the crowds would come. And come they did. Within a couple of weeks we were compelled to turn them away. During all of these

discussions and while the work was being organized I had the whole-hearted and constant support of Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church and a prominent member of the Board of Home Missions, under whose immediate direction the work was carried on during its initial stages.

The Labor Temple bordered the most congested area in New York, although at one time it was one of the most fashionable districts in the city. Fourteenth Street was the dividing line between the masses living in the big tenements to the south and the more favored ones who could afford the greater exclusiveness of the club and the "private house." Less than two blocks away was Tammany Hall's great building, a beehive of political activity affecting not only every part of New York's life but that of the nation. Within a block was the great downtown amusement district of the people.

Until long after midnight Fourteenth Street was a blaze of light, rivaling the day for brilliancy. The saloons, several of them run by famous sporting men, were crowded to the doors. Here, too, was one of New York's "red light" districts. There were dance-halls and vulgar motion-picture shows, often hotbeds of vice and obscenity. There was a cheap Bohemia throughout the section, which was very attractive to the young people in the community who had been engaged all day at hard work in stores and factories. Yet this was not a "slum." The residents in the tenements near by were honest, hard-working men and women, as human as the rest of the world, but with all the frailties of mankind surrounded by strong constant temptation.

In the midst of this street, where electricity was plentifully used by every enterprise which desired to attract the attention of the people, the Labor Temple's electric sign stood out with letters two feet square. In addition four large bulletin-boards, two on each street, were studded with electric lights and announced in big letters what was going on in the Temple.

Just beyond Broadway, within a few minutes' walking distance, were the great stores and factories which employed hundreds of thousands of young girls and men and women, shirt-

waist makers and operators in the clothing industry. The problem above every other was the industrial situation, the question of getting a living. That was why Socialism was so strong in the district. Every summer night open-air meetings were conducted on the street corners by its advocates, and during the winter season they held mass meetings in near-by halls.

It was admittedly "the most difficult field in America," and for that reason it was selected. My desire was to make a demonstration of what the Church might do in such a community. Obviously, the methods must be different from those employed in the "family" church. I made no attempt to organize a regular church. I have always felt that those who later took hold of the Labor Temple and formed a church organization made a fatal mistake, because, in the first place, it gave the enterprise at least the suggestion of sectarianism, and it actually put officers in charge of important work who were incompetent to conduct it.

This does not mean that the religious element was neglected. That guest-preacher who afterward declared that he was cautioned not to use the name of Jesus in his Labor Temple address simply did not tell the truth—or perhaps he did not understand. It would have been felt that we were untrue to ourselves and to the people and to God himself were we to evade or neglect in our presentation the distinctly spiritual aspect of life. We discussed religious questions without apology. Still, the men and women who attended the distinctly religious meetings got a new conception of the significance of the old Gospel. But I am anticipating.

The opening meeting, on a Sunday afternoon, was exclusively for men. To the amazement of everybody, three hundred and fifty turned out. They were all men of the neighborhood who had been especially invited by letter. We had secured their names and addresses from the polling list at the county clerk's office. With them the entire proposal was frankly talked out, and we urged upon them the importance of their backing it if it were to be a success. They responded enthusiastically.

I recall that one of the men in the audience half challengingly asked me: "Will you let us talk about Socialism in these open forum meetings that you are going to have?"

"Sure," I replied. "You can talk about anything that you can get away with. But, remember this: There will always be somebody else here who is going to have the chance to take the other side of the question."

Following that meeting, the attendance on practically every occasion consisted ninety-five per cent of men, of whom seventy-five per cent were Socialists and other radicals. About fifty per cent were Jews.

Meetings were held every night of the week, and practically every address was followed by an open forum discussion. For a month I listened to the severest arraignment of the Church that I had ever heard—and I had been listening to criticisms of the Church for many years in practically every industrial center in this country. When I felt that the criticisms were just, I frankly admitted it, but pointed out that the opening of this Labor Temple was an attempt to get at the actual facts, and that we were going to talk about the thing as friends, and altogether we were going to right as many wrongs as we could and that the whole thing was to be done in a thoroughly democratic fashion, without any patronage on either side.

It was interesting that the Labor Temple audience exhausted itself making criticisms of the Church, and the speakers never repeated their accusations. After every person had once delivered himself of the speech against the Church which rankled somewhere in his system, he never repeated it. When a stranger wandered in and began to berate the Church, the audience promptly came to the defense of the Church, because all that was old stuff; we had admitted it, and there was no need of our talking further about it. After the atmosphere was thus cleared, we got down to real business.

THE WORK OF THE LABOR TEMPLE

THE Labor Temple was by no means second to its neighboring movies in the number of features it offered. It ran a continuous "bill" on Sundays, in addition to speeches and discussions every other night, and social reform clubs in lieu of church brotherhoods, besides other activities which got down to the every-day problems and life of the people in the neighborhood.

Sunday's events, from two-thirty till ten, ran as rapidly into one another and were as diversified as a radio program nowadays: children's hour; Bible class; organ recital; reading of a literary masterpiece; concert or lecture; and sermon. At five o'clock a carefully censored motion picture was shown. It was most effective to use the story of "Kelly the Cop," for example, who did a real man's job as a policeman, built up his home, and helped to make New York a better city, more so than to present the impossible characters which were shown in the average religious film. At six o'clock two hundred persons (Temple helpers, choir members, student workers, ushers, club leaders, Sunday-school teachers, the Temple staff, in addition to such friends as might wish to do so) sat down to a simple supper, and often there were brief inspirational addresses by prominent out-of-town guests or by those who were picked upon by the toastmaster—"roastmaster" he was sometimes called.

Meanwhile, the members of the choir were gathering. Promptly at seven, one hundred strong, they had taken their seats on the platform, but behind a great screen upon which illustrated hymns and solos were thrown during the half-hour of music preceding the regular Sunday-night service. As the door of the main auditorium was almost upon the street, passers-by, seeing the songs upon the screen, came in. At eight o'clock the hall was always packed.

I had carefully studied the methods of motion-picture houses and vaudeville theaters to discover means for introducing life and snappiness into the program. One of the things which I observed was that no time was lost between the acts. I realized that the most perilous moment for our service was at the transition point from the screen and song service to the regular meeting. Therefore it was contrived that almost at the snap of the finger the curtain was pulled to one side, the lights were turned up, and the choir burst forth into an inspiring song. I was on my feet before the choir had finished the song, and with a studied gesture—differing according to the occasion and the audience—I prevented a pell-mell movement toward the big front door. We rarely lost more than a dozen of our audience.

The Sunday-night meeting was like a normal church service in the sense that the same sort of things were done—but they were done decidedly differently. It was designed to inject more life and “pep” in the actions of the participants. This was true even of the audience, which was always an unusual one. There was an expectancy about the people which was exhilarating to the speaker. But this spirit also carried with it the possibility that if the audience were disappointed, it might suddenly leave him—and the big double door in the rear of the auditorium was on a level with the street! The audiences never behaved the same except that they always applauded the prayers; that was their way of saying “Amen.” The songs and the Scripture and the prayer were exactly the same as in the average church. The sermon was thoroughly evangelical, a straight appeal to the hearts of men. They were the same sermons precisely that I had used in old St. Louis in the big tent, or in the big hall at the mission. I rarely had time to prepare new sermons. There was no forum discussion on Sunday night, although we had our biggest audiences at that time.

I have always felt that Sunday night between nine and ten is the zero hour in a big city. Perhaps more young people go wrong during that hour than almost any other. Not young people only, but older people as well—those without

homes, without definite occupations, without something to grip them. So from nine to ten was motion-picture hour at the Temple. We kept our very best pictures for then, for we felt that if we could hold our audience for another hour it would go a long way toward the right closing of the day. It was interesting, however, that, in spite of every effort put into the motion-picture program, we always had more people at the preaching service between eight and nine than we had during the motion-picture hour which followed it. That simply verified a fact which I had long known, that there is no appeal to the human heart which is quite so strong as that of religion if it is presented to the people in a thoroughly human fashion, and if you can get it over to them.

There were many really historic meetings at the Labor Temple, involving important issues. During the winter of 1914 and 1915, when there were four hundred thousand unemployed in New York City and fifty thousand men walking the streets all night, a group of radical agitators took possession of bread-lines and crowds in the back of saloons and began invading the churches, assuming that they had a right to the "soft cushions" which were not being used during the week by the members of the church.

When these invasions were at their height and no church knew when its turn would come next, I challenged the leaders to meet me in an open forum debate at the Labor Temple to discuss the question whether the unemployed had the right to break into churches and use them for lodging-houses. The I. W. W. happened to be in session in New York at that time. I was told by a newspaper reporter who had attended their meeting that afternoon that they had adjourned to reconvene at the Labor Temple at eight for the purpose of "raising hell." Other leaders of the unemployed were out in force; as were also many hundreds of their followers.

We had it out, without apology. I reminded the audience that, in the first place, church buildings were never constructed to be used as lodging-houses. Their sanitary facilities were exceedingly limited. It was common knowledge that when churches had been invaded by the unemployed who spent the

night there the physical conditions found the next morning had been vile, due often to pure maliciousness.

Furthermore, those who slept on the seats were diseased and filthy, and there was great danger that this disease would be transmitted to little children as well as to the men and women who regularly attended the services of the church. I remarked that there were other ways of defiling a church than was practiced by those whom Christ drove out of the Temple. While the Church should be concerned about the physical welfare of unemployed men, it should not neglect the safety of those who normally used the church buildings.

I told the audience that their boldness was based upon the assumption that the preachers were afraid of being considered un-Christlike if they refused to permit the unemployed to crowd into their buildings. So they defiantly took possession of whatever church building they wished, disregarding all the courtesies and decencies of conduct which they themselves demanded of everybody else. I pointed out that the unemployed had been saying that they did not ask for charity, but that they had nevertheless appropriated what they wanted without even going through the formality of asking for it.

Following my address there was a free-for-all discussion. At several points the meeting might easily have developed into a free-for-all fight. But a wholesome dominant sense of humor soon brought back the excited individuals who apparently could not control their feelings.

At the time I was serving as executive secretary of the Committee on Unemployment of the Federation of Churches of New York, as well as an executive on Mayor Mitchell's committee. I could therefore and did remind the audience that the position of the churches in the whole matter of unemployment was far from being purely negative; that actually the churches of the city were furnishing more real jobs to the unemployed than any other committee or group at work on the same task during that hard winter. That ended the invasion of churches.

On another occasion I invited Anthony Comstock to tell his story of the fight against the spreading of indecent litera-

ture. He told it well, but in the audience sat Emma Goldman and her secretary, Captain Reitman. Before the address I announced, as was my custom, that when the speaker had finished, the audience would have an opportunity to ask questions, but that only one question would be permitted to each person unless no one else desired to ask a question.

Emma Goldman promptly arose and put a question to the speaker. When answered, she immediately asked a second question. I then repeated the rule of the forum. But she declined to sit down. The audience applauded, and she bowed, but as they continued she realized that what they really wanted was to have her take her seat, which she finally did.

Then Captain Reitman arose, and he went through the same performance, but he would not sit down. I called to an usher in the rear of the room, an Englishman who was little more than five feet in height and weighed less than one hundred pounds, and said to him: "Mr. Denton, will you please come up and put Captain Reitman out onto the street?"

Now Reitman was over six feet tall and weighed over two hundred pounds. When the little usher very seriously approached, without a smile, and looked up into Reitman's scowling face, the audience howled with laughter, and Captain Reitman took his seat.

Although the audiences were greatly interested in the discussion of social questions, it soon became evident that their interest in religious problems was even more keen. Indeed, there was rarely a meeting of any kind at the Labor Temple without some manifestation of the audience's interest in personal religious questions. One evening, at the Tuesday night social problem forum, I reminded the audience of this fact, and said that if they really wanted to discuss religious themes, it might be better to set aside a special night for the purpose. I had them vote upon the question, reminding them that I was somewhat conservative in my theological views, and announcing that I would express those views whenever occasion required. By that time the audience had become extremely friendly to the Labor Temple, and we respected each other so much that any question might have been discussed not only

with perfect safety but with edification to the entire audience.

So Friday night was set aside as "religious night" at the Temple. Perhaps most people would have called it "prayer-meeting" night, but the occasions at the Temple were quite different from those in other churches. There was something doing all the time. There were no pauses between "testimonies." Indeed, there was never a moment when half a dozen men were not on their feet, eager to speak; and what they said was vital, human, real.

One night I announced that on the following Friday there would be no regularly appointed speaker, but that the subject of "My Religion and Why I Believe in It" would be up for discussion. About three hundred men and a dozen women were present. The first man who spoke was a Jew who had become a Unitarian. He said that he had been won by the character and the life of Christ.

The second was also a Jew, a Socialist. He told how he had been taught religion by his Russian mother, but that he had since studied other religions. He said: "I believe that love is God, shown by mercy and kindness."

Then followed a man who said that he was a Quaker by training, but that he now believed in the religion of the "mind." He did not know where he came from, nor did he know where he was going, but he felt sure that the same Power that had brought him into being would take care of his destiny.

"Do good and help your neighbor and consider all others as brothers, is my religion," said a plain-looking workingman.

A Roman Catholic gave an earnest testimony to the power of his religion, saying that, while we may disagree in dogma, there may still be unanimity in the broader matters of religion.

At least a dozen strong, clearly stated three-minute speeches were made by Protestant workingmen who said that they had known the power of Jesus in their lives. They told of better things than mere negative morality, of victory over sin, of a new-found joy in the Christian life. In every case this positive note of assurance was greeted with great applause.

A striking indication of the tendency of the Jews who came

to the Temple was seen in the fact that, while fifty per cent of those present were Hebrews, no one spoke in favor of the orthodox Jewish religion, although fully half of those who had a part in the meeting were born in that faith.

The question was frequently asked whether there were any "converts" at the Labor Temple. Frankly, no effort was made to convert people in the ordinary sense, although undoubtedly hundreds of those who came to the Temple meetings got a fresh start in life and identified themselves with churches of their own selection. The organization of a church consisting of several hundred more Presbyterians would have been a very small factor in carrying out the aims of the Labor Temple. And it was my purpose that we should be able to say to every audience that we were not trying to do any proselyting; that everybody was welcome at any service and would never be put in an embarrassing position by being compelled to commit himself to any system of religion. That put every visitor at ease, and won for us the respect also of the religious leaders of every creed in the community, many of whom during the beginnings of the Labor Temple had sent "spies" to our meetings to find out what we were trying to do. Protestants, particularly city mission workers, had been noticeable among those present with their notebooks in the early days of this "heretical" church.

There was organized at the end of the first year's work what was known as the "Labor Temple Fellowship."

During "Holy Week" all forums and other meetings were omitted and half a dozen preachers of the greatest prominence, an equal number of them progressives and conservatives, were secured to talk on the general subject, "What Was the Purpose of Jesus and What Is the Kingdom of God." As is frequently done in evangelistic meetings, cards were distributed among the audience each night, with this pledge printed upon them:

"I accept the purpose of Jesus—I will help bring in the Kingdom of God."

The pledge was broad enough to include the most radical of the Labor Temple constituency as well as the most conservative Christians; and yet it was a platform upon which all could stand and have many things in common.

Many hundreds of cards were signed during the week, and on the following Sunday night, which was Easter, 149 persons publicly joined the Labor Temple Fellowship, one-third of whom were Jews.

It is not possible to indicate the many different forms of activity which the Labor Temple took on, because they were so numerous and far-reaching. One most interesting turn in its affairs was the fact that the Temple developed into a refuge for many workingmen's organizations which did not care to meet in the only available halls, because they had in them elements extremely distasteful to serious-minded workingmen and workingwomen.

One day an Irish Catholic business agent of a trade union composed of women workers having a membership of eight hundred or more, told me the story of her experience in trying to find a hall that was suitable for her girls, for whom she seemed to have a sense of personal responsibility. When she had appealed to a saloon-keeper as a last resort, even he had turned down the organization, because he saw no prospects of securing any business from its women members.

She asked me if she might use the Labor Temple between the hours of six and eight on Monday nights, and the arrangements were quickly made, the only charge being a small fee to pay the janitor for extra service, and the cost of the lights. Later, other labor unions composed of men came to the Labor Temple for their meetings, for the same reason. Soon it became the center for general meetings and strikers' conferences because of the desire of the leaders to keep their membership sober and away from the saloons.

An exceedingly important departure in the work of the Labor Temple were the meetings for the discussion of health problems. There was so much sickness in the tenements that the people were only too eager to learn what to do to prevent

tuberculosis, cancer, children's diseases, and other forms of illness which were subjecting families and friends and relatives to suffering.

Of course, criticism of the Temple and its methods of work came very soon and it continued uninterruptedly during the two years through which I was in charge of the work. There was a bit of consolation in the fact that the criticism came very largely from those who had never visited the Temple but who would write about it in strongly anti-social religious newspapers. The Temple was criticized also by "one hundred per cent American" organizations which could not see any value in the discussion of radical questions, forgetting that, as they would be discussed anyway, it was better that they should be talked about under steadying auspices, and at a time and in a place where every argument presented could be fairly and openly met by those who were opposed to the radical views expressed.

I never cared about any attack that was made upon me by radicals of whatever school. I rather enjoyed an open debate with such opponents. But the criticism which really hurt me came from certain members of the Board of Home Missions itself. The Board as a whole had been very generous in its support of this work and had annually appropriated approximately twelve thousand dollars to carry it on. But strong feeling was being stirred up within it, and an effort was made to close the Temple as conveniently and as quietly as possible.

That would have been out of the question, because the Temple had attracted world-wide attention on account of its undoubted success. But I was moved to take decided action regarding such criticisms.

Theodore Roosevelt was Contributing Editor of *The Outlook* at that time. I called on him one Monday morning and told him my story. He listened for nearly an hour to the history of the Labor Temple. Then, characteristically, he slapped his knee, and said again and again: "That's fine—that's great—that's what I believe in, and I'm going to help you." He promptly agreed to write an editorial in *The Outlook* about the Temple.

"In order to do this, Mr. Roosevelt," I said to him, "it will be necessary for you to come down and look us over and give an address to the people."

"No," he replied; "I will come down, but I won't speak. The way to find out what is being done is for me to hear you speak, but don't you advertise the fact that I'm coming. If you do, I will cancel the engagement."

The time agreed upon for Mr. Roosevelt's visit was Sunday afternoon. No announcement had been made concerning his appearance at the Temple, but the building was packed to the doors. When he and I stepped from behind the curtain at the side of the platform and stood before the audience, the cheering was clamorous and continuous.

Mr. Roosevelt persisted in his determination that I should do the speaking, although he did agree to say something when I got through. At the conclusion of my twenty-minute address Mr. Roosevelt spoke for nearly an hour, warming to the spirit of the occasion, and elaborating glowingly upon the work and all its possibilities.

His editorial in *The Outlook* a couple of weeks later was a "wow." It settled for all time the question of whether or not the Labor Temple was to be closed. The Temple is not only still running, but, instead of the old brown-stone church which it occupied for so many years, it has now a six-story building with every facility for its varied activities.

In all the discussion regarding the Labor Temple and the purpose for which it was organized, I wish to keep to the forefront the major fact that it was started not primarily to serve as a lecture or social center, but as a demonstration of what the Church can do in building up the whole life of the people, with special emphasis upon their spiritual welfare.

BUCKING THE RADICALS

WE hear a good deal these days about the uprising of the radicals. But I am more concerned about the down-sitting of the conservatives—those who are quite content with things as they are; who have comfortable homes, can afford to wear good clothes, are assured of enough to eat, can educate their children, and have snug little sums in the bank or in bonds which will provide for them in the future.

The greatest menace to our American institutions to-day is not the labor agitator nor the trust magnate. The greatest menace to society is the smug, self-satisfied middle class, the “standpatters,” those who do not wish to be disturbed, the people who do not want to be compelled to face the real social facts of the twentieth century.

The labor agitator has not created the social unrest in the world to-day. It has created him. He has been pushed up from among the people to give expression to their hopes and aspirations. It sometimes happens that the business agent of a labor union, the “walking delegate,” orders a strike or creates a disturbance of some other kind, but preëminently it is the business agent’s task and concern to keep men on the job. He is considered the least successful business agent who is constantly stirring up trouble “in order to show workingmen that he is earning his salary.” There are fools and demagogues among labor officials, just as there are among other leaders. But they usually find their own place—outside the organization.

The word “radical,” according to the Century dictionary, means “having to do with or proceeding from the root, source, origin or foundation,” which in other words means “getting at the bottom of things.” It is the common opinion that radicals include only those who have designs for the de-

struction of the present social order, the "reds," the revolutionists. It often happens that this popular conception of radicalism is the correct one when applied to certain individuals, but strictly speaking, one may be an extreme conservative and still be a radical. A Fundamentalist, for example, may be a radical—so may be a Progressive—as well as any one who takes an extremely opposite view.

There is no doubt that both the Fundamentalists and the Progressives are making a distinct contribution toward the progress and the development of society and my sympathies are to a certain extent with both groups, but in practically every field in which my work has been done I have been compelled to "buck" both groups in the Church, and in the industrial and social field. It did not matter much what the question or problem being discussed or promoted might have been, these extremists who always professed that they were "trying to get at the bottom of things" created trouble.

Very early in my public work I encountered the severest kind of opposition from the Socialists. They could see but one motive in my activities, namely, to keep workingmen satisfied with their present economic conditions. They insisted that I was a "tool of the capitalistic class." They insisted that if I were sincere in my declarations that I was interested in the welfare of working people, I would see to it that the Church advocated Socialism, because they maintained that Socialism was the economic system which Jesus taught. To them, any one who could not accept that doctrine was either a hypocrite or a fraud. As the movement which I headed received national publicity, the Socialistic papers "roasted" me periodically for several years, declaring that I was a menace to the working class of America. Victor Berger, who afterward became Congressman from Milwaukee, was particularly vicious, first because of his Socialistic convictions, and secondly, because of his atheistic principles.

It was amusing that while this was going on among the Socialists I had recurrent encounters with employers' associations, and I was systematically accused editorially by them of being "a spy in the employ of the American Federation of

Labor," and of following up their officers and speakers throughout the country and holding mass meetings to counteract their influence; which, of course, was perfectly absurd.

Upon one occasion I addressed the National Presbyterian Brotherhood Convention in Indianapolis. There were probably three thousand men in the Convention coming from various parts of the United States. The Committee having the program in charge asked me to speak on "The Church and Labor." At the close of the address there came a tremendous tempest of applause from the audience, swelling greater and greater, until finally, to quote from the newspaper report:

"Man after man leaped to his feet until the whole great body was standing, and to the hand-clapping vociferous cheers were added; tears also attested the emotion of the crowd."

Now it happened that the President of the Citizens' Alliance lived in that town. He was a big buggy manufacturer, and when his office heard about this unusual reception given a labor address at a Brotherhood Convention, they began to scurry about to see what could be done to halt the action which these three thousand Presbyterian men had taken, for they had of their own accord commissioned me to bring a greeting to the Convention of the American Federation of Labor which I was to attend in Minneapolis a few days later. However, the resolution stood and in due time was delivered to the Minneapolis Labor Convention, where I am frank to say the delegates rather coldly received this overture from a Church body, for this happened very early in my experience.

During the first year of the Labor Temple's establishment I was called upon to give a great variety of addresses in different parts of New York City, particularly at open forum meetings during the winter. I noticed that, no matter where I spoke, there was a group of radicals who trailed me about and attempted to heckle me, in order to discredit whatever message I brought to my audience. Now heckling was my especial delight. For, in spite of the greatest liberty given to

all kinds of audiences all over the United States, I had not been asked a new question in some years. At least the questions were the same in principle. And as the man on the platform usually has the advantage over the man in the audience, provided he can hold his head and can laugh with the crowd even when the laugh is on himself, it was usually pretty good fun.

Toward the end of the winter's work, at the close of a particularly important meeting, a husky-looking man who had been standing at the rear of the auditorium saluted me as I was about to go out. I knew instinctively who he was—an official of the police force; for "by their shoes ye shall know them."

"You've been doing a lot of talking around town this winter," he remarked, with a smile; to which I nodded assent.

"Well," he said, "there wasn't a time when you spoke anywhere in this town but that I had a force of detectives in the audience. Do you remember the night at the Labor Temple," he went on, "when you were bucking the I. W. W's. and the rest of the radicals who were breaking into the churches? That night we had fifty detectives in the crowd. If anything had happened, we would have corralled the whole gang."

I remembered with much amusement that in the midst of the excitement that evening, when trouble seemed to threaten, the presiding officer had shouted to the crowd that if peace were not maintained instantly he would call in a policeman. From which I had vigorously dissented, "because," I remarked, "we can handle this crowd ourselves without the aid of any 'cop.'" It must have made the fifty policemen in the audience smile to think that the joke was on me.

There was probably no part of the country which was harder hit by the agitation of the I. W. W. than the lumber regions in Washington, Oregon, Montana and Idaho, but it was altogether likely that the living conditions and other social and economic matters connected with the lumber industry contributed to the unrest that was developed among the timber workers. These workingmen were frequently run out of town and their organizers rather roughly handled. When it is re-

called that practically all of the men working in the lumber camps were huskies and a large percentage of them foreigners who were easily led, the situation can readily be understood.

Naturally, when the bona fide trade unionists began their activity, they were classed with the I. W. W. and many of the radical methods adopted by the I. W. W. were charged against the trade unionists and their leaders. The result was the development of much bitterness on both sides, and during the war, when production was so necessary in the lumber industry, the employers organized the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, or as they were more familiarly known, "the four L's." The army officials who were closely related to the lumber industry at this time, particularly the Spruce Production Department of the United States Signal Corps, worked together with the employers in promoting this organization and through most strenuous methods and unusual pressure, practically forty thousand men became identified with the "Four L's." Many social activities and patriotic adjuncts and innumerable other features were organized to hold the men together in order to increase production. At the close of the war as it became more and more difficult to appeal to the patriotic incentive of the men the entire situation reverted to its purely economic features, and to the old battles and bargaining between the employers and men working in the mills and in the woods.

At this particular period, a committee of the employers telegraphed me to meet them in Chicago to talk out the situation, offering me the presidency of the Loyal Legion at a salary of ten thousand dollars per year, suggesting that if this did not interest me they would be glad to consider any proposal which I might make to them. While this discussion was going on in Chicago, I received telegrams from interested mutual friends in Oregon who urged me to accept the offer of the Lumbermen. One of the leading ministers telegraphed me:

"Informed of approach to you L. L. L. L. Presidency. Earnestly urge weigh it as great and providential call, marvelous opportunity. Great constructive statesmanlike round-

ing out your extraordinary career in promoting a conserver of civilization on Pacific Coast."

Another telegram from a leader in civic work strongly endorsed the business men I was to meet in Chicago, saying that they sought to "introduce democracy and goodwill into industry. I believe they are interesting themselves in one of the most significant movements of these wonderful times. Trust that nothing will prevent your accepting the invitation. It may mean large things for you and the ideals for which you stand."

However, it was quite obvious that fine as were the motives of the employers in their relationship to the men in the lumber camp, it was their avowed object to put the labor union out of business if it could possibly be done, as they sincerely believed they had something better to offer to the men. After giving the entire matter careful consideration, I declined the offer mainly because I had been so long identified with the labor movement in this country that my relationship to the L. L. L. L. would be misunderstood, and because I sincerely felt that if organized labor were destroyed in the lumber industry, the entire situation would be controlled by the I. W. W. and even more radical organizations. It surely was a great temptation to go to the lumber regions of the Northwest to set up a program which I felt would minimize the discord between employers and employees, but I felt that the promotion of such a plan as I had in mind would be altogether out of the question in view of the position taken by the employers, however sincere they may have been.

Many years ago, I read a book written by Count Leo Tolstoy, entitled "The Slavery of Modern Times," which was a defense of philosophical Anarchy. In this book Tolstoy maintains that the law is the source of all evil, and that it actually invites its violation because men instinctively do those things which they are commanded not to do. He believed that the natural goodness of the human heart, if left to do its own will, would lead to a peaceful, non-combative life.

It is usually assumed that the Anarchist is one who believes in the use of force. Quite the opposite is true. Tolstoy, for

example, was a non-resistant. He took literally the command of Jesus, "If a man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him also the left." When a man uses force, that moment he ceases to be an Anarchist, according to this philosopher, because he himself then uses the instruments of government to which Anarchy is opposed.

Traveling across the country, I once met a young Russian woman on the train, who frankly said that she was an Anarchist. When I looked at her in surprise, she smiled and remarked, "I suppose you think that I am a bomb thrower, but I do not believe in force. Those who throw bombs do so because of the natural tendency of their own hearts. However, in Russia, we sometimes throw bombs and use violence, not because we believe in force, but in order to call the attention of the world to our terrible situation. If we kill a Grand Duke, for example, the newspapers everywhere will not only print the story of the destruction of this nobleman, but they will say something about the conditions against which we are protesting."

There is no doubt that radicalism is growing among the workingmen of America. We sometimes imagine that conditions in this country are so favorable for the common people that the "Red" aspect of many European countries can never be duplicated in the United States. We go blindly on, not only crying "'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace," but "causing the day of violence to draw nigh."

Whatever may happen in Russia is bound to affect conditions in the United States. Indeed, the changes that are taking place in every country in Europe are sure to affect us sooner or later.

In condemning the Bolsheviki and other revolutionists in Russia, we sometimes forget the tyranny through which the Russian people passed for four hundred years. They were subjected to the most cruel treatment which the czars and their secret police could devise. We have forgotten the stories which made our blood boil as we read about this treatment not many years ago,—the long marches to Siberia, the use of the knout, the horrors of imprisonment in filthy cells for many

years, the hunger, the sickness, the massacre, the tearing apart of families, and the other horrors of the old Russia.

Then, as if by magic, the submerged millions of Russia suddenly gained the supremacy. The Czar and his representatives were destroyed or driven out of the country. Those who for centuries had been subject to the vilest treatment became the rulers. Naturally, they were drunk with their new power. They resorted to the extremest measures. The whole thing seemed so fantastic, and for some time they did the most absurd things in trying to perfect a government which would do justice to the people and bring about the reign of righteousness.

The rest of the world has been too impatient with Russia. It is undoubtedly true that many acts of violence have been committed under the new régime which were just as despicable as many of those practiced by the czars. These cannot be condoned, but we should at least try to understand the condition out of which the present situation in Russia evolved.

One day, while in the House of Commons in London, I met Ben Tillet, the English labor leader. We began to talk about Russia, and I remarked that it was too bad that Russia was doing so many things which discredited the country in the eyes of the world.

"That is none of your damn business," he said. "What do you know about Russia anyway, and what they have got to face in that country? Neither England nor America nor any other country can determine the policies of the Russian government at this time. They will simply have to fight out their own battles and nobody else can do it for them. They'll come out all right. You just leave them alone."

This, of course, was characteristic of Tillet, the fire-eating labor leader, but there seemed to be a lot of good horse sense in what he said. One cannot help sympathizing with the Russian masses, and because they deserve our sympathy we can overlook many of the mistakes which they have made and will make. It must be remembered that practically every prominent leader in Russia to-day has spent many years in Siberian prisons and that many of them have endured untold suffering because

of their political and economic convictions. If they were ready to go to prison because of their ideals, one can at least accept the statement that they are sincere in their present desire to bring order out of the chaos which now prevails in Russia.

If the horrors of revolution are not to be duplicated in America, however, we must set our own house in order. We must break down class consciousness and class war and abolish class hatred. Combinations of employers and capitalists to fight labor only help to produce a revolution. They sow the seed of Bolshevism.

The tendency to use the courts and injunctions to produce "harmony" is based upon fear and force; and force and fear never will produce good economic relationships any more than they will help friendship between individuals. The power of labor to stop industry, often because of disagreement among contending unions, is not conducive to industrial peace, but rather brings contempt upon the entire labor movement, and is of a piece with the employer's efforts to gain his ends by the lockout and the personal boycott.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., remarked to me in conversation that the big man of the future in the industrial world will not be the promoter, or the efficiency man, but the one who can bring about right relationships between employers and employees; the man who, on the one hand, can interpret the men to the bosses, and, on the other hand, interpret the bosses to the men.

On general principles it is better to understand a man than it is to silence him; and this refers to movements as well as individuals. New York State expelled five Socialists from its Legislature in spite of the protests of some of the leading jurists of America, including so eminent a conservative as Justice Charles E. Hughes. The East-Siders in New York, who had elected them and who had been urged to use ballots instead of bullets, wondered what had happened to our democratic government. Not satisfied with this action, the opponents of Socialism introduced measures which would prohibit any man or woman who declared himself in favor of Socialism from receiving a diploma to practice law. There is far more danger

in this kind of repression than in the mouthings of the worst "radical" this side of Russia.

Neither is the unrest of the world going to be cured by making fun of anybody, as I learned by experience. You cannot cartoon or lampoon out of existence social inequalities and economic injustices. Neither can they be eliminated through absent treatment. There must be a spirit of brotherhood among all classes of men.

The growing restlessness and radicalism among the workingmen of America have been quite obvious to me as I have attended the annual conventions of the American Federation of Labor and have seen the growth of Socialistic strength. Nor is this social unrest limited to workingmen. It is seen as never before among the semi-professional class and the "white-collar" group.

The cause is not the reason generally assigned to it. The labor agitator is not responsible for it. Neither is it the power of wealth or land monopoly or abject poverty. These have always existed in greater measure than they do to-day. The workingman is unquestionably better off than he has ever been, but he has never been more dissatisfied than he is to-day.

This social unrest is caused, first of all, by our public libraries. Not that the library contains books on Bolshevism and radicalism, which workingmen eagerly read, for ordinarily the committees in charge of the selection of the books see to it that they are not placed within the workers' reach. But the workers are being incited to new ways of thinking and living by books on democracy, government, history, and economics, and they read these voraciously. The librarian of one of our large cities said recently that if present tendencies continue, the workingmen will be the only educated people in America.

Art galleries are responsible for social unrest, for here ideals are stimulated. When the workingman looks at the wonderful pictures and works of art contained in these art galleries and goes out the front door, he is not the same man he was when he came in. His outlook upon life has been enlarged. He wants a better home, a better education for his children, better clothes for his wife, and more leisure for himself. These

usually require higher wages and shorter hours. The average workingman does not envy the rich man's wealth, but he does envy the rich man's leisure,—his chance to enjoy things.

Universities and public schools cause social unrest. There is no group which responds more readily to the appeal for service among the workers than do the men and women in our colleges. The classes in the social sciences are crowded with eager students, and they are ready to preach and work for better social and economic conditions.

Big business in its advertising causes social unrest. It is constantly urging working people through full-page advertisements to purchase and enjoy better things, better houses, better clothes, better automobiles, better everything. The advertising manager who would dare permit himself to believe that working people should be satisfied with the things that they now possess would promptly lose his job.

Prohibition causes social unrest. Incidentally, the leading Socialists of the world have always been Prohibitionists. The best set of resolutions on Prohibition in this country were adopted not by the Anti-Saloon League or by the W.C.T.U. or by any other temperance society. They were adopted by the Socialists. The reason that the Socialists favor Prohibition is because they argue that before workingmen are in a position to become very much disturbed about their economic conditions, they must first of all have sober minds, and that the use of strong drink prevents clear thinking. One of the last things done by the Russian Czar was to abolish vodka, but almost the first thing the Russians did when they sobered up was to abolish the Czar.

The Church causes social unrest. The early disciples were arrested for preaching a doctrine which was turning the world upside down. Foreign missionaries to-day point out the low physical, mental, and moral conditions under which the "heathen" are living, and then show them the possibilities of a life in Jesus. And as they catch a vision of all that He may mean to them, there comes among them a spirit of social unrest which will not be satisfied until they have broken the bands which bound them through many a century.

Social unrest, therefore, is the legitimate outcome of the finest idealism the world has ever known. Without it there can be no real progress. It must also be obvious that it is impossible to stop the progress of social unrest. No army or navy can suppress the people in their desire to advance their social and economic interests.

There will always be some social unrest in the world. The labor question will never be settled until the last day's work is done. For our solution of it will be unsatisfactory to the next generation because their ideals will be higher than ours. "Radicalism,"—which for the most part means anything that most of us never thought of before, is not only tied up with economic progress, but it is an important factor in moral and spiritual development. This is what makes it so hard to distinguish between the good and the bad in it. But don't let us shut our eyes to the good because of our prejudice against everything that is new and different. There is one great chance in all this agitation for the man and woman with broad sympathies and a big heart,—the chance for unselfish leadership. The real danger is that the new democracy which will emerge will be dominated by a spirit of gross materialism. This would be worse than unfortunate,—it would be disastrous,—for all of us. Only the right kind of leadership can prevent such a catastrophe.

PROMOTING NATIONAL MOVEMENTS

FOR several years before the war the challenge of "one million immigrants a year" had been sounded by philanthropic and religious agencies in the United States in their attempts to secure support for their work, it being assumed that the "million" immigrants who were annually landing in the United States were increasing their work by just so much. It was during this period that the peak of immigration to this country had been reached. It appeared that America was being flooded by the foreign-born and that for the most part, those who were coming to this country were very undesirable.

Immigration conferences were being held by so-called experts, who, apparently, could see nothing but peril in the men and women who were coming to our shores for a chance to make a living.

In most of this discussion, one important element not considered was the fact that many millions of those who came to this country returned to the Fatherland and that in some mysterious way, long before periods of industrial depression had affected the country as a whole, the immigrants, like a barometer, seemed to sense what was impending, and shipload after shipload went back home where it was cheaper to live than in the United States, thus relieving the labor market of congestion which might otherwise have greatly harmed the American workingman.

The result was that the actual percentage of foreign-born in the United States at any one time did not vary more than one degree above or below fourteen, at least since 1860, and that the percentage of foreign-born in the United States was lower in 1920 than it had been in sixty years and this was before the immigration restriction act was passed by Congress.

Here are the figures: 1860, 13.2 per cent; 1870, 14.4 per cent; 1880, 13.3 per cent; 1890, 14.8 per cent; 1900, 13.7 per cent; 1910, 14.4 per cent; 1920, 13.1 per cent.

It was while the agitation regarding the peril of the immigrant was at its height that I was asked in addition to my position as Superintendent of the Department of Church and Labor of the Presbyterian Church to become the Superintendent of its Immigration Department, presumably as the logical man to undertake the work: First, because the Labor Department had proven to be so successful, second, because practically all immigrants were workingmen, and third, because for the most part the immigrant was a city "problem" and practically all of my activities were centered in the city. The immigration work was afterward turned over to Dr. William P. Shriver, who has since developed it in a most statesmanlike manner.

In addition to this national undertaking, I was appointed Superintendent of the Immigration Committee for New York City. New York presented an especially interesting situation in this respect, because its foreign-born whites at least equaled the foreign-born in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and Baltimore combined.

Immediately after my appointment to this task, the Board of Home Missions under whose general supervision all of this work was being conducted, was instructed to make a special investigation of the Jewish question, and to begin aggressive work in trying to win the Jews to Presbyterianism.

I had very little sympathy with this resolution because my twenty years' experience in the tenements on the East Side of New York, where so many of my friends and neighbors were Jews, had given me a very high regard for their general character.

However, I was commissioned to go to Europe to study the Jewish missions which had been so highly spoken of among those who were especially interested in this enterprise. During this trip I visited practically every organization of the kind in the larger cities and interviewed many of their leaders, and I was convinced that they were practically all of them failures. Their social and medical work was to be commended,

but only on a broad humanitarian basis, just as it might be for any other group of people. The religious aspects of their activities, however, seemed to me to be extremely questionable.

When I returned from this study, I called a conference of about fifty leading workers in this field and made my report. I expressed myself as being altogether opposed to Jewish missions as such, and especially all efforts to capture Jewish children through Sunday schools without first securing the consent of their parents.

I was further persuaded that any Protestant church situated in a district in which Jews were living should conduct its own work upon a community basis and that it was a mistake to single out any race or religion in an attempt to proselyte its people from their original faith.

It was also quite clear to me that it was fatal to try to make a poor Protestant out of a good Jew and that the Protestants had all they could do in the average city mission territory to take care of their own people who were indifferent to the Church without attempting to proselyte Jews and Catholics.

I was altogether opposed to the appropriation of any funds for distinctly Jewish work, although apparently there were many earnest-minded people in the Church, basing their belief upon prophecy, who were persuaded that it was the solemn duty of the Church "to win Jews to Christ." At any rate, the result of my study and observation, together with the conclusions presented to the conference, ended in a practical discontinuance of the effort to establish a Jewish Department.

My experience since that time has intensified my convictions on this question and one of the most gratifying features in religious work to-day is the attempt on the part of Protestant and Jewish leaders to work out their problems upon a common platform and in the spirit of brotherhood. Jewish rabbis are lecturing in Protestant theological seminaries on race relations as exchange professors, and Christian ministers are speaking to Jewish colleges and institutions on the brotherhood of races. In New York City, the West End Presbyterian Church, supposed to be one of the most conservative churches in the city, recently presented a near-by synagogue with an American flag

and the synagogue reciprocated by presenting the church with a pulpit Bible.

One day there appeared at my office a Ruthenian by the name of John Bodrug, who looked like a second Martin Luther. He told me a story of the falling away from the Greek Catholic Church of thousands upon thousands of his fellow countrymen, who after they arrived in the United States found themselves altogether out of sympathy with the way the Church was being conducted here.

He declared that the national heroes of his country,—those whom the people even to this day revered,—were Protestants, and that if he were given the opportunity he could inaugurate a campaign which would enlist large numbers of those who it happened were not now attending any church.

His proposal appealed to me and I secured a comparatively small appropriation with which he might print song books and classical literature to be used in his promotional work. He also wanted the use of one of our chapels, which was readily granted.

We placed in charge of this particular chapel service, a young Ruthenian who was a student in one of our seminaries. It was agreed that the Ruthenians were to continue the use of some of the Greek Catholic forms and ceremonies. The young minister also wore a robe which, of course, was gaily embroidered, as was the custom in the old country. This, however, was too much for some of our conservative friends. They immediately entered a vigorous protest against the use of anything that had been employed in the Greek Catholic Church, insisting that these Ruthenians, who, by the way, had been accustomed to worship in some of the most beautiful cathedrals in Europe, must now be content with the bare walls and cheap furniture of the East Side mission hall whose use we had given them.

Actually, so far as fundamentals were concerned, there was nothing in the service which could be counted objectionable. But it was no use. The storm of protest became so great that the national organization was compelled to surrender the work, although it was carried on locally by the churches in several

near-by cities. Again narrowness and bigotry prevented the accomplishment of what might have developed into a most useful piece of work.

Only the other day this same Ruthenian, who nearly twenty years ago began the humble preaching service in the chapel referred to, came to my office and told me almost breathlessly of the situation among the Ukrainians from whose country he had just returned. Because of an edict of the head of the Church that priests were no longer allowed to marry, and because many other restrictions had been placed upon them, the people were now rebelling against all authority, and there was a general uprising among the Ukrainians, who were formerly known as Ruthenians. They were now appealing to the United States to send Protestant ministers who could lead them in their religious activities. Apparently, this situation has in part grown out of the war, with the division of the nation, and the coming in of a new spirit of independence among the people. It remains to be seen whether the Protestants of the United States will be big enough to handle this situation in an entirely non-sectarian spirit, having only a sincere desire to help a People which so far as one can see is earnestly looking for light.

Believing that a large number of the foreign-born in the United States were being handicapped in their social, economic and religious progress because they were not understood by Americans, who simply regarded them as "problems," I suggested about fifteen years ago a plan whereby the best type of students in the universities and seminaries be sent to certain foreign countries so that they might study the manner of life of the people among whom they would later work in this country. This plan has since been successfully worked out, and many of these men are now leaders in their particular fields.

The passage of the immigration restriction law has by no means settled the question of what we shall do with the men and women who still desire to come to this country, or even those allotted numbers who arrive under the present quota. During the year 1924, for example, over 700,000 immigrants arrived in the United States, although some returned. Even

if all the immigration to this country were stopped, there would still be 14,000,000 foreign-born in the United States, with 2,000,000 of them concentrated in New York City alone—one-seventh of the total number living in the United States. We have yet to work out an intelligent and sympathetic program which shall deal with the foreign-born men and women in our country.

It should not be forgotten that the immigrant bears the brunt of our industrial life. In many of our leading industries he composes eighty per cent of the workers. He often assumes tasks which others will not undertake because of their monotony and discomfort. He comes here full-fledged, his native country having paid all the expense of his education and physical development. No country in the world has been so richly blessed in the free gift of ready-made manhood as has America.

The immigrant must be made to understand that the word "government" means friend, not oppressor; that while there are certain "classes" in America,—although not in the sense that they are to be found in the countries from which he came,—it is possible for him to break through into the "upper" classes. He must be shown that this country is a democracy in which every man has a chance to make good, and that this opportunity depends entirely upon his character and personality. He must be taught that America offers him free education; that there are better jobs ahead; that the padrones and contractors with whom he is familiar are not always typical Americans; that the city tenement in which he lives does not comprise the home life which may be attained in this country; that the vote which will be given him when he has acquired citizenship is a precious heritage, fought for by the forefathers of this country and paid for in blood, and that it must not be lightly regarded.

While my chief interest had always been in the cities, and while perhaps I knew most about their problems, I had a strong conviction that one of the most serious situations challenging the attention of the Church and the State was life in the country. My study of the city revealed the fact that

great agricultural states were gradually losing their population because of the growth of industrial centers and the inevitable attraction which these had for the young people on the farms. I found, for example, that from 1900 to 1910, the percentages of counties losing population in some of the principal agricultural states were as follows:

Iowa 71.7 per cent, Missouri 61.7 per cent, Indiana 60.9 per cent, Illinois 49.0 per cent, Ohio 44.3 per cent, Tennessee 38.5 per cent, Kentucky 36.1 per cent, Pennsylvania, 28.4 per cent, Virginia 27.4 per cent. Were it not for the increase in the population of the nine cities in Michigan having 25,000 inhabitants and over, the state would have actually gone backward during this period. From 1900 to 1910 the population of the United States as a whole increased 21.0 per cent, whereas the rural population increased only 11.2 per cent. In 1880 about 70 per cent of the population lived in rural districts, whereas in 1920 less than half the population of the United States lived in these areas. The tendency toward the city is still going on. From 1910 to 1920 the increase in the urban population of the United States was 28.8 per cent, whereas the rural population increased only 3.2 per cent.

One of the factors which first called my attention to the significance of the country-life problem was the report issued by Theodore Roosevelt's Country Life Commission. This Commission was one of exploration rather than of organization. It did not attempt a complete analysis of the situation; it simply sought to place the entire problem before the people. It suggested that Congress provide some means or agency for the guidance of public opinion towards the development of a real rural society that shall rest directly on the land. It is significant that the Commission did not discuss the "back to the land" movement. Professor Liberty H. Bailey intimated at about this time that the country life movement must be sharply distinguished from the present popular "back to the land" agitation. The latter was primarily a city or town impulse, expressing the desire of the townspeople to escape, or of cities to find relief, or of real estate dealers to sell land, and in part it was a result of the doubtful propaganda to decrease

the cost of living by sending more persons to the land on the generally incorrect assumption that more products would thereby be secured for the world's markets.

The movement of city men to the country affords no solution of country problems. In the last analysis the country must solve its own problems. There is a new movement to send the incompetent to the country, but the country does not need him any more than does the city, and he can do no better in the field than he can in the town. Furthermore, the labor that the city could supply with profit to the country is the very labor that it is good for the city to keep.

Without going into a discussion of the economic aspects of the country-life question, one can readily see that this situation was, and it is increasingly, one of the most serious that affects our national prosperity. Because of all the elements involved, I suggested to the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions that a Country Life Department be established and recommended that one of my associates in the Labor Department be placed in charge of it, and for some time afterward a very considerable part of the budget assigned to the Department was used for the promotion of this newer agency which soon grew under the very capable leadership of Dr. Warren H. Wilson, who is to-day one of the outstanding figures in the Country Life Movement. His unusual training in the economic field made him particularly effective among country educational and religious leaders.

However, this Department was probably criticized fully as much as the Department of Church and Labor. The idea of the Church presuming to lead farmers in Institutes for the development of their fields was ridiculed. It was absurd, these critics said, for a minister to try to tell a farmer how to raise his crops to advantage. Of course, it was forgotten that for the most part the function of the minister in this respect was to bring into the community the experts who could instruct farmers in the multitudinous tasks which confronted them and to direct them in an occupation which was rapidly becoming a science requiring trained workers. This Country Life Department had about the same experience that the Church and Labor

Department encountered. Others were quite willing that we should make the experiment, and after the principles had been worked out and most of the battles fought, other denominations trailed behind and organized similar departments.

Reference was made in a previous chapter to the Men and Religion Forward Movement, whose surveys I made and whose Social Service Department I headed up. It was most interesting that when Fred B. Smith and his associates made their plans for this Movement, they completely ignored the subject of Social Service. They had in mind Departments for Evangelism, Boys' Work, Missions, Bible Study and Community Extension—the latter including shop and open air meetings. Finally, however, it was conceded that as there was so much interest in Social Service throughout the Church, it must be included, and I was sent for to set up a program in this field for the Movement. It transpired that in connection with the work of all the various teams Social Service was the outstanding subject in every one of the close to one hundred cities visited, the general interest and attendance being largest at the conferences and mass meetings held to discuss social problems.

During the year following the Men and Religion Forward Movement, it became my task to promote a national campaign to present to the churches of America the outstanding social and religious problems which faced the churches of America. This campaign was held under the auspices of thirty-six national denominational boards and centered in what was known as "Home Mission Week." Paralleling one of the most exciting Presidential campaigns in the history of American life and coming hot upon its heels, this event stood out as the most conspicuous movement conducted by the Churches during the year. It was unique in that it touched the remotest church in the country, as well as the biggest church in town. No itinerating "agitators" were employed, each Church standing as a unit with the largest opportunity for working out individual plans. The central office corresponded with representatives in nearly 2500 cities having a population of 2500 and over, for the purpose of organizing local committees which should have charge of arrangements for the week's meetings, espe-

cially with regard to the program for the final Sunday night, when great Home Mission demonstrations were held. Definite reports regarding these meetings were received from over 1000 cities. Twenty-two out of the twenty-eight largest cities in the country conducted campaigns of some kind. Over two hundred speakers of national reputation addressed especially organized meetings at strategic points, although many thousands of local ministers and laymen gave addresses during the week. Previous to the week itself, a preliminary campaign of three months was conducted and articles were prepared for the religious press, the labor papers, the metropolitan newspapers, the country papers, the missionary magazines, and the Sunday-school journals with feature articles in leading magazines of the country. At least one hundred different articles on the major subjects were thus given wide distribution. Six hundred thousand posters dealing with modern American problems were sent to the Protestant churches of America. They were also distributed to all the colleges and universities, all of the theological seminaries, and all of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States, and a quarter of a million post-cards were used during the campaign, with an equal number of Home Mission stickers, besides a million leaflets of various kinds.

Study classes, conferences and meetings of every description and for all kinds of people were conducted. Undoubtedly the public realized, for the first time perhaps, what the real task of the churches of America actually was; that this task was not only unsectarian but that it affected every aspect of life on the American continent. It dealt with the problems of the city, of the country, of women and children in industry, the immigrant, the Negro, the Indian, the Spanish American, and with the new frontiers of American life, not only geographical but sociological. The Church as a social agency and as a great religious force was presented graphically, and through this nation-wide movement the agencies represented in this campaign were given a hearing before the public which they had never had before,—and a score of National Board secretaries so testified.

The Inter-Church World Movement was one of the most boldly conceived enterprises in the history of the Protestant Church. Its promoters had a vision of Protestant America working together for the accomplishment of a common task upon a broad non-sectarian basis, although each denomination was to remain intact and to develop its own work as it thought best. But the presentation of the conditions to be met by these churches was to be unified and advertised in the most dramatic manner possible. And this was done to a very considerable extent. The budget which was to be raised for these combined Protestant organizations through the Inter-Church World Movement amounted to one billion dollars. Some of the greatest men in America were enlisted in this movement and "big business" methods were applied to every department. Perhaps this was one reason why it failed; it became top-heavy with organization and impossibilities were expected of its managers. It was charged that the movement failed because, having attacked the steel industry through one of its departments, the big financial interests of this country decided to destroy it. I question whether this was true. It may have been a factor in some local communities, but John D. Rockefeller, Jr., spent at least one million dollars in promoting the movement and stayed loyally by it to the end. The enterprise undoubtedly failed because of the lack of something within the organization itself, or else it was due to the failure of local churches to respond.

The chief promoter of the Inter-Church World Movement was S. Earl Taylor, who had so successfully promoted the Centenary Movement in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which something like one hundred and fifty million dollars was raised for a five-year budget. I had the good fortune to be associated with Earl Taylor during nine months of the Centenary Movement, editing pamphlet publicity material and being responsible for a large amount of the publicity in connection with the Million Dollar Exposition at Columbus, which again was one of the most dramatic things ever done by any religious denomination. During the month that this Exposition was in operation in Columbus, I edited a daily four-page

supplement of the *Ohio State Journal*, having half-a-dozen newspaper men and women working with me in its production.

A corps of about twenty survey men had been employed for some time by the Inter-Church World Movement to draw up a document to be presented at a meeting of thirteen hundred laymen from various parts of the United States, to whom the billion dollar program of the movement was to be sold at a meeting to be held in Atlantic City. The time for the Atlantic City meeting was perilously close and the reports of the survey men had not been presented. One day while in Pittsburgh, I received a long distance telephone message from New York, asking me if I would drop all of my other work, and spend night and day in shaping up and editing materials to be put into this important document which was to deal with great American social and religious problems, such as the city, country-life, immigration, the Negro, the exceptional populations, and about half a dozen other groupings. I had secured materials on all of these subjects during the years that I had been connected with various national organizations and enterprises, besides which I had written several books dealing with them. I had been careful to keep this matter up to date, and it was felt by the promoters of the Inter-Church World Movement that I could quickly get together the necessary data for the big meeting in Atlantic City. I spent fully a month in working out this material, making graphs, interpreting statistics and writing large portions of the book which was to contain the salesmanship material to get across the idea of the movement at this meeting, coöperating with Ralph E. Diffendorfer, who had charge of the entire job, and who deserves great credit for the fine way in which he handled it.

Now comes the interesting part of the story. When the thirteen hundred laymen were gathered together on the Steel Pier at Atlantic City, the chairman of the meeting in opening the session, held in his hand the finished volume upon which I had spent nights and days during the preceding four or five weeks, and holding it up before this representative audience of business men, he said:

"I have here the finest presentation on American social and

religious conditions that I have ever seen, and I want you to meet the men who are responsible for it."

He turned to the twenty odd survey men on the platform and asked them to rise, and they received a tremendous ovation from the men in the audience. The billion-dollar program was "sold" to the laymen that day.

In connection with the Inter-Church World Movement there was held some time later a meeting of five hundred representative laymen who sat for three days in a meeting in a Pittsburgh hotel to work out a message to the laymen of America. I had been especially invited to attend this meeting, and the managers had offered to pay my expenses. I preferred, however, to pay my own railroad fare and hotel bills and be just one of the crowd. A special committee of twenty-one was appointed to prepare the message and I was asked to serve as "advisor" to the Committee, though not a part of it. When this Committee met for its first session, the acting chairman, Fleming H. Revell of New York City, a prominent Presbyterian layman, remarked to the Committee:

"Mr. Stelzle is here with us and I am sure we will be very glad to have his opinion as to what should be included in this message."

Whereupon, a Methodist brother,—an insurance man from the Middle West,—arose and vigorously protested against my speaking.

"The preachers of this country have been handing out cut-and-dried stuff to us too long, and this is going to be an honest-to-goodness laymen's job. We don't want any paid officer of a religious organization telling us laymen what we ought to say."

I was very glad at this point to be able to tell the brother that I was not an official of any religious organization, that I was working out my own promotional tasks in New York City upon an independent basis and that I had paid all my own expenses in coming to the meeting, also that I had nothing to put across with this Committee, and that I sat in with this sub-committee, missing the main meetings, only at the request of their chairman.

After the sub-committee had threshed out matters for an hour or more, without producing much of an original character, the chairman, with a smile, again said:

"May we now hear from Mr. Stelzle?"—to which there was general assent.

At the close of this first session the various members of the Committee were asked to put into writing whatever they desired to have incorporated in the report which was to be submitted to the main body on the last day of its meeting, and I was requested to reproduce what I had said in the open conference.

My material constituted about nine-tenths of the whole. Then came the task of writing it. The job was assigned to a committee of five, of which I was again appointed an "advisory" member. When the Committee got together with the mass of material before it, the chairman, who was a Denver lawyer, glancing at me with something of a smile, remarked:

"I hate to put it up to you, Stelzle, after what our Methodist brother said yesterday, but you are the only man on this Committee who can do this job and I am going to ask the Committee to put the whole thing in your hands to shape it up for submission to the general committee at breakfast at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

I immediately got to work and sat up until four o'clock the next morning, writing out by hand a three-thousand-word statement and read it to the Committee at breakfast a few hours later. The report was unanimously approved with slight corrections, and was turned over to three stenographers at nine o'clock, in order to prepare it for the meeting which was to be in session at ten o'clock, when the report was to be read by Mr. Revell, its chairman.

When Mr. Revell was given the first few sheets as he ascended the platform, he turned to me and said:

"Stelzle, you ought to read this report because you wrote it and it is practically all your stuff."

Messengers were despatched to the platform as each sheet was typed, until the entire document had been delivered to the assembled laymen.

And this was the document that went out to the laymen of America, which was prepared "in the name of the five hundred representative laymen" who had come to Pittsburgh for that purpose.

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America had its origin in the persistent efforts of Dr. Elias B. Sanford, with whom I first became acquainted when he was Secretary of the Open and Institutional Church League, about thirty years ago. It was at his invitation that I gave my first convention address in Worcester, Mass., at a meeting of the Institutional Church League talking on "Boys' Clubs." I had just written a book on this subject, but I felt myself greatly honored to speak to the most prominent leaders in institutional church work in America.

Dr. Sanford organized the Federal Council in 1908. I recall how he traveled from city to city trying to enlist support in what seemed to everybody else like an iridescent dream. His office consisted of two tiny rooms in New York and for a long time he was without a telephone or even a buzzer to call his "secretary." The letterhead of the Council was a formidable-looking document, containing the names of some of the most outstanding preachers and laymen in the Protestant Churches. "Commissions" were appointed which were to deal with important American problems.

Dr. Frank Mason North was the chairman of the Commission on Social Service. I was appointed as its voluntary secretary. For a long time this was practically the only Commission that was active, and during the year that I was its secretary, I conducted the activities of the Commission in addition to my responsibilities with the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. The work consisted largely of enlisting the interest of other denominations in social service work and in making certain studies of social and industrial conditions and problems.

The work of the Commission became so important that the services of a full-time secretary on a salary basis was required, and Dr. Charles S. Macfarland, who had been active in New England as a Congregational minister and lecturer on social

questions, was selected for this work. Dr. Macfarland filled this position with great distinction for several years, and in 1912 became the General Secretary of the Federal Council, succeeding Dr. Sanford, who has since served as Honorary Secretary.

While serving as voluntary secretary of the Federal Council's Social Service Commission, I made a first-hand study of industrial conditions in South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. While as a general thing I believe it inadvisable for the Church to interfere with the economic aspects of business, there are occasions when a distinctly moral question is involved and when the Church cannot keep out and be entirely consistent with its avowed declarations regarding the rights of men and women in industry. Such seemed to be the case when early in 1910 three machinists in the Bethlehem Steel Works were discharged for protesting in behalf of their fellows against Sunday labor, thus precipitating one of the most notable strikes in this country. They not only raised issues which concerned the nine thousand men employed in the steel works, but brought to the attention of the American public certain industrial problems which could not be settled by capital and labor alone. Organized labor had nothing whatever to do with inaugurating the strike. As a matter of fact, when the strike began, so far as is known, practically none of the employees of the Bethlehem Steel Works was a member of any labor organization.

It was felt that the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, had a definite responsibility in securing the facts regarding this case, and I was appointed chairman of a special committee to proceed to South Bethlehem to make the investigation, interview the managers of the plant, the leaders of the men on strike, the Ministerial Association, and such other groups as were directly interested. Associated with me on this committee were Dr. Josiah Strong, one of the pioneers in the field of Social Service and the Church, and Paul U. Kellogg, editor of *The Survey*. The committee was assisted in its investigation and in the preparation of its report by John A. Fitch, who had made the famous survey of the steel industry in Pittsburgh and who

was then connected with the New York State Department of Labor. It was interesting that in one of the original petitions sent to the Company for the final adjustment of the strike, the men signed their names in a circle so that it would be impossible to tell which was the leader.

The labor press of the country had given much publicity to the statement that the efforts of the strikers to secure one day's rest in seven had failed to receive the aid of the churches and the ministers in South Bethlehem. The general organizer of the American Federation of Labor had made three different charges against the Church. The first was that it had given no aid to the men "who were fighting for a great moral issue"; second, that "it is publicly known that the Church can collect its fees and dues through the corporations themselves, the company taking the money out of the payroll of the laboring men without their consent and paying it over to the clergy, and that there was a standing offer to all of the ministers by the Bethlehem Steel Company to have the church dues collected through the company's offices"; and, third, "that the Protestant Ministerial Association as a body practically championed the cause of the corporation."

The Committee brought together the Protestant Ministerial Association and the Federation of Labor organizer. When I met this organizer in the lobby of the hotel the night before, and asked him to attend this conference, he said that he would do so, but that he would keep his hands over his pockets because he was afraid that "those damned preachers" would take away from him whatever money he might have with him, and when at the conference it was proven that substantially every statement he had made regarding the ministers was untrue, he arose and was about to stalk out of the room, hurling back a most insulting remark, when I grabbed him by the collar, forced him to sit down and told him to stay there until we got through with him. He remained there for three hours and when the meeting adjourned he was thoroughly wilted with the drubbing that had been given him.

It was shown at the Conference that, several years before, the churches had held a mass meeting in the local opera house

to protest against "Sabbath desecration," and since then many of the ministers had frequently preached on the subject, some of them four times a year. It was stated that they had repeatedly appealed to the officials of the Steel Works in the interest of Sunday rest, which statement was later confirmed to the Committee by the General Manager of the Steel Works. The Ministerial Association had also appointed a committee with a view to conciliation, although no publicity was given this fact because it was felt by the Committee that "thereby the object of their work might be thwarted."

Regarding the charge that church dues were collected by the corporation, it was stated in the joint conference that the Roman Catholic priests had employed the method of church collection referred to, but never without the consent of the workingmen, and that the Steel Company had paid the money to the priests only on the order of the Roman Catholic members. A Protestant pastor, who had a congregation of two hundred foreigners, stated that his members had proposed the method to the Steel Company as an accommodation to themselves and that the Company on request had consented to it, but he had never availed himself of the opportunity.

The recommendations of the Committee to the public and to the Church cannot be given here in detail, but in general it was pointed out that a twelve-hour day and a seven-day week were alike a disgrace to civilization and that there was a way of avoiding them, but that they would have to be fought until society required backward members of the community to conform to the standards recognized by decent men. It was stated that there should be laws requiring three shifts in all industries operating twenty-four hours a day and that there should be laws requiring one day of rest in seven for all workingmen in seven-day industries, and it was pointed out that the Churches could well afford for the cause of human betterment to work for the passage of such laws.

It was held that the Church should inaugurate a movement to place in the hands of the courts, or some similar appropriate body, the authority to determine when industrial operations were necessarily continuous and must be performed on Sunday.

As it was then, the decision was entirely in the hands of managers who were pressed for haste by purchasers, for output by their directors, and for profits by their stockholders.

The Churches were urged to set aside a day at their conferences, assemblies and conventions for the discussion of industrial conditions and the relation of the Church to them, especially in line with the action of the Federal Council of Churches in declaring publicly against the twelve-hour day, the seven-day week, and for a living wage. It was recommended that the attention of the churches in all parts of the country be called to the continuous processes in such industries as iron and steel, paper, railroads, street railways, telephone, telegraph, mines, smelters, and glass, and that ministers be urged to visit the works of Public Service corporations of their localities and learn to what extent employees were obliged to work on seven days in the week.

The ministers in South Bethlehem also were addressed in the report issued by the Committee. They were urged collectively to take a definite and pronounced stand against seven-day labor, so that the working people of the Bethlehems might know without question how they stood. In view of the statement made by the ministers that the workingmen abused their holidays and Sundays by drunkenness, ball-games and the like, it was recommended that the ministers appoint a committee to investigate what opportunities for clean recreation were open to the working people of the Bethlehems; what opportunities a six-day, twelve-hour man had for enjoying any outdoor amusements except on Sunday—what opportunities the seven-day, twelve-hour man had at any time for enjoying himself—what public provision there was for adult recreation other than that on a commercial basis—that is, enterprises depending on admission tickets, in contrast with, for instance, the public recreation centers which served many of the low-rent districts of Chicago.

Many other matters were gone into quite fully, and there is no doubt that as a result of the Committee's investigation and report and its conference with the President of the Bethlehem Steel Company, who received the Committee most courteously

and gave its members all the time that they asked for, for discussion, many of the reform measures suggested by the Committee were finally worked out until to-day the situation at the Bethlehem Steel Works, as well as in the steel industry as a whole, is decidedly improved.

It was at the quadrennial meeting of the Federal Council of Churches held in December, 1908, in Philadelphia, that Dr. Frank Mason North, Chairman of the Social Service Commission, presented the historic Social Creed of the Churches upon which the study at South Bethlehem was based. Following the presentation of Dr. North's report, I was called upon to give an address supporting his resolutions. It was the only address given, and following my half hour speech the resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Council. The "creed" adopted was as follows:

We deem it the duty of all Christian people to concern themselves directly with certain practical industrial problems. To us it seems that the Churches must stand—

For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations in life.

For the right of all men to the opportunity for self-maintenance, a right ever to be wisely and strongly safeguarded against encroachments of every kind.

For the right of workers to some protection against the hardships often resulting from the swift crisis of industrial change.

For the principle of conciliation and arbitration in industrial dissensions.

For the protection of the worker from dangerous machinery, occupational disease, injuries and mortality.

For the abolition of child labor.

For such regulation of the conditions of toil for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community.

For the suppression of the "sweating system."

For the gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practicable point, and for that degree

of leisure for all which is a condition of the highest human life.

For a release from employment one day in seven.

For a living wage as a minimum in every industry, and for the highest wage that each industry can afford.

For the most equitable division of the products of industry that can be ultimately devised.

For suitable provision for the old age of the workers and for those incapacitated by injury.

For the abatement of poverty.

To the toilers of America and to those who by organized effort are seeking to lift the crushing burdens of the poor, and to reduce the hardships and uphold the dignity of labor, this Council sends the greeting of human brotherhood and the pledge of sympathy and of help in a cause which belongs to all who follow Christ.

GETTING OUT OF THE CHURCH

FOR ten years I had been promoting social service work mainly in the industrial field for the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. As it was an entirely new field and the methods adopted subject to many misunderstandings, it was natural when one considers that there were over ten thousand preachers, with whom I had more or less contact, that during this pioneering period there continued to pile up criticisms, and however one tried to explain them away, many remained unanswered.

Meanwhile there had been developing several features within the Presbyterian Church which rapidly brought things to a sharp issue. First, there was the question of consolidation with the Southern Presbyterian Church, the United Presbyterian Church, and the Reformed Presbyterian Church, all of these being very conservative in their attitude toward social problems. Indeed, the Southern Presbyterian Church went so far as to say that the Church had nothing whatever to do with social or political questions. It will be recalled that it was on this issue that there came the original cleavage in the Presbyterian Church in the United States at the beginning of the Civil War.

The second question was that of Fundamentalism and extreme Conservatism, which, as it saw a very considerable part of the Church moving rapidly toward a sympathetic attitude with relation to social problems, became even more conservative, and, indeed, intensely bitter against the newer situation which the Church was facing.

Still another consideration was the growing feeling within the Church itself that too many special departments were being organized and too many so-called "experts" employed, forgetful of the fact that the Board of Home Missions, which was

originally established to organize churches on the frontier, had been given charge of the entire American field—cities, country life, immigration, exceptional populations, and a multitude of other American problems which were more or less connected with the Church itself and all of which had to do with the moral development of the people.

The opposition of a small coterie of Conservatives living mainly in and about Pittsburgh became so determined and so bitter that the Board gradually became very timid in its attitude towards the development of the newer features which had been inaugurated during the preceding years. The budget for my Department was so severely cut by a group of "financial experts" that the work was greatly crippled—although at no time had the budget been large. Moreover, there was a feeling among some of the officials of the Board itself that "the tail was wagging the dog," meaning that the various Departments which I was heading up—namely, Social Service, Country Life, Immigration and Survey, were dominating the entire work of the Board. The truer situation was that they had attracted so much public attention that they were being mentioned more frequently in newspapers and in conferences than any other phases of the Board's work.

In addition to the opposition against the various Departments, there was considerable feeling against the Labor Temple, most of which was entirely due to a misunderstanding of what was being done, but to be perfectly honest, some of those who actually understood the significance of our program were constitutionally opposed to it.

In view of the entire situation, I felt that in justice to the Board—whose chief function after all was the raising of funds to carry on the work for which it was originally designed—it was best for me to resign, particularly as the General Assembly had appointed a Committee to reorganize the various Departments of the Board, which included those that I had promoted and established. I stated specifically that if after the reorganization had taken place the Board desired me to return, I would be glad to undertake the work, assuming that the work was so organized that I could heartily approve of the program, but as

the final set-up of the new work was such that I was convinced that I could not fit into what was proposed, and this was also equally plain to the Board itself, a complete separation between the Board and myself was deemed best, and in the fall of 1913 I left, after a decade of work with it.

It had been decided in substance that instead of promoting a special social service program, an attempt would be made to "socialize" every Department of the Board's work, which, it later developed, was an exceedingly vague term and meant substantially that the Presbyterian Church, through the only Board which could express its convictions, determined to have practically nothing further to do with outstanding industrial problems, but rather to limit its activity to "social welfare work" in the local church. In other words, the comprehensive program in the field of industry became thoroughly emasculated and finally was dropped altogether.

This change took place over ten years ago and during all of this period I have refrained from even discussing any phase of the subject of my relationship with the Presbyterian Church. It is gratifying to note that at the conclusion of my ten years' work and after my resignation had been effected, the Board gave me a farewell reception at which numerous addresses were made expressing appreciation of what had been accomplished during this period. At no time had there been any unkind personal feeling between my superiors in the Board and myself. In the main, the officials of the Board stood loyally for my program, even though at times they did not understand it nor approve it in its entirety, as, for example, when a former moderator of the General Assembly stated that I was "killing the goose that lays the golden egg" because I protested in the name of the Church against the unnecessary slaughter of workmen in the Pittsburgh rolling mills, and when I committed other "indiscretions" regarding somewhat similar circumstances.

An influential member of the Board declared himself unalterably opposed to the work that I was carrying on, because he believed that the money which the Board had been given should be used only for the purpose of organizing churches

which should later become "fountains of beneficence"; and he declared that my Labor Temple,—he specifically stated that it belonged to me,—as well as my other enterprises, were merely "sink holes" into which the Board for years had been pouring its money. The fact was, however, that I had repeatedly offered to raise personally all the money that was needed to make up my entire budget if the Board would permit me to do so, but this request was invariably rejected because it was well known by the Board that many of the churches had increased their contributions very perceptibly because of the modernized program which the Board was suggesting to the churches and to the entire country.

When my resignation was announced, many hundreds of letters came to me from friends throughout the entire country, asking that I reconsider my decision, but I felt very keenly that my usefulness in connection with this organization had come to an end. I was further convinced that my activities as the representative of a particular denomination in the future would be futile and that the field in which I should thereafter work was one which would permit me to engage in the larger forms of social service for such groups as desired to use my experience and methods.

The leading Presbyterian paper of the country, *The Continent*, in an editorial regarding my resignation, said among other things:

"The Continent has but lately expressed its opinion of the preëminent importance of what Mr. Stelzle has done, not for the Presbyterian Church alone, but for the whole family of evangelical denominations, within the last ten years. It is needless now to repeat that estimate and analysis in detail, but we must say again that no other one man within this past decade has so widely affected Protestant thinking as he. And few other men in America have so widely affected general social thinking as he. . . .

"It should be well understood that the Home Board has not been indifferent to the value of Mr. Stelzle's services. The very extreme of every possible effort has been put forth

by the members of the Board and by its secretaries to change Mr. Stelzle's determination to retire. And the Church will surely expect the board to continue its efforts to retain or regain Mr. Stelzle, in spite of the fact of his having announced his retirement as decisive. If Mr. Stelzle has not found liberties enough in his Board relations to accomplish all his ideals, the Board will do well to give him all liberty he asks, for up to this time the ideals of Charles Stelzle have been found to work invariably in favor of a progressive statesmanship which the Church has pursued to its own enlargement and to the extension of religion in the world."

To which my old friend, *The Presbyterian*, which had always relentlessly criticized almost every piece of work I had undertaken, replied:

"The 'Continent' expresses the conviction that the Board of Home Missions should pursue its efforts to retain Rev. Charles Stelzle, and to overcome his decision to retire from the work of the Board. It gives its reasons at some length.

"We believe this would be unwise in the extreme. The Church has formally required that the Department of Social Service should be conducted with more emphasis upon the evangelistic element, and Mr. Stelzle regards this as a limitation upon his plans, and therefore, for the sake of greater freedom to himself as well as to the Church, he resigns. This is manly and wise, and is to be commended. . . .

"Mr. Stelzle started out in the service of the Gospel, but his drift and development has been into and along sociology. His sense of restraint under the action of the Assembly, and his determination to become an out-and-out sociologist, rather than a preacher of the Gospel, is the logical result of his course, which some of his friends have long since foreseen. For Mr. Stelzle to go back to the Gospel requirements of the Home Board of the Presbyterian Church is to reverse himself, and to restrain his plan and purpose. We further apprehend that if Mr. Stelzle continues in his present line, he will pass on into Socialism, where the individual becomes

nothing, and society everything. Mr. Stelzle is doing the right and manly thing in withdrawing from the Home Board, and all honest men will commend him for this action, however much they may oppose his theories and plans."

The *Christian Evangelist* of St. Louis printed this statement:

"Charles Stelzle has just completed a decade of pioneering. Ten years ago he was taken from the pastorate of a St. Louis mission and given the task of showing how the Church could link its activities up with social work. This work was an avowed success. Much of it was non-religious in method and many of the workers were inimical to the Church because it took so little interest in their sacrificing task. Stelzle has demonstrated that social service profits immensely by the use of religious sanctions, and he has also proven that the Church has a social function and must serve society as well as the individual if it is going to fulfill its redemptive function in the world. His work as a servant of the Presbyterian Home Board has done much to change the whole viewpoint and method of home missions from that of planting denominational missions to that of Christianizing the land. Moreover, his work has been so undenominational and so largely has he given himself to interdenominational movements that social service seems to ring the death knell to sectarianism. . . . He has done more than any other man of the decade to demonstrate practical phases of social work for the Church and to cultivate an interdenominational conscience."

The *Baptist Examiner* said:

"Mr. Stelzle has been greatly used in promoting friendly relations between laboring men and their employers, and in bringing laboring men to see that the Church is their friend and well-wisher. If we had more men like Mr. Stelzle we should find the larger proportion of the laboring population in the Church. Why should they not be in the Church? The Founder of Christianity was a carpenter who made his liv-

ing by the sweat of his brow. Every church of our acquaintance which is worth the name is not only willing but anxious to have the laboring man in its pews. The laboring man must come to believe this, and it is our duty to do all in our power by argument, by friendliness, and by winsomeness to convince him of it."

It was gratifying to read commendatory editorials in practically every religious paper of prominence in the United States, and it was interesting that a large number of daily newspapers also printed editorials regarding the work accomplished during the ten years with the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

Curiously enough, about a year after my resignation from the Board had gone into effect, the Board issued an official bulletin on social service, from which I quote:

"No hand has touched the form in which this spirit (the social spirit) gained influence in the Church with more definitive influence than did that of Charles Stelzle. He has been partly the product of the movement and partly its inspiration. He was, and is still, unique in the position he occupies. Having been born and reared among laboring people, he prepared himself for the ministry of the Church, and addressed himself successfully to the work of the ministry, but has never lost his identification with class-conscious labor. There are numerous ministers in all the denominations with similar antecedents, but none has occupied a position of such distinct leadership at once among class-conscious working people and in the Church.

"The bent Mr. Stelzle gave to the social service propaganda was marked. He emphasized the industrial question. So have the social service agencies organized since among other denominations. This emphasis was inevitable in view of the seriousness of the industrial situation in America. In the passage of years since the first organization in the Church these problems have become even more acute, though they have changed their form in some details. The aliena-

tion of class-conscious labor is not so complete as it once was. The labor press shows a closer sympathy with the aspirations and endeavors of the organized church. This is manifestly due more to the activities of Mr. Stelzle than to any other one cause. By persistent correspondence through a decade with the labor press throughout the country, he interpreted to laboring men the ideals of the Christian Church in terms which have made those ideals far more intelligible than they were theretofore."

My sympathies with the Church and my convictions regarding its opportunities have never been slackened. Indeed, immediately following my resignation I began a speaking campaign throughout the entire country, receiving more invitations for addresses than I could possibly fill, meeting ministers, laymen in the churches, social workers and other groups, and emphasizing my conviction that never in all of its history did the Church have the chance which it has to-day to promote a far-reaching work which would give it greater influence than ever before.

I was not, however, sure that the Church was availing itself of these opportunities, and when I attended the annual meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which was held in Columbus, Ohio, two or three years after I left the Presbyterian Church, I told that body that I was greatly disappointed because of its failure to make operative the splendid social service creed which had been adopted in Philadelphia sometime before, and which had since been approved by several leading denominational bodies.

No doubt I spoke with considerable feeling because I had hoped for such great things from the program which went through at Philadelphia. My friend of many years, Dr. Frank Mason North, who presided on this occasion and who stood during all the time that I spoke—for I delivered my impromptu address from the floor and it was not on the program—listened very sympathetically, and with his usual courtesy responded in a manner which indicated that he was largely in accord with what I had said.

Within a few weeks the Federal Council of Churches, largely upon the recommendation of its Secretary, Dr. Charles S. Macfarland, requested me to become the "Field Secretary for Special Service" with practically unlimited opportunities to put into operation the program which the Council had adopted and to which I had referred in my remarks at the Columbus meeting. I have always admired the promptness and daring with which Dr. Macfarland and his associates took up my challenge, putting up to me personally the execution of what had not been carried out as fully as they had desired simply because of the lack of funds and of executive service.

As I had been doing independent work following my resignation from the Presbyterian Board, my salary during practically all of this time having been paid by William F. Cochran of Baltimore, the financial responsibility of the Federal Council, so far as I was personally concerned, was provided for, as Mr. Cochran continued to furnish the amount required to pay my salary. The work with the Federal Council was continued with much satisfaction until the United States entered the World War, when, shortly afterward, I resigned to take charge of the publicity for the American Red Cross in Washington in the field of industry and the Church, having charge of both departments and dealing with workingmen throughout the country and the churches of all denominations. This work was continued until the Armistice was signed.

FIGHTING FOR A BETTER CITIZENSHIP

MAYOR JOHN F. HYLAN of New York and I once had a debate before the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, as to whether the Public Library of the city should have its budget cut in spite of the continual decrease in the book stocks of the Library. My attention had been called to the situation through a newspaper article, and I made a fairly exhaustive study of public libraries in other cities in order to secure the data to make a case for the New York libraries, although this was done entirely on my own account and merely as a citizen, and because I owed so much to the New York Public Library in the securing of my education.

I found that a study of forty-two village libraries of New York State revealed the fact that during the preceding year there was an average per capita issue of 13.7 volumes, and a register of borrowers averaging over 50 per cent of the population of the villages. In New York City during the same year, the Public Library system circulated an average of only 3.2 volumes per capita, and had only 13 per cent of the population it serves on its register of borrowers.

The per capita library appropriation for New York City for that year was about thirty-five cents, or about one-fourth of the price of one book. A study made by the American Library Association at that time of thirty-six of the more important cities, representing all parts of the United States, indicated that the average appropriation for these thirty-six cities was seventy-five cents per capita, nearly twice that of New York City, and New York stood almost at the bottom of this list in point of appropriations made for library purposes. Because of the neglect of the forty odd branch libraries in the city, there were on their shelves at that time fully 150,000 volumes which were so filthy that they should not have been

used by anybody. The American Library Association believed that one dollar per capita of the population of the community served was a reasonable minimum annual revenue for the library desiring to maintain a good library system with trained librarians and at least 30 per cent of the population being registered cardholders, as against the 13 per cent which was inadequately being accommodated in New York.

Before appearing before the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to present the case, I secured the endorsement of a plan to increase the budget of the Public Library by the New York City Federation of Churches, the New York Rotary Club, and the Central Trades and Labor Council of New York City. Thus fortified, I went to the City Hall to the meeting of the Board. Mayor Hylan presided. The chamber was jammed by several hundred citizens, all of whom were interested in the Public Library situation. A letter which I had written to the *New York Times*, summarizing the conditions at the Public Library, had been printed that morning. Obviously, the Board was solidly opposed to increasing the budget. Fortunately I had secured a seat directly in front of the table at which Mayor Hylan sat. There was no order in the proceeding. Any citizen, whether officially connected with the Library or representing an organization, no matter who he was, had the right to speak, provided he could catch the Mayor's eye. An employee of the Library, who constituted practically the sole member of the Library's staff who belonged to a so-called "Librarians' Union" affiliated with the Central Labor Body of the city, protested most vigorously against an increased budget, largely because she said that "outsiders" were being employed in the Library—although her conspicuously Irish name reminded me of the Hibernian at an open forum meeting which I had recently attended, in which he said:

"Thim Dagos is jist spilin' this country for us Americans."

As her protest was being made, Mayor Hylan, by frequent ejaculations put words into her mouth, showing his strong approval of her objections. However, he was being thoroughly harassed by some of the speakers and, with gavel raised, was

on the point of declaring the hearing adjourned, when I arose, and securing merely a glance from him, I proceeded with my speech. He held his gavel aloft for a few seconds and then slowly laid it on the table, but in a moment he took it up and began to pound, calling me to order on a slight pretext and demanding to know "what ulterior motive" brought me to this hearing anyway. I remarked that I represented the combined Protestant churches of New York City, the Rotary Club, and organized labor. This, however, did not abash him in the least. He continued to interrupt me until, to the amusement of the audience, it became a question as to who could shout the loudest, both of us making speeches at the same time. I found that the only way in which I could speak at all was to continue my address while His Honor the Mayor was objecting to what I was saying, because he was objecting all the time. I finished my speech. At any rate I said all that I cared to say on that occasion, and when I got through, the audience howled with laughter at the humorous situation which the Mayor had brought about by his discourteous treatment of me.

"What are we going to do with the poor and the sick of New York?" he demanded. "We've got to take care of these first, and let our public libraries fare as best they can in our appropriations."

To which I replied: "Mr. Mayor, I found in my studies of social conditions in New York City that 80 per cent of the poverty here is due to sickness and that most of the sickness is due to ignorance. Now if you will make a larger appropriation for the public libraries and give the people a better chance to educate themselves, they will be more intelligent and, therefore, less likely to be sick and as a natural consequence there will be less poverty."

This apparently appealed to the crowd, but it never touched Mayor Hylan.

I was city editor of the *Seattle Star* for a day while Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and nearly a score of other evangelists and singers were conducting meetings in that city. I happened to be giving a series of addresses in Seattle at that time.

The enterprising editor of the *Star* thought that it would be a good plan to have his paper produced just as a preacher thought a daily newspaper should be printed. The company of evangelists unanimously agreed that I was the man to do the job. For two weeks these preachers had been assaulting the city and were making a profound impression. There was a midnight parade of 15,000 men and women to the tenderloin district of the city, a quarter which probably had few equals at that time for moral depravity. The paraders marched to the Strand Theater and music-hall which, according to the local newspaper, was "one of the worst dens of iniquity on the Pacific Coast." The boxes on this memorable occasion were occupied entirely by the girls of the community. Dr. Chapman gave a warmly sympathetic address at this gathering and undoubtedly the talk resulted in great good.

Easter Monday was chosen for this editorial experiment. On the day before I called together the editors and the reporters—although everybody actually became a reporter for this special edition—and gave them each their various assignments. At first, some of the hard-boiled reporters on the paper thought the whole proceeding was a joke, but I had enough knowledge of newspaper practice to handle the situation intelligently and they entered into the job with enthusiasm when they found that it was to be an honest-to-goodness experiment. Not one jot or tittle of the newspaper went to the linotype men without my approval. Everybody who came in to see the editor that day was sent to my office—the editor-in-chief's room being given to me for the day. A woman came to see me during the afternoon, her face being badly bruised. She told me that her husband had beaten her, torn her wedding ring from her finger and thrown her downstairs. She begged me not to print this story because it would ruin her reputation and all her opportunities to make a living in Seattle. I agreed not to say anything about it, but I was quite confident, I told her, that the other papers in the city would do so. And this actually happened, these papers giving the front-page place to what was to them too good a story to miss.

The make-up of the paper was much the same as it had been—news items boiled down, with fairly prominent headlines—but the editorial page was as unlike as it well could be. The sworn circulation statement gave way to a Scripture text. While ordinarily two columns were given to editorials, five columns were devoted to special editorials, each one being signed by the man who wrote it. Most of the editorials dealt with human interest matters, although there was a fair proportion of material discussing current situations. Prominence was given to a vigorous arraignment of well-known Seattle men who were daily violating speed ordinances, and the names of a number of the richest citizens were published as “law-breakers” in this connection. This crusade against reckless driving was afterwards followed by arrests and heavy fines in a number of instances. Divorce cases and unsavory police stories were suppressed, while crimes were barely mentioned. It happened that on that day four particularly distressing cases of insanity were reported, all of which were ruthlessly blue-penciled on the ground that it was inhumane to parade the misfortunes of the blameless. Nothing but the cleanest of athletic sports escaped the censor.

Of course, if the paper had been printed for a considerable length of time, the make-up of the material would have been different, so that it was not altogether a fair illustration of what the “ideal newspaper” should be like. At any rate, the interest in the experiment was so great that thirty thousand additional copies were printed, and this was altogether satisfactory to the publisher as well as to the editor.

I was in St. Joseph, Missouri, one spring when the River Kaw had its annual rise, and completely cut off the city from communication with the rest of the country. It was impossible to get out or to come in. It was the sight of a lifetime to see the swollen river carry along small houses and every imaginable sort of thing that floated. One of the country’s leading orchestras, consisting of sixty musicians, played daily to an afternoon audience of about fifty people—the river was the center of attraction—but there was another feature scheduled during that week. There was to be a prize fight which

had been heavily advertised for some time, one of the contestants later becoming known as "Battling Nelson." Fortunately for this occasion, both prize-fighters got into the city before the railroad bridge gave way. I had been conducting meetings from night to night in various parts of town, and the reporter assigned to cover my meetings was the sporting editor of the *St. Joseph Gazette*. Perhaps because his brother was the physical director of the Young Men's Christian Association, it was thought that he had enough religion to write intelligently and sympathetically the reports regarding my meetings. One day he laughingly asked if I did not want to see the prize fight which he was to cover the next night. I told him that I was not interested, and then he came back with this:

"How can you preach against prize fights unless you know what they are like?"

I replied that I did not spend much time preaching against prize fights, but that it was really not necessary to experience all the things that one might wish to preach against. A few hours later he telephoned me from his office, saying that the city editor had agreed to print anything that I might write if I would go to see the prize fight. After some discussion, I agreed.

The big auditorium in which the fight was held was jammed with men, although it was raining terrifically. My seat was just at the ring-side, with my reporter friend. He, of course, wrote the regular story of proceedings—I merely gave my impressions in the next afternoon's paper. I declared that I believed in a muscular Christianity—strong, virile, aggressive—and that I often thought men felt like kicking a religion that merely barks weakly at their heels.

Here is part of the story which I wrote:

"I have heard much of the 'manly art of self-defense.' I have tried to imagine something of the sensations of the men in the ring. I was curious to see, from the standpoint of a preacher, how a prize fight affects the crowd that witnesses it. In everyday life the natural impulse of the

human heart is to take sides with the 'under dog.' It does not seem to be so at a prize fight. At any rate, I judged so from the fact that when the weaker man was exhausted and stood against the ropes with arms hanging and it seemed that the probable victor did not care to take advantage of his opportunity to knock him out, the crowd yelled: 'Follow him up! Follow him up!' The crowd seemed more blood-thirsty than the man in the ring. . . .

"That, to me, was one of the saddest features of the whole affair. . . . The crowd was composed of the average 'good' citizen. As I mingled with them after the fight, I could not see the so-called 'tough' element, which one naturally expects to see—because of tradition—at a prize fight. There were many young men; indeed, there were few others. They were not 'bloods,' as I have known them in Eastern cities. True, the manager and the referee were saloon keepers, but one might easily accuse a fellow-man of worse things than that, and I did not imagine that I would see the affair managed by those who ordinarily run a Sunday-school picnic. It should be said to their credit that they insisted on fair play in every detail.

"The conversation heard as I passed out impressed me more deeply than anything I had ever heard from the pulpit as to the demoralizing effect of a prize fight. I did not see or hear a single thing during the fight, or after it, that would have a tendency to elevate a man from the grosser things of life; nothing to make him a better son, a stronger brother, a purer sweetheart, a more helpful husband; nothing that would send him out in this big world of ours, with its weight of woe and care and suffering, with the determination to lighten somebody else's burdens or wipe away their tears.

"The last picture of the fight was pitiable. The crowd was pushing its way out into the rain. The victor was surrounded by his friends and backers in another room, receiving their congratulations. The men who had won their bets were opening bottles in a corner of the building. Already the janitor was turning down the lights. But the vanquished pugilist was still panting in his corner, a few morbid strag-

glers gaping at his open wounds. He had recovered from the 'knock-out' blow, but the blood was still streaming from his butchered mouth and disfigured nose. His eyes were rolling, helplessly, as the consciousness that he was beaten dawned upon him. He was being washed and coaxed into sensibility by two men who probably had nothing but a perfunctory interest in their patient. I could not help feeling his sense of loneliness. Backers, betters, and abettors—gone. He had done his best but failed. The disgrace was his. No one remembered to offer him sympathy. But that is the way of the world, in these affairs, and it made one wish that the spirit of brotherhood might prevail always, even in a prize fight, if such a thing is possible."

When the rawness of Bolshevism first was made public, and it seemed that the so-called "Radicals" were gaining a foothold among workingmen in America, I was prompted to begin a personal campaign against this movement because I sincerely believed that it was doing great damage in our country. The method which I adopted was the printing of a series of twenty-four posters which contained as their major appeal cartoons drawn by "Ding," the famous cartoonist of the *New York Tribune*, showing most graphically the effects of radicalism upon the interests of the workers. The reason I selected these particular drawings was because they had a wholesome humorous flavor, and were entirely devoid of bitterness or cruelty. At the bottom of each of these posters I printed brief epigrammatic, inspirational sentences which I thought would be helpful to the workers. My investment in this material cost something like three thousand dollars for the making of plates, the printing of posters and the necessary advertising in order to sell them to the employers. The posters went very well indeed, but one day I had a letter from the superintendent of a big mill in the St. Louis district (with whom I had long been having correspondence regarding social reform movements) expressing keen regret that I had adopted ridicule as a method of answering the arguments of the Radicals, and a few days later a prominent New York banker expressed much the same

opinion, although writing me quite at length regarding the futility of handling the situation in any but a straightforward manly fashion without "making fun of anybody." He reminded me that this method was quite unlike the way in which I usually proceeded to meet the objections or the arguments of those with whom I disagreed. These criticisms came to me as a jolt. I quite agreed with these friends and I immediately telephoned a waste-paper man to call the next morning, to whom I sold the entire output for something like sixty dollars. This experience taught me a most valuable lesson. It was worth the couple of thousand dollars which I lost. Humor and ridicule undoubtedly have their place in a well set-up argument. They are very useful weapons for the public speaker or writer, but they are to be used only as part of his equipment. His argument must be constructive as well as destructive, and this was the principle which I had always sought to live up to in controversies with my opponents. At any rate, it is only fair to give the opposition credit for being sincere.

There are doubtless occasions when a terrific drive, merciless and unremitting, is justifiable, particularly when a bad social situation is to be attacked. During a week's campaign in Atlanta, one of the subjects which the local committee itself desired to concentrate upon was the "Red Light District" in that city. Citizens of prominence owned houses in this area, and it was quite a favorite stunt of certain city officials to take visitors through this district as one of the showplaces in the town. A series of three-column advertisements was paid for by a local committee, and for many weeks this assault was continued, the city finally waking up to a realization of what was going on in its midst. Two laymen—John J. Eagan, a manufacturer, and Marion Jackson, a lawyer, were the leaders in this fight. The Chief of Police was sympathetic from the very beginning of the campaign, and one day he announced that he was going to close up the district. The reporters, however, believed that he was trying to "jolly" them and that he did not expect seriously to do anything about it—save one reporter who took him at his word. This reporter appeared in the district at the time when the Chief and his

men made their appearance, and true to his word, he closed every house and kept it closed, completely putting out of business the "Red Light District" of the city, and the reporter "scooped" every other paper in town by printing his story that afternoon.

Curiously, however, many social workers and a good many ministers like to wade in the muck and mire of an unclean situation. I once made a study of a city of considerable size in the Middle West and after spending a month or so with my staff in making the investigations, a meeting was called of the preachers and "social betterment workers," numbering about fifty. We were in session all the afternoon and I presented as graphically as I could through charts and diagrams, as well as through speech and conference, the findings revealed in the survey. I told the group what I thought should be done constructively, not dwelling in detail upon the vices and immoralities of the city. I plead as earnestly as I could for a program which I felt could be carried out through the men present, but all during the discussion I could sense a feeling of uneasiness and restlessness and perhaps of impatience.

When I finished my address, one of my listeners called out: "What about the 'Red Light District'?" and there seemed to come a coinciding request from the audience.

"I don't know much about your 'Red Light District,'" I replied. "Somebody else has just completed a study of this area for an agency in this city which has organized itself to deal with the situation in what I regard as a most effective manner and I am quite sure that if you will work with this group, great good will result to the entire city and mainly to the women who are occupants of the houses to which you refer."

But somehow there was a disappointment resulting from this "survey." It was not because these men were not earnestly desirous of improving conditions in their city, but before I had been asked to make the survey, and entirely without my knowledge, the major subject of discussion was the conditions in the "Red Light District" and they wanted to know all about it, whereas in the program which I had set up it was scarcely

mentioned, and then only in an incidental way in connection with other, and what seemed to me to be more important, problems facing that particular town. I had made a large map of the city, upon which was indicated a serious congestion situation, the percentage of congestion being indicated by various colors. Imposed upon these colors were designations showing the homes of those who had died during the preceding year, and also the residences of those who had been convicted of crime. Other social facts were placed upon the map, all of which went to show that the housing conditions were largely responsible for the evils that existed in particular areas. But unfortunately, my audience was not at all interested in this map—they could not see it—they were so absorbed in the spectacular vice conditions that they had expected me vividly to portray to themselves and to the city as a whole.

In another small Eastern city which is noted for its beauty and aristocracy, I found that in one of the wards of the town there was a large amount of sickness and an enormous death-rate because the Italian laborers who worked on the places owned by the aristocracy were huddled together in unsanitary houses and with bad surrounding conditions.

Naturally these high death-rates pulled down the average for the entire city, and when the report was made public great indignation was manifested against me because I had apparently misrepresented the facts concerning this “lovely suburban town.” There was no denying the figures as they had been obtained from the Health Department, but shortly afterward, a well-known novelist was secured as the editor of the local paper in order to “undo the damage” which I had “inflicted upon this community.”

Another instance in which the people in a particular community were called upon to suffer to an unusual degree because of the aggregation of evils in the city was in Minneapolis when I was in charge of Hope Chapel—my first parish. Minneapolis had at that time what was known as a “Patrol Limits Law” which confined all the saloons of the city within a certain area. In making the study of this parish, to which I have already referred, I found that there were more saloons

in the district in which my people were compelled to live than there were in even the worst "slum" sections of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and St. Louis. These figures also aroused the feeling of many people of the city because they felt that Minneapolis was being unjustly compared with Eastern cities with respect to the saloon situation. However, I pointed out that because the rest of the city was relieved from the evils of the saloon, and that children raised in these sections were not being subjected to the temptations which the people in my community were compelled to face, therefore, there was a distinct responsibility resting upon Minneapolis as a whole to provide the very strongest kinds of uplifting influence for the boys and girls and the men and women living in the district in which they had by law compelled their saloons to carry on their business. As a partial result of this revelation—for it was a revelation to most of the people in Minneapolis—I was offered by the Mayor of the city a large building in the heart of the downtown district, in which to carry on a special work in behalf of the men who were compelled to congregate there as they waited for jobs, or as they halted in their journey through Minneapolis. These men were mainly lumbermen, men working in railroad camps and general migratory workers.

Before Prohibition was enacted, there stretched clear across the continent in the larger cities, a chain of "rescue missions." These places were crowded night after night with what appeared to be the riff-raff of the town. One of the best known of these enterprises was the Bowery Mission in lower New York City, which was famous the world over. I once lived on the Bowery within a block of this old mission. It was assumed by even the New Yorker that every man on the Bowery was either a thief or a bum. There was a day when the Bowery stood for everything that was corrupt and vile. The street was lined with dives and low-down saloons, and cheap "variety shows" abounded. Not far from the Bowery Mission, although not directly on the Bowery itself, was Billy McGlory's well-known dance-hall and Harry Hill's sporting house, both of which were known throughout the country, at least by those

who patronized such places and many others who were interested in them for various reasons. "The way to hell" was inscribed in glaring letters over the entrance to various halls and dives. No wonder that some time ago, the retail merchants who do business on the Bowery, appeared before the Aldermen of New York with the request that the name of the street be changed, because "Bowery" appearing on their delivery wagons and on the wrappers of parcels was a stigma in the mind of the average person. But recently all this has been changed. There is still much that is cheap and tawdry on the Bowery. There are also some thieves and bums. The theaters are far from ideal. Some of the lodging-houses are often over-crowded and filthy. The restaurants are frequently forbidding and unsanitary. But the old-time Bowery no longer exists. The thing that staggers most of us to-day is not its vice, but its poverty.

Most solutions of the social problems of to-day are based upon the assumption that the average man is well-nigh ideal—all that he needs is a "system" to bring in the glad new day—the millennial dawn. One of the many arguments against this assumption is that there will always be some men who will fall by the wayside, beaten and discouraged, no matter what our economic system may be, nor how good the times may be. The old Bowery Mission, which is typical of so many which I have seen throughout the country, has a special function to meet the needs of those who are "down" but who are not yet "out." I have often gone down to speak to this unusual audience on the Bowery. The audience room is always crowded, and the order could not be excelled. Needless to say, nearly every man in the assemblage has the word "tragedy" written over his face, but whatever may be true about those who patronize the Bowery Mission with regard to their blood and breed, there is no doubt that their hearts beat just like other men's hearts and that in the main their needs are just the same. And there is something else which must be quickly said—they appreciate refinement of speech and surroundings even though they themselves may have fallen far below the

ideals of a former period in their lives. Also, they resent a spirit of patronage or paternalism.

I always found something different about the Bowery Mission. When one thinks of the average "rescue mission," one's mind turns to a hall noisy and naked, devoid of everything that is esthetic and refined either in equipment or service, but this is not so here. It is probably true that this is the handsomest mission hall in the world. The walls of the main auditorium are dark brown stone and the mottoes on these walls—there must always be mottoes in missions—are done in red and gold, painted in fine old-English letters. The sentiment of the mottoes is not cheap and flashy—they are Scripture texts full of deep meaning to the wandering men who are eager to hear the voice of authority. And the mottoes speak to them as the voice of God.

Rafters and ceiling and platform and pews are churchly, dignified, substantial and strong, and running clear across the front of the auditorium is a great pipe organ, one of the biggest features of the Mission. There is plenty of tiling about the smaller rooms—clean, white and sanitary, especially in the dining-rooms. Hot water and soap frequently applied make the rooms like "Spotless Town" parlors. Important as these purely physical characteristics may be—and they are exceedingly important in an enterprise part of whose task it is to instill in the minds of men a desire for better surroundings—they are the least important of the Mission's work.

Closely allied to the influence of the splendid physical equipment is the esthetic influence of the music, particularly that of the great organ. Every night for half an hour, as the men take their places—although most of them come early for this feature, the organist plays the great classics and sometimes the best class of lighter music. How the men applaud as their favorite selections are played. Their appreciation of the best kind of music is encouraging, for it proves that they possess qualities of heart and mind which are not usually attributed to Bowery habitués.

But the thing which seemed to me to grip the audience was

the simple testimony of the men who "once living in darkness, now see the light." They had tried out the thing for themselves and found that it worked. As men told of their experiences in the renewal of strength, others were encouraged to come with their petitions, no matter how discouraging their situations, and the leader would personally take all to God, simply, devoutly, with faith and confidence.

Every night there were men who began the new life, but nobody who has not traveled the rough road could understand what this meant to them; it did not mean that thereafter they were to lie down in "flowery beds of ease" or to walk the path that was smooth and easy to travel. The leaders well knew that when these men left the hall it was to fight harder than ever the fierce temptations by which they were surrounded, the horrible pull of the old life, until they even stood on the very brink of hell. And so these wise leaders kept close to the men who started out in the Bowery Mission to "begin all over again," and to help each other a Brotherhood was organized so that from the moment that he took the first step he had surrounding him a group of men who had traveled the same road.

For about fifty years this enterprise has stood on the Bowery, steering homeless, shipwrecked men into a port of safety.

FACING THE PROHIBITION QUESTION

I NEVER had any sympathy with the statement that all those who drink beer and cocktails are necessarily immoral persons or low-browed brutes—although I never drank a glass of beer nor a cocktail. And I sincerely believe that those who are trying to abolish the Eighteenth Amendment or change the Volstead Act are well within their rights if they proceed in an orderly manner. Our American form of government has prescribed the method whereby any law may be changed, and the processes are usually through public discussion and the use of the ballot. These were the methods employed by the Prohibitionists themselves and by the same token those who are opposed to Prohibition, even though it has become a law, still have the right to try to change it.

Unfortunately the attitude of too many men towards Prohibition is that of a game—a sport—they have a strong desire to match their wits against the official who is trying to compel them to do something which they don't want to do—it doesn't matter so much whether they have a desire to drink, any more than the hunter has a desire merely to kill—it is the excitement of the chase which draws them into the game. One of the greatest tasks of the Prohibitionist is to enlist this spirit of sportsmanship so that it will be spent in putting across Prohibition as a great venture in social control which has for its supreme purpose the destruction of the recognized evils in the liquor traffic and the building up of humanity through a constructive social program.

For a good many years I had been making social and economic studies in various parts of the United States. In these investigations I invariably came face to face with the liquor problem in many of its forms. I discovered that it was by

no means an isolated problem. It was related to many other questions which needed to be considered.

In the first place, it was not simply a moral question, as it had been regarded by many temperance organizations, and I have a conviction that the churches and certain reform organizations have made a mistake in limiting the discussion to this field. There were and are many perfectly decent law-abiding citizens who though obeying the law are utterly opposed to Prohibition and cannot understand why they should have been deprived of the use of liquor. It is because the Prohibitionists have refused to recognize this fact that just now it is becoming increasingly difficult to meet conditions which have arisen in our national life with reference to the Prohibition Law.

The original promoters of Prohibition were not primarily economists or sociologists. Their one thought was to have the Prohibition Amendment passed. It was forgotten that the mere passing of this Amendment would not solve every social and economic problem which was involved in the liquor question. However, Prohibition was not adopted because some long-haired men, and the women who bobbed their hair before it became popular—fanatics—not wanting to drink themselves, did not want anybody else to drink. Prohibition was brought about because large numbers of the nearly two hundred thousand saloons and places where liquor was sold in this country had become a distinct menace. They disregarded the law. They sold to minors. They sold to inebriates. They sold on Sunday. They harbored crooks, blacklegs, prostitutes, gamblers, and every sort of disreputable people. They entered politics and controlled our municipal life. Attempts were made to reform them through high license, low license, and local option and model saloons, but none of these seemed to work out satisfactorily.

During all of these processes the saloon-keepers and mainly the brewers, who owned 75 per cent of the saloons, laughed at the public and ridiculed every attempt to wipe out the evils in connection with the business until finally the people became tired of the entire outfit and voted it out of existence.

It should be noted, by the way, that it was the Anti-Saloon League, not the Anti-Liquor League, that was the most active organization in temperance reform.

In making my studies of the liquor problem, I discovered that it was primarily a question with which the city had to do. It was not merely a question of conquering land areas—as the “dry territory maps” made by some Prohibitionists seemed to indicate. The “unconquered” territory was in the cities which did not cover much land area and which were indicated by small black dots on the Prohibition map. For example, before the Amendment was passed, only about 20 per cent of the people in dry States lived in cities, whereas in the wet States 70 per cent lived in cities. One-fourth of all the people in the United States living in wet territory lived in six cities—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, and Cleveland—and one-half of all the people living in licensed territory lived in four States—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and New Jersey. It was in the cities that the saloons were established, that most of the drinking was done, and that practically all of the opposition of the industrialists against Prohibition was found.

We were told by the liquor interests that if Prohibition became effective, a million workingmen would lose their jobs and be thrown onto an already overloaded labor market; that workers all over the country would break out in open revolt and rebellion; that taxes would be so increased that workingmen would forfeit their homes; that farmers would lose hundreds of millions of dollars annually because nobody would buy the grain and the fruits which the liquor men purchased; that railroads which transport the raw materials used for the manufacture of liquor would suffer from a great reduction in business; that saloons and brewery property would stand idle, resulting in their confiscation; that there would be an unprecedented increase in the use of opium and other narcotics; that much sickness and many deaths would result because those accustomed to use liquor could not get along without it; that jails would be filled with prisoners because of the great increase of lawlessness.

I determined to find out how much truth there was in these statements. So I organized my office staff for the purpose of making a nation-wide study of the liquor problem, purely from the economic standpoint. This research was made possible by the generosity of my friend William F. Cochran, of Baltimore, whose broad social sympathies enlisted him in a number of sociological enterprises in which I was engaged at various times upon an independent basis.

As the result of this investigation, the conviction forced upon me was that the liquor men were wrong in substantially every statement which they made regarding the effects of Prohibition. The experience of the past few years has amply demonstrated the fallacy of their arguments.

The liquor men objected very seriously to my statement that our drink bill amounted to \$2,000,000,000 annually, but it was rather curious that in the year-book of the United States Brewers' Association in which the financial loss due to Prohibition was discussed, the editor declared that "the sums of money values that would disappear under the proposed scheme of national Prohibition would annually amount to \$1,575,568,650." If over \$1,500,000,000 was spent annually for wages, material, and other production costs in the manufacture of liquor, one could imagine that a very considerable sum above this amount must be added to make up for profits and other "incidentals." Judging by the various items in the year-book of the United States Brewers' Association which it was declared would be "lost" if Prohibition came in, it was perfectly consistent to say that it would be necessary for the men before the bar to spend about \$4,000,000,000 in order to cover these amounts, instead of the \$2,000,000,000 which I had modestly given as the annual sum spent for intoxicating liquor.

But the item upon which the liquor men hoped to retain the support of the workingmen was their statement that 1,000,000 workingmen would lose their jobs. Of course this statement was made upon the assumption that if the people of this country no longer spent \$2,000,000,000 for liquor, they could by no possibility spend it for anything else. My study of the

United States Census figures indicated that if the amount of money spent for liquor were to be spent for food and clothing and furniture and other necessities of life, it would have given work to four times as many wage-earners, who collectively would receive four times as much in the form of wages, and would have required four times as much raw material. I naturally asked how the employment of more wage-earners, increase in wages paid, and the use of more raw materials, could create a labor panic. Furthermore, my study of the Census figures revealed that in the entire liquor industry—that is, in the manufacture of liquor of all kinds in the United States—only 62,920 wage-earners were employed, but of these, less than one-fourth were brewers, maltsters, distillers and rectifiers; and that more teamsters than brewers were employed by breweries. There were 7,000 bottlers, 15,000 laborers, and nearly 3,000 stationary engineers. The remainder were blacksmiths, carpenters, coopers, electricians, machinists, painters, plumbers, firemen, and other mechanics, all of whom would easily find jobs at their own occupations in other industries, when Prohibition became effective. Less than 15,000 wage-earners would be required to readjust themselves to the changed situation. I discovered, also, that every year, due to inventions, changes of operations, and for other reasons, fully 10,000 wage-earners were compelled to learn new trades in this country, and this was going on every year, whereas the brewers and maltsters, distillers and rectifiers, once placed in new trades would be fixed for all time. There would never be a recurrence of the unemployment problem for them.

I made a very careful analysis of the report of the "Medico Actuarial Mortality Investigation" which was carried on by forty-three life insurance companies, covering a period of twenty-five years and showing their experience with over two million cases. This study had to do with the length of life of men engaged in various occupations and its sole purpose was to determine what premiums were to be charged for life insurance policies. It was incidentally revealed that the men engaged in the liquor business in its various forms lost an average of about seven years of life; the result of which was

that no high-grade insurance company would risk a policy on any man engaged in the liquor business. This applied particularly to brewers, maltsters, distillers, bartenders, and waiters in places where liquor was sold. It was undoubtedly true that this loss of life so far as bartenders were concerned was not altogether due to the use of liquor but to the conditions under which they were compelled to work. However, the loss was justly attributed to the nature of the business in which they were engaged.

Most of us recall the slogan used during the World War, "Food Will Win the War." During this campaign the liquor men flooded the Senate Committee on Agriculture with data to prove that they were not using as much foodstuffs as the Prohibitionists claimed, although they admitted that they used one per cent of the grain produced in this country. I was asked to appear before the Senate's Committee to testify on the economic phases of Prohibition. When I was called upon, I said:

"Let's take the liquor men at their word. One per cent of the grain will feed one per cent of the people. That means 1,000,000 people, because there are 100,000,000 of us in this country. We shall probably send 1,000,000 soldiers to France this year, that is, one per cent of our population. Hence the liquor men, according to their own confession, are wasting enough grain to feed every last man who will go to the trenches."

In a supplementary statement which I submitted to the Committee at the request of its chairman, Senator Gore, I pointed out that the United States spent every year for liquor \$2,000,000,000—three times as much as was spent to maintain all of our public schools, twice the capital in the national banks, one-fourth more than the total assets of the over 7,000 building and loan associations in this country, one-tenth the value of all farm property including land, buildings, machinery, and animals, as much as it cost to operate all of our railroads, as much as we raised for the first Liberty Loan, twice as much as the value of all church property in the United States. Furthermore, the liquor bill of the country just about equaled the wages earned by all of the trade unionists in the United States,

and as much as the entire country spent each year for bread and clothing.

One of the most distressing conditions disclosed by my study of the influence of the liquor business was its effect upon the labor movement in this country—in which I was especially interested. Throughout the dozen or more years that I was intimately associated with the labor movement in various ways as a student, I saw how man after man went down among the leaders in the labor world because of the use of strong drink. I was also deeply chagrined to find that the representatives in the ranks of organized labor from those industries which were directly or indirectly connected with the liquor business, were having a sinister influence upon trade-unionism in this country.

In conversation with some of the fraternal delegates to the American Federation of Labor from the British Trades Union Congress I had heard of the "Trades Union and Labor Officials Temperance Fellowship," whose object was "the personal practice and promotion of total abstinence and the removal of trade-society meetings from licensed premises." Union meetings in saloon buildings had been seen by American labor men, also, to be particularly detrimental.

At that time Arthur Henderson was president of the Fellowship as well as Chairman of the Labor Party in Parliament. There were twenty-six vice-presidents, every one of whom was a member of Parliament, and every one a trade-unionist. In the fight for the licensing bill in Parliament, the enforcement of which meant the virtual destruction of the liquor business in Great Britain, the Labor men in Parliament had battled valiantly for its passage, but the bill was thrown out by the House of Lords.

With this and much other information in hand, I wrote early in 1909 to the delegates of the American Federation of Labor, asking their opinion concerning the organization of a similar society for the labor officials in this country. Fully two hundred of the delegates expressed themselves as being in favor of such an organization, although many desired further information regarding it.

Upon my own responsibility I organized a mass meeting in Massey Hall, in Toronto, where the next Convention of the American Federation of Labor was to be held. Further, I made arrangements for a dinner the following night, at which the Fellowship was to be organized.

It early came to my knowledge, through John Mitchell, formerly President of the United Mine Workers, that a caucus had been held of the delegates representing the liquor interests in the Convention, and that it had been determined to break up the meeting. These delegates were to take seats in the front of the hall for the purpose of heckling the speakers, who, by the way, were John Mitchell; Tom L. Lewis, who had succeeded Mr. Mitchell; John B. Lennon, treasurer of the American Federation of Labor; and James Simpson, vice-president of the Canadian Trades and Labor Council. I presided.

Massey Hall, which seats about four thousand people, was filled nearly half an hour before the meeting began, so that the liquor men were compelled to stand in the topmost gallery, and proved to be quite harmless.

The meeting was the sensation of the Convention, because immediately the delegates began to take sides, and they were about evenly divided. Indeed, before the meeting was held, Samuel Gompers had asked me to call it off, because, he said, organized labor was then in the midst of a very critical situation. He reminded me that a very important case, affecting the interests of labor, was about to be decided by the Supreme Court of the United States and that it was highly important that organized labor should stand undivided and as a unit under the circumstances.

I said to Mr. Gompers that there were half-a-dozen resolutions on the desk of the Secretary sent in by various State and local labor bodies, asking the Federation to commit itself against the Prohibition Movement. I intimated that if these resolutions were withdrawn I would at least temporarily call off the formation of the Fellowship, but that the mass meeting must go on because it had been extensively advertised and all the arrangements had been made. He protested that this

could not be done; but at the end of two hours he telephoned me and said that arrangements had been made whereby the resolutions were to be side-tracked. When the delegates who had presented these resolutions arose during the following week and asked what had become of their petitions, Mr. Gompers ruled that the discussion of all political questions was contrary to the Constitution of the American Federation of Labor, and that as Prohibition was a political issue the resolutions were out of order. Mr. Gompers was loyal to this agreement until the Senate was considering the Prohibition Amendment when he was compelled to take action against it on account of the pressure of the international unions which represented the liquor interests.

It should be recalled that Mr. Gompers was a member of the Cigar-makers Union and during pre-Prohibition days the saloons were practically the only places in which union-made cigars could be purchased. This naturally made it impossible for him to help destroy the only agencies through which the products of his fellow-members were sold.

In 1924 I made an analysis of the constitutions and by-laws of the national and international unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor with reference to the use or sale of liquor by their members. This study indicated that approximately one-half of these organizations recognized the evil of the use of intoxicating liquor and had taken legislative action regarding it—and it must be recalled that this action was recorded after the Prohibition Law had been in effect about five years, for all of the constitutions were of the year for which the study was made.

There were 108 organizations involved in the study. The constitutions of 86 were examined—22 had not responded—which remainder was for the most part small and of minor importance. Forty-four unions had taken definite action, 42 had taken no action. The approximate membership represented by these various unions was as follows:

Unions taking definite action, 2,015,800; unions taking no action, 727,900; unions not heard from, 117,500—the total approximate membership being 2,861,200.

Sixteen of the international unions denied disability benefit to those injured on account of the use of intoxicating liquor, 14 unions would not pay sick benefits, 11 unions fined those who appeared in their meetings in an intoxicated condition, 11 unions rejected petitions for membership if the applicant was known to be an habitual drinker, 9 unions would not pay death benefits, 9 unions reprimanded those who entered the meetings of the union in an intoxicated condition, 9 unions suspended those who entered the meetings intoxicated, 8 unions expelled members who entered the meeting while intoxicated, 2 unions denied admittance to members intoxicated, 2 unions discharged officials if found to be habitual drinkers, and one union would not pay out-of-work benefit to habitual drinkers, another brought to trial those who were habitual drunkards and penalties were inflicted according to the measure of their guilt, another compelled the withdrawal of those who had become owners of a saloon, or whose wives conducted saloons, one denied old-age benefit to habitual drinkers, another revoked benefit certificates if the member was engaged in the liquor trade, another recognized the right of the employer to dismiss the member who might be proven guilty of drunkenness and he was also fined by this union, another excluded from the meeting, on the request of any member, those who might be intoxicated, and only one union had taken action opposed to the Volstead Act, demanding its modification, the latter being the American Federation of Musicians.

It will be seen, of course, that many of these unions had taken action on several of these points, and that actually those who had taken action consisted of more than two-thirds of the total membership of the American Federation of Labor.

It has always been difficult to determine the sentiment of the workingman in a particular community regarding the Prohibition question because there were so many elements involved that there rarely came an opportunity to express this conviction in a clear-cut unmistakable fashion. For example, the central labor unions in a certain city or given area were composed of representatives from the various local unions. In practically every case the bartenders, brewery workers and

cigar-makers, let us say, had perhaps one-tenth of the representation in such a body. When these particular unions presented a resolution asking the central body to protest against Prohibition or local option, the resolution was ordinarily unanimously carried, not because the remainder of the delegates were in favor of the resolution, but because they realized that if at some later time they desired to have unanimous support of the central labor union on a question in which they were especially interested, they needed to vote with the delegates representing the liquor interests, because the latter always based their resolution upon the statement that if Prohibition were effected their members would lose their jobs. For this reason, action taken by such bodies never represented the real sentiment either of the delegates or of the members in their organizations.

It is frequently said that if workingmen had the right to drink beer they would stop drinking whisky. In 1912, my staff made a study in New York City of how workingmen spent their spare time and their spare cash. Over 1,000 workingmen were interviewed, and each filled out a blank which contained over 100 questions which gave very minute information concerning their attitude toward recreational problems. These workingmen were engaged in 164 different trades and occupations, and there were 29 different nationalities represented. They were almost equally divided between Catholics, Jews, and Protestants. The number of hours they worked and the wages which they earned were recorded. It was revealed in this study that about 55 per cent of the men drank liquor of various kinds, 53 per cent drank beer, and 21 per cent drank whisky. That is, of those who drank intoxicants, 38 per cent drank whisky. This proves that the fact that workingmen could drink beer did not necessarily keep them from drinking whisky.

I found that the liquor men made more of the "personal liberty" argument than any other. When I discovered that I would have to meet that point in arguing with some of the leading lawyers of the country who took the side of the liquor men, I spent a good part of the summer studying Chase's

"Blackstone"—that heavy volume on fundamental questions of law. Adding some very human, every-day applications of those principles, it was an easy matter to meet the learned gentlemen in the case that they were trying to make out.

The liquor men never failed to express their sympathy for workingmen in discussing the loss of their own business. They argued that the laborers wanted wine and beer, and to prove it they presented data which could not be authenticated. One of the most conspicuous instances was at the time when the Senate was discussing the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. Placed by a committee composed of unionists representing trades more or less allied with the liquor industry, a full-page advertisement appeared in Washington newspapers declaring that 2,082,637 union workingmen petitioned the President and Congress against cutting off their supply of beer. This advertisement was a fake, and here are the facts:

First, according to the report of the Secretary of the American Federation of Labor at the time the petition was prepared, there were 10,000 fewer members in the Federation than there were alleged signers to the petition. Only twenty-two out of the forty-eight States were mentioned in the petition, and yet the number of alleged signers from the twenty-two States was greater than the total membership of the American Federation of Labor in all the States.

Second, only 445 local labor bodies out of 22,000 were listed as having signed the petition.

Third, the petition was not signed by individual workingmen. In most cases the officials of international unions presumed to speak for their entire membership, when actually a very large percentage of their members were in favor of Prohibition.

Fourth, many trade-unionists were counted again and again in their international organizations, in their State labor bodies, in their central labor unions, in their local unions, and in such organizations as personal liberty leagues, mutual benefit societies, etc.

As soon as this advertisement appeared in the Washington papers, I was informed by long-distance telephone in New York of its contents, and immediately I made arrangements with one of the Washington papers to print a two-page advertisement in which every statement made by the liquor men was challenged and their figures were refuted. That was the end of that committee's discredited attempt to speak in behalf of organized workingmen.

In December of 1925, at the invitation of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, I went to Detroit to address the annual meeting of its Executive Committee on the subject—"What Plans Should the Federal Council Make for Future Work for Temperance and Prohibition?" This meeting had all the force and practically all the personnel of the Quadrennial Meetings of the Federal Council, and was therefore of considerable importance. There were present at the meeting the leading national representatives of the Anti-Saloon League and other temperance organizations. In presenting the subject I reminded the members of the Committee that Prohibition cannot be forced upon the Nation—that the people will accept it only because it believes in the soundness of its philosophy and in the social value of its observance; Prohibition will produce its best results only when the people of our country accept it sincerely, warm-heartedly, and enthusiastically.

Quoting from this address: "When the saloon was removed no substitute was provided, nor has the slightest interest been exhibited by Prohibitionists in the workingmen's social situation to-day with respect to those matters in which the saloon fulfilled an important function, bad as it was on the whole. This is one of the reasons why workingmen have become so bitter against Prohibitionists. The apparent silence of workingmen regarding the situation is due to the fact that they cannot adequately give expression to their feelings. If the Prohibitionists of America would help work out a constructive program for the workingmen's social welfare instead of being always negative in their attitude, always closing the

workingmen's resorts, and never helping to open wholesome centers—these workers would be more easily won to the side of the Prohibitionists."

It is unfortunate that many Prohibition reformers have assumed an arrogant attitude toward this entire situation. They have insisted with irritating finality that because the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution was passed in a perfectly legal way that the question is forever closed. "It is not sufficient merely to insist upon obedience to the Law," I said. "There should be more of an inclination on the part of the Prohibitionists to rest the claim for observance of the Volstead Act upon its merits as a social measure. It is a fallacy to assume that the acknowledgment that certain of one's opponent's arguments are true and that he has made something of a case necessarily degrades one's position or dishonors the cause which one represents. It is claimed by many Prohibitionists that they are engaged in a war, that only war tactics should be employed, and that it is fatal to admit error in any particular. There never yet was a discussion in which one side was 100 per cent right and the other 100 per cent wrong."

The following program was submitted, looking toward the destruction of the traffic in and use of alcoholic and intoxicating liquor in a self-determining nation through the agencies of civil government and educational processes:

1. To suppress the manufacture and transportation and importation of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes.
2. To destroy the system of graft which has crept into the ranks of the enforcement officers of the Federal Government.
3. To inspire local communities to help to enforce the Prohibition Law.
4. To destroy the saloons which are still unlawfully operating in many of our American cities.
5. To demonstrate why the old liquor régime with all of its attendant evils must not be returned in this country.
6. To bring the public up to the standards already enacted into law by a majority vote of the legislative bodies of this

country, namely, the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

7. To educate the public, both those who believe in Prohibition, and those who are opposed to it, regarding the far-reaching influence of the bootlegging industry upon the entire life of the Nation, undermining as it does Constitutional authority and the personal safety and security of property of all of our citizens.

8. To study and honestly recognize the actual situation regarding Prohibition as it exists to-day, securing data from impartial sources, in order that the public may have the benefit of all the facts.

9. To educate the public as a whole regarding the effects of the use of liquor, bringing to bear upon this subject substantially the same arguments which were originally employed in securing the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment."

I had felt very keenly that what was needed was to go back to the elementary methods of educating people to-day regarding the harmfulness of the use of liquor and the corruption which has always existed in the liquor business.

Three days after giving this address at Detroit, I debated in open forum at Montclair, New Jersey, with Captain William H. Stayton, the founder and president of the "Association Against the Eighteenth Amendment," the question, "Shall the Eighteenth Amendment Be Abolished?" Captain Stayton was advertised as "the greatest authority on Prohibition in the world"—at least this was the statement printed in a personal folder which was used for advertising purposes. I had never met Captain Stayton, and while waiting for the debate to begin, a mutual friend informed me of his remarkable personality and achievements. As I had not debated the liquor question since the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted something like six years before, I was frankly nervous as to the outcome of the debate. But after listening for ten minutes to the Captain's discussion, I leaned back in my chair on the platform quite at ease, for I soon realized that the arguments

that were being presented were "old stuff," namely, "Putting Prohibition over on the boys who went to France," and "Personal Liberty."

In making the arrangements for this debate I was offered my regular fee for a lecture. The same offer was made to Captain Stayton—but I happened to see the letter in which he declined to accept a fee, saying that he was engaged in this work as a loyal citizen of the United States and because of his deep personal interest in the question. Feeling that I would be at a decided disadvantage if the audience were informed that Captain Stayton was debating at his own expense and that I was discussing the question as a "professional Prohibitionist," I suggested to the chairman in charge of the arrangements that my own fee be canceled. He, however, intimated that if Captain Stayton did not declare his "disinterestedness" from the financial standpoint my fee would still be paid, but I remonstrated and said, "The fee is off."

It transpired that my opponent told the audience precisely what he had said in his letter and I had the satisfaction of making the same declaration—it was worth doing even though it cost me at the rate of about a dollar a word. The fact is that while I had frequently spoken on the Prohibition question, so far as I can recall I have never directly received one dollar from any Prohibition organization or any Prohibition movement for any address that I have ever made—although it would scarcely be necessary to apologize had I done so.

The result of this debate gave me such renewed confidence in the force of my case that I paid for a half-page advertisement in one of the leading weekly magazines in this country challenging any man in America to debate the Prohibition question in any town in the United States.

Upon one occasion I was challenged by a lawyer of prominence in New York City to debate the question, "What Will Happen to the Workingman as a Result of Prohibition?" I had been warned by the Anti-Saloon League leaders that this particular gentleman would spend most of his time abusing and belittling me before the audience. I spoke first, and, without even referring to my opponent or to the Association

which he represented, I immediately plunged into the facts and for forty minutes gave the audience some of the results of my study of the economic aspects of the liquor problem.

When it came his time to speak, he turned to me and said:

"You are too much of a gentleman to be in this business. You have not abused the liquor men nor the saloon-keepers, and this sort of procedure is altogether too uncommon among your friends."

He spoke in this strain for some minutes, and then, instead of using his forty minutes in the defense of the subject, he told the audience a few funny stories and made some general comments, and sat down, nor did he use the ten minutes to which he was entitled for a rebuttal. Two facts were brought home to me again on this occasion. First, that it never pays to abuse your opponent either in a public or private discussion; and second, that the liquor men had not a leg to stand on when it came to a presentation of the economic phases of the liquor business.

In the early part of 1926, hearings on the National Prohibition Law were held before the Subcommittee of the Committee on the Judiciary of the United States Senate in Washington. I was asked to appear before this Committee.

There had previously appeared before the Committee several representatives of the American Federation of Labor who declared that organized labor as a whole was opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. I called attention to three different reports submitted to the Annual Conventions of the Federation by Mr. Gompers in which he pointed out the evils of the saloon and the constant desire among the membership of labor unions to hold their meetings in halls on the premises of which there was no sale of intoxicants.

"Organized labor believes in better jobs for workingmen, in greater efficiency, in higher wages, in keeping little children in school instead of sending them to factories," I told the Committee. "It believes in the dignity and elevation of womanhood and in the preservation of the home. The direct effect of the use of liquor and the influence of the liquor busi-

ness as a whole is against every one of these standards. Therefore, organized labor cannot logically take a position in favor of the increased manufacture and consumption of that which lowers the standards for which organized labor is contending."

I called attention to the fact that organized labor had been building labor temples throughout the United States for many years and that in scarcely any instance was the sale of liquor permitted in these buildings owned by trade-unionists.

Reading from a personal letter sent me by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1915—that is, just before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted—I quoted these words:

"There are few things more important to our social advancement than the loosening of the grip of the liquor interests upon the labor movement."

Referring to the growth of the temperance movement among English labor leaders, I said, "Mr. Gompers once remarked to me that the sentiment in the British Trades Union Congress in favor of Prohibition had become so strong that they would not elect a fraternal delegate to the American Federation of Labor unless he were a total abstainer. It is rather interesting in this connection to note that Great Britain in the early part of 1926 sent a commission of industrial experts to the United States to find out why its workmen under Prohibition excelled in production over against the beer- and wine-drinking workmen of Europe."

This is the barest outline of my remarks to the Senate's Committee. There was much additional material and results of studies. Practically every witness that had appeared for the "Drys" had been heckled by the representatives of the "Wets," but when I concluded my testimony, the counsel for the "Wet" forces remarked:

"Mr. Chairman, considering the number of claims that this witness has made—they are so enormous—it would be utterly impossible to cross-examine him adequately within any reasonable length of time. I think he should be asked to furnish a copy of his statement for us, because of the very serious charges that are made here . . . that we may show it to the representatives of the American Federation of Labor."

It was understood that I was to be called later, but I never again heard from the counselor for the "Wets," nor from the witnesses of the American Federation of Labor.

In a brief-case at my side I had documentary evidence to prove every statement made to the Committee, and it would have been mighty interesting to have done so. However, the complete report of my address was furnished to the Committee and to the American Federation of Labor officials.

DOING THE WORK OF AN EVANGELIST

FOR centuries the poets and philosophers have been telling us that women are more "spiritual-minded" than men. Just the other day a professor of psychology said that "the reason women are more spiritual-minded than men is because men are more robust, more virile, than women." The poets and philosophers are altogether wrong, and the professor of psychology is half wrong. He is only correct when he says that women are not so robust nor virile as men—although there are many who would even dispute the latter statement—they would simply admit that men are stronger physically, that's all.

Preachers' conferences and ministers' meetings had for many years as one of their favorite topics the question of why men did not go to church. They wrote articles about it and were perfectly sincere in their convictions that men did not go to church because they were greater sinners than women—that they were not so emotional as women, that religion made less of an appeal to men than to woman. And they were all wrong.

I was never a professional evangelist—in the sense that I went from city to city conducting evangelistic campaigns—but I had an extensive experience throughout the entire country in speaking at evangelistic meetings. As a result of this experience I am prepared to say that men respond more readily to the religious appeal than women do, and, strange as it may seem, it is easier to bring tears to the eyes of an audience of men than it is to make women cry—I am frank to say that I never tried to make people cry, but when there seemed to be occasion for it, it was usually the men and not the women who shed the tears. I consulted with scores of evangelists of prominence and other speakers, and their testi-

mony was invariably that men were easier to reach with a religious appeal than were the women.

Possibly the reason that the public generally imagined that women respond more quickly than men to religion is because there were twice as many women in the churches as there were men—sometimes three or four times as many. The fact is, women attended church largely because the Church gave them practically the only outlet for the expression of their social instincts. Actually, most of the activities of women in the churches had to do with Ladies' Aid Societies, with sociables, with missionary organizations and other enterprises which were distinctly social in character. The men, however, had other opportunities for social expression through their lodges, their clubs, their labor unions and other organizations.

Lately this has been changing—women are now interested in politics because they have the right to vote, they have become engaged in social and civic movements, they have enormous women's clubs, they have entered practically every field in which men were formerly found almost exclusively. Less and less are they being attracted by the Ladies' Aid Society and the missionary organization, and they refuse any longer to stand around with their trays and their towels at a supper given to the men in the community who have been inveigled into attending this function of the Church—smiling good-naturedly at the guests of the evening, or looking shy and embarrassed when the funny man of the crowd offers the usual vote of thanks: "To the ladies—what would we do without them," or some similar toast. The women have found different jobs and the question that is going to bother the Church some day will not be "why do so few men attend Church," but "why have the women ceased attending its services."

But to discuss more specifically the purely spiritual aspects of the case, why would God penalize a man in the development of his spirituality merely because he is robust and virile? We need not discuss the question as to whether women are better than men—they undoubtedly are more gentle, more tender, and their religion may be sweeter—but I have a strong conviction that the emotion and the spirituality of men is as deep as that

of women. It is largely because the Church and so-called "spiritual leaders" have failed to recognize this fact that men have not been attracted to the Church. It is rather curious that large numbers of men have been "converted" at evangelistic meetings, but this has been true because the best evangelists in the Church to-day are preaching a virile, manly gospel.

Another fallacy—which has been generally accepted, however—is that workingmen are harder to "reach" than are other kinds of men, but I found that men in the shops or wherever else they may have congregated, responded much more quickly to religion than did men in any other walk of life. They may not always have been attracted by the Church or by churchly things, but in matters of pure religion or understanding and in the acceptance of religious truth they were much more responsive.

When I was in the city of Brussels I visited the Peoples' Palace—a wonderful building costing something like three million francs—with which about twenty thousand workingmen were identified. Arriving at the Palace very early in the evening, my guide took me from room to room in which activities of many kinds were being carried on, until we finally reached an auditorium about forty feet wide and sixty feet deep, at the rear end of which a narrow platform had been erected. Above this platform there hung a great red curtain. Placing me directly in the center of the room, my guide went to one side of the platform and, watching me out of the corner of his eye, pulled a cord. The curtain parted in the middle and hung gracefully on either side, and there I saw frescoed against the wall, a wonderful painting of Jesus, with hand uplifted.

I turned to my guide in amazement. We had been talking about social conditions, educational facilities and the various functions being carried on in that building, but not a word of religion, because I thought that neither he nor the men who attended in such large numbers were interested in the subject.

"Why do you have this picture of Jesus here?" I finally asked him. "Are many of your men church members?"

"No," he replied, "I don't know that any of the thousands of men who come here go to any church."

Still more mystified, I said to him, "Then why do you give such prominence to this picture of Jesus?"

"Because," he replied, "we believe that Jesus was the first great friend of the workingman, and we honor and revere him for it."

Going to London shortly afterward, I went out to Hyde Park one Sunday afternoon and saw a great crowd of about five thousand workingmen who were being addressed by one of their radical speakers. I noticed that whenever he referred to the Church, the audience responded with strong hisses, but in the course of his address he mentioned the name of Jesus. Instantly a man sprang to the platform and shouted:

"Mr. Chairman, I would offer a resolution that we give three cheers for Jesus Christ."

The chairman put the motion to the crowd and there came three tremendous cheers from that big gathering.

There may be a question of the orthodoxy of these workingmen regarding the person of Jesus, and it is quite true that in the minds of many workingmen Jesus was merely a great social leader—one who was interested in the economic affairs of the people—but actually the average workingman is about as orthodox in his conception of Jesus as is the average preacher. There is no doubt that if the Church could adequately present its message of religion, of spirituality, in the terms of a strong manhood, it would attract a very considerable number of men, both workingmen and others, who are now alienated and who are not in the least interested in essays and doubts which so many ministers preach. They are interested in a positive gospel which carries with it an obligation to assume responsibilities and duties.

As I have just said, my experience as an evangelist has been limited to the routine work of my churches or to my individual addresses given to audiences in various parts of the country,—although I have arranged extensive evangelistic campaigns.

Once I spent a week in Green Bay, Wisconsin. Several of the churches in that city had conducted evangelistic meetings during the previous winter and apparently they had not turned out very satisfactorily. They certainly had not welded together

the Christian sentiment of the town, nor had they brought together the ministers of the city. So it was decided to have a "union" meeting of the churches. But when it came to selecting the evangelist, there was trouble because among the ministers there was a great diversity of opinion on practically every theological and sociological question that entered into the life of the city.

Finally, the minister of the leading church, who in the nature of things would have been compelled to pay the greater part of the expense, said to his fellow-ministers:

"If you can bring Stelzle to Green Bay I will stand for him and support him. He is the kind of evangelist that I would like to have here for a week."

It was said that this particular minister was a Unitarian in his theological convictions and, therefore, probably none of the professional evangelists in any of the so-called "orthodox" churches would have been acceptable to him. The other ministers in the city, having known of my evangelistic work as a pastor in St. Louis, promptly accepted the challenge, and I was invited to come to Green Bay to conduct a week's meetings.

During eight days, twenty-two addresses were given at shops, halls, club-rooms, with audiences that jammed the auditoriums—grimy, oil-stained workingmen, keen, assured business men, earnest, eager preachers, well-groomed club women and workers of all classes and creeds responded with a deep desire for a larger service in the name of religion. The interest and attendance grew daily in spite of severe Wisconsin snowstorms, beginning on the first Sunday with a mass meeting of men in the largest hall in town and a mixed audience at night with hundreds turned away for lack of room, and culminating in similar meetings for men and women at the same place on the last Sunday. The first three nights were devoted to a discussion of social problems, and during the remainder of the week a strong evangelistic appeal was presented. Meanwhile I had been making a study of the needs of the city from the standpoint of possible service for those who desired to do more work in the community. I found about nine different phases of work which might attract men and women, and had these

listed on one side of a small card. On the other side of the card there was printed a general acceptance of Jesus himself and a determination to follow his precepts and to help build up his kingdom, each person designating on the card the particular kind of work in which he was interested and to which he would give personal service or contribute money. The cards were presented on the last Sunday afternoon and evening, and over nine hundred were signed. The cards were impartially signed by every sect in the city, and even the Jews signed cards at least promising service of some kind in the community. I recall that the owner of the motion-picture show in town, a Jew, was one of those who promised to help make the town a better place in which to live.

This series of meetings proved to be so successful and of such immense practical value that I determined to repeat the effort in as many cities as possible during the following year, but circumstances prevented my doing so then and since, although a somewhat similar series was conducted in Ironton, Ohio, last year. I have a conviction that the right kind of an evangelist, who has a message which is broad and deep and thoroughly evangelistic, but with a social spirit backed by knowledge of social conditions and principles, could win his way in every community in this country. He would need to be frank in his criticism of workingmen, of employers, of churches, of civic conditions, giving credit where credit was due and pointing the way to higher and better things with no visionary programs but with practical plans for utilizing the agencies in existence. Such an evangelist would win the admiration and respect of every class and creed and he would exalt Jesus and his Church throughout the community and do a large service for the people.

For the most part the day of the professional evangelist is past. Those who once conducted great tabernacle meetings have covered the country so completely, and since return visits are rarely sought, it is evident that they have about finished their kind of appeal. It is not broad enough to meet the modern situation. It is quite true that men still need to be reminded of their sins and healed of their iniquities, but the

methods of many of the professional evangelists are such that they cause even greater criticism of the Church by outsiders on account of the impossible situation which their meetings develop in the community. They usually indulge in the rawest kind of censoriousness regarding the local ministers and others who have been patiently working away for years, really preparing the ground for the coming of the evangelists. And their messages are so obviously limited in their appeal to the larger life. Getting away from the excitement and the atmosphere of the tent or the tabernacle, men either become more indifferent than ever, or else they remain in the Church and make the life of the minister so unhappy that it often follows that practically every preacher in town wants to resign, or does resign if he can possibly find another church somewhere else that will take him.

This should not be so, but the evangelists who are rapidly finding themselves without calls, many of them almost stranded, have themselves largely to blame for this condition. The result has been that with the passing of the evangelist, local ministers are themselves doing their own evangelistic work, with the possible assistance of a singer or one who knows how to organize the details of meetings. Usually he will call for a fellow pastor to help him—a man who is sympathetic toward his fellow minister and who knows what he will have to face after the meetings are over.

It should be said, however, that the evangelists of this country are not wholly to blame for their short-comings in this regard. Whoever gave them their training for the special work to which they are called, failed to give them the broader outlook which is so necessary in dealing with community problems, for after all the evangelist either builds up a community as a whole, or he breaks down the community life. He either leaves the people happier and makes life more wholesome, or else he leaves bitterness and narrowness in his wake. It is a social job, this job of the evangelist—it is a bigger thing than merely urging "individuals to accept Christ." He must be interested in raising the manner of living for the entire city. He should have more of the spirit of the old prophet who dealt

with the affairs of the nation and who preached about them intelligently and inspiredly.

But this cannot be done through a cheap ridicule of everything with which he does not agree. The evangelist has a distinct advantage while he occupies the platform, because few people would have the audacity to discuss openly with him any question before his own public.

There are many evangelists for whom I have the greatest respect, both because of their sincerity and their effectiveness as workers, but the one who stands out as the leader of them all is Dr. William E. Biederwolf, who is admitted by the evangelists themselves to be their finest representative. He has for many years been president of the various evangelistic organizations created by those interested in such work. He is the head of the Winona Lake Bible Conference and other similar institutions. Dr. Biederwolf won the scholarship at Princeton which gave him two years' study of Greek in Europe. Usually, when he reads the New Testament lesson at his meetings, he reads directly from his Greek Testament, and translates as he proceeds.

When I was in charge of the evangelistic meetings in St. Louis during the World's Fair in that city, Biederwolf was one of our most popular speakers. I recall that I had a big streamer prepared advertising him, which stated: "J. Wilbur Chapman says: 'there is no better evangelist.'" And Chapman was at that time king of the evangelists in America.

But the thing I liked best about "Bieder" was his wholesome human characteristics. He was generous beyond belief in his dealings with his associates. His principal diversion was to buy up pearls and other precious stones, and he always carried dozens of them in his pockets, with which he played like an enthusiastic youngster plays with marbles or trinkets. In his letters to me he always referred to a new stone which he had picked up somewhere, and in his sermons he most skillfully used them as illustrations. Anybody who knew Biederwolf for any length of time was sure to be wearing one of his stones in a ring or a scarf-pin.

During the Men and Religion campaign Biederwolf was the

evangelist in my team and had charge of that department. The strain on the men in the team was terrific, because for nearly a year they spoke daily from three to six times, often under the most trying circumstances. We early made it a rule to meet together at the close of our night meetings for a supper in a private room in our hotel, when we simply "let go." There was the utmost hilarity, and for an hour we forgot that we were evangelists, boys' workers, missionary leaders, shop-preachers, social service workers, or Bible teachers, and told stories, engaged in gymnastic stunts, or general tomfoolery. Biederwolf was always the leader at these nightly festivities. He was a natural athlete and often he tossed me close to the ceiling, sometimes to my own alarm.

Of course, we always began the day with a prayer service, immediately after breakfast, which we always had together, so that we were spiritually prepared for the work of the day, but nobody knows the fearful strain upon those who are exclusively engaged in strenuous religious work, unless they themselves have tried it. And few realize how close to the snapping point men often arrive who are giving heart and soul and body to the spiritual development of others. Few are so tempted as those who live in a high spiritual atmosphere. It will be recalled that it was when Jesus was "full of the Holy Ghost" that he was led into the wilderness, "being forty days tempted of the devil."

I remember that on several occasions when our team members were in a high state of spiritual fervor, Biederwolf, who was the "spiritual psychologist" as well as the great humanist, broke the tension by telling a terrifically funny story.

When I went to St. Louis to begin my pastorate of what is now the Markham Memorial Church, I suggested to the members of the Christian Endeavor Society that we have some open-air meetings on the City Market lot, which was only two blocks from the church—but the young people smiled and shook their heads.

"That's all right for the Salvation Army, but not for Presbyterians," said one, who was spokesman for all, and remembering my own experience and attitude toward open-air

preaching, I was very patient and urged the importance of what I was suggesting and the great opportunity which might come to them and the good which they might do to many people who would not attend any church. Finally, sixteen of the young people volunteered to meet me the next evening to begin the open-air campaign.

We started from the church, a drum corps leading the procession, then came a boy bearing a transparency which invited the people to the after meeting that was to be held in the church building. The transparency was followed by the sixteen workers, marching in the middle of the street. The neighbors smiled at the odd proceeding, no doubt wondering what it was all about. Before we reached the market lot, a large company was following and the sound of the drums and singing attracted the men in the saloons and the people near by.

Reaching the lot, I jumped to the top of an apple barrel that had been furnished as a platform and gave a brief address. We then returned to the church, following the same procedure with the drum corps and the transparency, with the result that the church was packed to the doors. These meetings were continued nightly until late in November, when I suggested that we had better give them up and take up the "regular work of the Church." I have often smiled as I thought of that expression, as though this were not the thing that the Church should be doing regularly. The young people protested—the same young people who at first were so much afraid of the plan. Their number had increased by this time to over fifty, and they worked most industriously every night, not only at the church, but at the open-air meeting itself, passing out special pieces of literature and giving courteous and kindly invitations to have the people come to the church service.

I recall that one of my hearers at one of these meetings, who had been reading about it in local newspapers—a man of considerable wealth, living in another part of the city—said to me after the service that he was about to take a trip around the world and that he was so impressed with the value of this sort of thing that he planned to take with him one hundred hymn-books, so that whenever he got an opportunity he would

at least have an open-air song service. My own experience with open-air meetings had been so profitable and so satisfactory that I advocated this method in every part of the United States and frequently conducted demonstration meetings to show ministers and church workers how the thing might be done. I recall in one of the cities seeing a church, accommodating about fifteen hundred people, almost empty on Sunday night, but across the street in a beautiful park there were at least ten thousand people idly wandering about or sitting in the grass. In front of the church there was a large grass-plot. When I became familiar with the situation, I said to the minister, whom I met on the following morning when I addressed the Ministers' Association of the city:

"Doctor, why don't you get out on your church steps with the young people for an out-door service? You have a voice big enough to be heard two blocks away—you can attract the people in the park by the use of the cornet, and then you can speak to them, and you can then invite them to a meeting inside the church and you will have an audience that will be worth preaching to."

The minister appeared to be willing to act on the suggestion, but he naturally replied that he would be compelled to bring the matter before his "session"—his official board. This "session" was made up of twelve good men. After they had discussed the matter for some time, the question was decided in the negative, because, as one of them put it:

"You see, we have a grass-plot in front of our church, and some of the people might come over out of the park and step on the grass."

Shades of the Gadarenes! And yet just the other side of that park, a Socialist held forth every Sunday night from the end of a bobtail cart, and he was addressing more men in a single night than that church reached in a year of Sunday nights.

One of the most fascinating pieces of evangelistic work with which I had to do was that which I conducted during the World's Fair in St. Louis. An average of ten meetings were held every day in tents, shops, gospel wagons, in the Music

Hall on Sunday nights, in the Gospel Hall downtown at the noon hour, in some of the largest hotels in the city, and inside the World's Fair grounds, besides the special meetings in jails, in the workhouse, in some of the churches, on the streets, in Chinatown, and in the foreign sections of the city. Hundreds of young people helped in carrying out the innumerable details connected with the summer's work, for the campaign was carried on during practically all the time that the Fair was open. Many of those who assisted came from my old church in St. Louis and had received their training in the tent or open-air meetings which were carried on throughout the three summers that I was their pastor. These young people served as the nucleus of the larger company who assisted in various ways.

Music Hall was in the heart of the downtown hotel district. For many years it had been the center of every popular demonstration in social and political life in St. Louis. The hall seated about four thousand persons. When it was announced that the Committee was to begin Sunday night meetings at this point, the idea was scorned by many and it was declared that any attempt to hold meetings in Music Hall in midsummer, with all the churches making strong bids for a World's Fair crowd, would result in failure. But the hall was filled on the first Sunday night and on every Sunday night during the campaign. The most prominent preachers in the country were invited to address the audiences. One could tell from the character of the crowd that it was made up principally of non-church-going people, and men were always in the majority at the Music Hall services. Every Sunday afternoon, meetings were held on the porch of the Inside Inn. This hotel was inside the World's Fair grounds and accommodated about five thousand guests. At these meetings were gathered representatives of the better classes from all parts of the world. Usually several thousand stood and listened in the open air to the preaching. Perhaps one of the best results of the entire series of meetings was the impression made upon visiting ministers who attended many of the meetings conducted during the season at the various points, for here they learned how to reach people outside of the Churches, not only during a World's Fair campaign, but in the summer season in any city.

Having no constituency to begin with, especially in Music Hall, it became necessary to bring together an audience from the hotels and boarding houses in the neighborhood. Early in the campaign, a list of nearly two thousand was made up, and each week admission cards to the principal meetings were mailed to those in charge of the places of entertainment, their sympathetic interest having been secured through letters addressed to them before any cards were sent. About one million cards and posters were mailed during the campaign. A selection of fifty leading hotels was made, and in each one a small, neatly framed announcement was hung in the lobby, inviting World's Fair visitors especially to the Music Hall meetings. A sign forty feet long and four feet wide was hung over the front entrance of the Hall, the reading matter being changed each week. Muslin signs were displayed on each of the sides of the Gospel wagons, advertising certain features. The dashboards of the street-cars were used for the same purpose. In the amusement columns of the most widely read newspapers advertisements were inserted that rivaled in size those displayed by the popular shows in town. Hundreds of large cards were placed in store windows and tacked on telegraph poles. During part of the season, a wagon displaying two signs ten by twelve feet was employed every day between ten and three o'clock to advertise special features in the downtown districts. Large muslin signs were also attached to the sides of tents and on street corners and near churches, inviting the passer-by. The newspapers, of course, gave large space to the meetings without expense. The most prominent Gospel singers in America were invited and many speakers from abroad took part in the work, although a considerable number of the local pastors also assisted in various ways. One of the most useful services rendered by this campaign during the entire summer was its restraining influence at a time when evil of every description was flaunted in the faces of young men and women visiting the Fair and who for the time being were not held by home influences.

SOLVING THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

THE winter of 1914-15 will probably go down in the history of New York as the worst unemployment period for several decades. Four hundred thousand men and women were out of work and daily the roads leading to New York brought hundreds of others from the smaller towns and some near-by cities because the general opinion seemed to be that there was always a job to be had in the metropolis of the country. The result was that fully 50,000 men walked the streets every night in the dead of winter because they felt that they had no place to go. Naturally there were many hold-ups by men who were on the verge of starvation. Many of those who went to the Municipal Lodging House for a night's sleep had tucked away in their clothes all kinds of weapons of destruction—probably most of them were unaware that they would be compelled to disrobe completely in order to have their clothing fumigated while they slept. At the end of the season there was enough ammunition of this sort at the Lodging House to equip a regiment.

The natural causes of unemployment were very widely discussed. It will be recalled that President Wilson said that it was due entirely to "a psychological situation." When Ex-President Taft was asked at a meeting in Cooper Union what was responsible for it, he answered, "God only knows." The Socialists insisted that it was due to the competitive system. Politicians who were out of office said that the "change in the Administration" was responsible for it. Others blamed it on the lack of confidence in the business world, while there were quite a number who sincerely believed that Wall Street was to blame. Thousands were of the conviction that it was due to "unlimited immigration" forgetful of the fact that the per-

centage of foreign-born in the United States had not varied one per cent above or below 14 in sixty years. There was a general impression that the war was at fault, although this was soon disproven because the war was responsible for more jobs in the shops and factories than anything that had happened in the history of this country. It is rather remarkable that with the certain knowledge that periods of unemployment come in cycles, nobody seems ever to get ready for it. We are always caught napping. When the period of unemployment does arrive, it takes us so long to get into action that before committees and organizations are ready to do business, the normal processes of our industrial life seem to straighten things out for us.

This period of unemployment hit my own organization rather hard. Just before it began I had agreements with about fifty cities throughout the United States and Canada for special pieces of work, but almost over night cancellations began to come in, sometimes half a dozen in a day. As my staff was built up of men and women who had left good positions to work with me, I felt it incumbent upon myself to retain them until they found something else. Meanwhile, with practically nothing to do in the office, I arranged for a series of addresses in the cities in the Middle West, mortgaged my home, borrowed as much as I could on my life insurance policies, and continued to pay out of these proceeds the salaries of those who composed my staff until the last one had found a job somewhere else.

While on this particular speaking tour, which helped greatly to augment my depleted bank account, I received a telegram from New York asking me to become the Executive Secretary of the Unemployment Committee of the Federation of Churches of the City, and at the same time I was requested to serve on Mayor Mitchell's Committee on Employment, of which Elbert H. Gary was the Chairman. I accepted both positions. Shortly afterward I was requested to become the Director of Relief and Emergency Measures for Mayor Mitchell's Committee, my particular job in this connection being that of relating the public and private agencies in New York which had to do with

the securing of jobs for the unemployed and the furnishing of relief to those who needed it.

It is interesting in this connection to note that my salary as Secretary of the Federation of Churches Committee was paid entirely by Charles L. Bernheimer, a well-known Jewish philanthropist of New York.

I think I never before realized how inadequate were the programs of committees and social agencies in meeting particular emergencies—such as unemployment, for example. Anything out of the routine of their particular work seemed to stagger them. Apparently there is always difficulty in having such groups face fundamental facts and deal with questions in a scientific manner.

Judge Gary was undoubtedly appointed Chairman of Mayor Mitchell's Committee largely because he was a big employer of labor. The United States Steel Corporation, of which he was the head, gave work to many hundreds of thousands of men, and it was generally stated that all Judge Gary had to do to start a movement toward the re-employment of those who were out of work was to make a request of other large corporations that they take on, at least temporarily, some thousands of men, thus "setting a good example" to the smaller employers, who would take hope and do likewise. But Judge Gary frankly stated that he himself could not order the re-employment of many thousands of men which the Steel Corporation was compelled to let go. He was very plainly disturbed about the entire situation and at a loss to know just what to do.

I called on him at his home very early one morning on an urgent business matter in connection with the work of the Committee, and found him still in bed. He requested that I be brought to his room, where I found him in a red flannel night-shirt, sitting up in a big, old-fashioned four-poster bed, looking rather worn and pale.

"There are so many things to think about," he wearily said to me, but he immediately plunged into the business and in a few minutes was as bright and alert as I had often seen him before the big Committee of which he was the head. His reactions were remarkable, but it was quite obvious that the

terrific unemployment situation in New York was a very great burden to this man who would undoubtedly have done anything in his power to better these conditions. I came to have a profound respect for the head of the United States Steel Corporation during these very trying times. His humanitarian spirit and his kindliness of heart were frequently apparent.

As can well be imagined, plans of every sort were suggested to the Mayor's Committee for the relief of the unemployment situation. It was part of my job to listen to the many Committees and individuals which had such plans to suggest, for every one who had anything to offer was gladly welcomed. I recall that growing out of a mass meeting held in Brooklyn, a rather imposing group of gentlemen came to my office in the Municipal Building with the suggestion that the Committee raise \$1,000,000, to be spent in wages, and that it establish work-shops in which the workers were to be paid at "union rates." It did not dawn upon the advocates of this plan that it would have required the raising of several million dollars in addition for the purchase of raw materials, the securing of equipment, and the payment of supervision, nor was an adequate plan for the disposition of the product of these workers thought out. The only suggestion that the Committee could make when I asked them regarding the latter point was that they thought the products of each group could be exchanged among other groups in the same company employed by the city, which of course was absurd. The shirt-waist makers, for example, who they recommended should be organized, could have made enough shirt-waists in a week to have kept the rest of the Company clothed for a year. I suggested that while it was important to care for the unemployed, it was equally necessary to safeguard those who had jobs and those who were engaged in legitimate business enterprises so that they would not be undercut or undersold.

The establishment of public works of various kinds was also vehemently urged and the municipality made a strenuous attempt to push in every possible way the enterprises over which it had control, but in most of the plans submitted by those interested, it was forgotten that whatever is bad business or

bad economic practice for an individual contractor or manufacturer is also bad practice for the State or the municipality. It was recommended that the city make repairs in the streets during the winter season, unmindful of the fact that the work must inevitably be torn up again in the summer because of the impossibility of doing good work of this kind when the weather was cold. It meant in substance that all the people of the city would be compelled to pay generously for poor work and it was questionable whether the neediest of the unemployed would get the work to do. "Making work" proved to be a very unscientific policy.

As is always the case when unemployment is being discussed, much was said during that winter about moving New York's tenement poor to the farms, the usual argument being that the farmer can never secure the help which he needs. Of course, it was forgotten that the farmer needed extra help only at the time when he is sowing or harvesting his crops, and that during the winter season he himself has very little to do—and that the great lack of employment in New York came in the dead of winter when the farmer could not possibly employ extra help. So insistent, however, were the demands that the Mayor's Committee open the way for work on the farms that I telephoned the head of the Farm Labor Bureau of New York State, asking him how many men he had sent to the farm during the past year. He replied that jobs had been found for about 5000, but in answer to my question, he said that practically every man so placed had previously worked on a farm and that of those who had not done so, nearly every one came back to the city.

The schemes for moving the city poor on to farms are always evolved by city people for their own benefit—they wish to be rid of a problem which seems to be beyond their own solution so they attempt to shift it on to the farmer. If it were possible to persuade a thousand thin-blooded tenement-house men to move on to the farms, they would meet on the way a thousand husky young farmers who had failed to make good—for social or economic reasons, it does not matter which—who were about to try life in the city, where incidentally they

generally win out. If it was not possible for the farmer boy to succeed on the farm, how could it be expected that an inexperienced city man would do so?

One of the most pathetic scenes in New York during this winter was the groups of men who very early in the morning, before daylight, waited about newspaper offices to secure the first copies of the papers, glanced through them hurriedly and then ran to the place advertised as wanting help. In some cases literally hundreds applied for one job. It was estimated that in New York State there was spent annually in "want" advertising in daily newspapers fully \$20,000,000, or a cost of \$5.00 per unemployed person, there being in the course of the normal year something like 4,000,000 persons seeking work. There were many possibilities of fraud in this "want" advertising business, and it surely was a wasted effort, to be moderate in one's statement, when 100 men applied for a single job with the further possibility that none was fitted for it. As over against this method was that of the public or State employment agency, which furnished jobs at an average cost of much less than \$1.00 per man. In Illinois, for example, at that time, the cost was 71 cents per job; in Massachusetts \$1.04; in Wisconsin 35 cents; in Colorado 41 cents; and in Oklahoma 27 cents. A labor exchange cannot create jobs, but it can most effectively bring together the manless job and the jobless man. The Labor Exchange established in New York City by the State became active too late to accomplish very much good during the winter of 1914-1915, but this method is undoubtedly one of the best to meet the unemployment problem. Better still would be the national labor exchange proposed by the Federal Labor Department through which there might be developed an interchange of men and jobs between the various States.

About 1000 private licensed employment agencies were in business in New York during the winter. Many of these were high-grade organizations and rendered good service. There will no doubt be continued need for some of the private enterprises in times of normal unemployment no matter how efficient the Government may become in finding jobs for the un-

employed, but the possibility of fraud is so great that the State should exercise greatest care in protecting the victims of fraudulent labor exchanges.

The seasonal worker suffered greatly in New York during this period. This was particularly true of the "needle trade," which is New York's chief industry. The great fluctuations in this trade always cause considerable unemployment even under normal conditions. A serious attempt was made to work out a plan whereby this industry could "straighten the curve" in its production department. The deplorable condition that existed in the industry was due very largely to the frequent change in styles, particularly in women's apparel. The general impression seemed to be that change of style furnished more work, but in actual practice retailers are afraid to lay in a large stock because they fear being caught with out-of-season garments on their hands. They therefore buy sparingly, and the manufacturer does not dare keep his employees at work with the hope that he can later dispose of his accumulated stock. The result is that he compels the workers to do rush work far into the night when he is busy, and there is scarcely anything for them to do at other times.

This entire question of seasonal employment was discussed by the Mayor's Committee, because it had been demonstrated in some other industries that the operations and the output might be so organized as to give employees fairly continuous work. For example, at one time every housekeeper believed that Monday was the only day in the week in which to have the laundry man call for the weekly wash. Hence, the delivery wagon tried to call on everybody on that day and return the clean laundry in three or four days. The result was that the employees in the laundry were rushed to exhaustion three days in the week and loafed the rest of the week, but to-day some of us will permit the delivery wagon to call on Thursday, and we are content to receive the clean laundry on Monday or Tuesday. It required a little time to become accustomed to this change, but now that we have become used to it, it does not work much of a hardship on us and it permits the laundry man to run his business in a saner fashion for all concerned.

His employees work about an equal number of hours every day and their work on the whole is steadier and more satisfactory.

The readiness of the Mayor's Committee to grasp at almost every kind of proposal as a solution was demonstrated one day when a rather spectacular and fantastic plan to house homeless men was suggested by a representative of the "hoboes," who had wandered into the city. The latter requested that the city give them the use of an old building which they desired to convert into a "Hotel de Gink," furnishing it themselves and foraging for food throughout the city. The plan was to establish a kind of communistic enterprise in which those in the Hotel would pool their earnings and their "findings." The men who constituted this group tried to make it plain to the Committee that they distinguished between the "hobo," the "tramp" and the "down-and-out." The "hobo," they said, was a workingman who preferred to wander from city to city, finding such employment as he could, but always ready to work when it was possible; the "tramp" was a man who would not work and was often a criminal—with these the regular "hobo" had no dealings; the "down-and-out" was a man who was totally incapacitated.

When this proposal was submitted to the Committee, I was the only one of the entire group of nearly 100 who spoke against it, pointing out the inevitable result of permitting several hundred men of this type to live under conditions which required the very highest kind of character and sacrifice. Then there were certain moral and sanitary conditions which would inevitably have to be considered, but to my pleadings the Committee paid absolutely no attention. They turned over one of the City buildings on Center Street and christened it "Hotel de Gink" as requested.

Within a week complaints began to come to the Committee through the Police Department, and in a very few days thereafter the building was closed and the "hoboes" scattered.

Early in the winter rather strenuous attempts were made to have the city open the armories for work shops, but those in authority, while apparently willing to coöperate in relieving the suffering among the unemployed, were afraid that the gather-

ing together of great masses of unemployed men in buildings stored with arms and ammunition might result disastrously should radical leadership be developed.

Continuous efforts were made by so-called "Parlor Socialists" and some social workers to create a stampede of the unemployed in order to "impress" the Mayor's Committee with the seriousness of the situation—as though the Committee did not realize that it was up against as troublesome a condition as any group of men could possibly face. Night after night groups of such agitators of social unrest appeared upon the various bread lines in the city, telling the wretched men who stood there that they were fools to beg for a loaf of bread and a cup of coffee at midnight, and then sleep in a hallway or on the docks because they had not the nerve to make a demonstration which would show New York what it meant to be out of a job. But the men who crowded the bread lines were strangely docile. Revolutionary or radical doctrines made little impression upon them. Large numbers were by no means tramps and "down-and-outs"—it was pathetic to see how considerable a percentage were those who had apparently been working steadily until that winter.

Night after night I took my place at the head of the bread line, pulling up my overcoat collar and jamming down my hat to keep out the cold, and going straight down the line of from one to two thousand men, I interviewed more or less briefly, but sometimes at length, as many men as there was time for, trying to find out where they came from, what they expected to find in New York, and discovering, if possible, just what sort of men they were. There they were, scarcely a man having an overcoat—sometimes they had only an undershirt, a pair of trousers, a coat and a pair of shoes and an old hat, with the thermometer almost down to zero. Promptly at twelve o'clock the side-door of Fleischmann's Bakery at Broadway and Eleventh Street was opened—for this is where the biggest line was formed—and as each man received his loaf of bread and cup of coffee, he promptly swallowed the hot coffee, and tucking the loaf of bread under his coat he would run to some doorway or to some other sheltered place, liter-

ally tear the loaf of bread to pieces and devour it like a wild animal. It was no wonder that men feared being out of work more than they fear going to hell.

We saw to it that every man had at least a place in which to sleep and that he started the day with something to eat, but the great number of unemployed made it utterly impossible to give every man a job that would keep him alive. Many were shipped back to their own towns because they would have a better chance there than in New York.

One of the most serious situations produced by the large numbers of homeless men that crowded the city was the use of the back rooms of saloons in the downtown districts for lodging-house purposes after the legal hour for closing. Thousands of men patronized these saloons, a five-cent drink entitling them to a "flop"—a place to sleep. Naturally, these places were outrageously unsanitary, but the authorities insisted that if they were to force the saloon to close it would throw these unfortunate thousands on to the street on cold, bitter nights.

The Municipal Lodging House, controlled by the city, did an excellent piece of work in meeting the needs of homeless men, arrangements being made to care for at least three thousand men in the house, and by utilizing the annex across the street they were ready to take care of fully twice this number. The question as to whether out-of-town men should be cared for by New York was discussed by various groups at work on this problem, and it was finally agreed that as other cities were undoubtedly caring for some of New York's citizens who had sought work elsewhere, it was only fair that New York should make provision for these men from out of town who had wandered into the city in search of work.

A study of about 1500 men at the Municipal Lodging House revealed the fact that about 20 per cent would not work even though jobs were offered them; 20 per cent could not work because they were altogether incapacitated; 10 per cent could be put into fair physical condition if they were given proper medical attention, and the remainder—50 per cent—were willing to work and fit for jobs if they could be found.

It became necessary for the Unemployment Committee of the New York Federation of Churches to raise a considerable sum of money to carry on its work, and Theodore Roosevelt was urged to give an address at the Metropolitan Opera House, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the Committee's work. Mr. Roosevelt spoke on his trip to South America, reading his speech as was usually his custom. I remember, with much amusement, that as he finished each sheet he threw it back over his shoulder onto the platform, until when he had completed his address he stood in the midst of a heap of his white-sheeted manuscript, which was quickly grabbed up by souvenir hunters from the audience after Mr. Roosevelt had left the platform.

The Police Department of New York, whose work had already been largely socialized under the direction of Commissioner Arthur Woods, undertook to find jobs for men through its patrolmen. These officers went from house to house, asking that the unemployed be given a chance to keep areaways and sidewalks free from dirt and litter, each house-owner paying a small sum per week directly to the man who did the job, but the patrolman on the beat seeing to it that he was paid. When enough jobs of this character were found in a block or contiguous territory to permit a man to earn a minimum of \$10.00 a week, he was given a broom and put to work. The policeman also saw to it that he did his work properly.

Another department of the city that rendered excellent service was the office of George McAneny, President of the Board of Aldermen. Contributions of food were obtained by Mr. McAneny from the leading hotels in the city—in some cases these hotels preparing a special heavy soup or stew, although in most instances the food regularly served to the guests was contributed. This food was taken every morning in automobiles to the various workshops being conducted by the Mayor's Committee and the churches, where the men and women were served with a midday meal, the remainder of the food being taken to their homes. Special care was taken that this food was good and wholesome because, as one of the hotel men put it, "We could serve food that happened to be a

little off to our guests and explain the situation and make good, but if we serve poor food to the unemployed, we would never hear the end of it either from the public or the unemployed themselves."

"Bundle Day" was inaugurated by the Women's Division of the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment, and was organized and pushed to a successful finish by Miss Frances E. Kellor. Five hundred thousand bundles of old and new clothing were received and distributed among the poor of the city, the Police Department, the Public Schools, the Street Cleaning Department, the Churches and Neighborhood organizations, the Express Companies, and the Railroads, and some of the large Department Stores coöperating with the Committee. Four large buildings were used. The entire enterprise was conducted upon the basis of a department store organization, the Wanamaker store furnishing a large staff of expert workers to organize the various "departments."

Many of the labor unions in New York assisted in meeting the unemployment situation. They assessed their working members five per cent of their wages for the benefit of the unemployed, and in some cases where it could be arranged, members worked only five days per week, permitting the unemployed to have their jobs on the sixth day. The out-of-work funds which many labor unions provide were completely exhausted because of the unusual tax made upon them. It was significant that only in rare cases did trade-unionists apply to the regular relief agencies for help. The unions ordinarily took care of their own needy members. It was probably true that more church members applied to relief agencies for assistance than did members of trade-unions, if one were to eliminate the Hebrews, who are rather poorly organized as trade-unionists and who, in New York at any rate, are often extremely poor. It was frequently pointed out during the winter that the city owed organized labor a debt for relieving the pressure of poverty through the liberal use of its funds and its other methods for caring for its own members.

But in the last analysis, it was undoubtedly true that the churches of New York did more to meet the unemployment

situation than either the Mayor's Committee or any other organization. In this particular case the churches were the first to organize and actually furnish jobs—indeed, the churches found more work for the unemployed than did the Mayor's Committee, and if the truth must be told, the Mayor's Committee, because of its inability to organize quickly and carry out most elaborate plans which its experts were quite proficient in preparing, included the work of the churches as part of its own enterprise, paying part of their expenses in order to make a report of activities actually carried on and jobs actually furnished. The Protestant Episcopal Churches of New York began very early in the winter to establish workshops, the work originating in St. Bartholomew's Church and being under the immediate supervision of Deaconess Charlotte M. Boyd. The churches employed continuously throughout the winter thousands of men rolling bandages for city hospitals and for the warring European nations. Men worked five hours per day, five days per week and received fifty cents per day and a mid-day meal. Additional emergency workshops were conducted for women, who were paid at the rate of sixty cents per day, and who were employed at making women's and children's garments which were disposed of in such a manner as not to come into competition with regular dealers and manufacturers.

An "Unemployment Sunday" was observed by the churches early in the winter when a special appeal was made to furnish work of some kind to those who needed it. A card containing suggestions for possible jobs was widely distributed, listing about a hundred various kinds of work that might be given in an emergency. These suggestions were offered under classified lists to housekeepers, office managers, storekeepers and landlords. Following are some of the suggested jobs:

TO HOUSEKEEPERS—Clean cellars, attics, closets, and areas; paint walls outside and inside; paint woodwork; polish floors and furniture; attend to carpentry jobs from cellar to roof; have doors adjusted; have windows tightened; have carpets beaten and cleaned; attend to plumbing jobs; attend to papering and calcimining; catalogue the library; mend

library books; have mattresses mended and re-made; clean garage; polish brass-work and silverware; repair awnings; upholster furniture; mend carpets and rugs; repair transom fixtures; repair window shades; repair light fixtures; clean flues and plumbing traps; whitewash cellar and coal bins; cut and chop deadwood and boxes for kindling; make garden and lawn improvements.

TO OFFICE MANAGERS—Arrange old files; classify or catalogue old material on the shelves or in the corner; check up accumulation of reports; have the auditing done; rearrange partitions; do that circularizing campaign; copy records; tabulate and classify past experience; make up new list of old customers.

TO STORE-KEEPERS—Take inventory of stock; have the cellar cleaned; remove packing cases; paint the woodwork; build extra shelves; have your accounts audited; get out circulars to your customers; attend to cellar elevator; have the sidewalk work done; do neighborhood sample distributing.

TO LANDLORDS—Inspect your property now, and do not leave it entirely to your agents; attend to the plumbing and painting; have the cellars waterproofed; clean walls and ceilings; attend to papering and calcimining; repair and clean areas; repair woodwork; clean chimneys; repair sidewalks; repair outside walls; repair roofs; make garden and lawn improvements.

“Give a man a day’s work” was the slogan used in connection with this particular effort.

The proposal was made to the various churches by the Unemployment Committee of the Federation of Churches that at their midweek meeting they devote a few minutes to the “good and welfare of our neighbors,” when the question should be asked, “Are any of our neighbors in distress of any kind?”—and if any were so reported, somebody was immediately to be appointed to render such assistance as was required. If the local church could not furnish the needs of such persons, the Central Committee was prepared to do so or to suggest how it might be done. A day and night telephone service was main-

tained by this Committee throughout the entire winter for all kinds of emergency calls. The churches coöperated closely with the recognized relief agencies in all important things. Several district organizations were formed by the Federation of Churches which were equipped to take care of applicants for relief and which found jobs for many men and women. In some instances local secretaries were employed by these district organizations to serve the needy in the community.

"Be a good neighbor" was another movement which I inaugurated. One saw this slogan all over the city on the screens of hundreds of picture houses, on posters in department stores, railroad stations, office buildings and theaters. Attention was called to the necessity for food, clothing, shelter and other requirements for the unemployed, giving specific directions how such service might be rendered, thus democratizing the entire task of helping the unemployed. Many hundreds of volunteers wrote to my office, offering their services in this connection, and in a large number of cases permanent relationships were established so that the "good neighbor" thereafter saw to it that the particular family or individual for whom he had become responsible during this special period of need became his permanent charge. Many of the particular cases taken care of in this way were furnished by the regular relief agencies which had previously thoroughly investigated their necessities.

For the benefit of individuals in the churches and others who desired to be of service in special cases, the Church Federation Committee printed an informational folder regarding the functions, resources and availability of the principal agencies in New York which might help in cases of special distress, listing the civic, philanthropic and health agencies, public institutions, and all others that render service in relation to relief or unemployment.

For the poorer sections of the city special surveys were made and conferences held, and the churches in these communities were backed to the full extent of the Committee's ability through special funds and services. The finding of a job was urged upon the entire membership of the New York churches

as a "religious task." It was shown that the securing of work would save many an individual and family from entire collapse, and that at that particular time jobs were by all means the best thing that could be given to keep them from going to complete destruction. Frequent bulletins were issued to the leaders throughout the entire city. A particular day was set aside for canvassing the neighborhoods of the churches in order to find jobs for the unemployed. Committees were organized in many of the churches for this purpose, and the net result of this effort was not only most satisfactory to the Committee, but the individual members of the church who rendered this service became enthusiastic in the performance of this task; they saw how easily a most practical effort for the relief of the poor may be organized in their own communities.

I prepared a series of "Unemployment Don'ts" for employers which were widely printed in the newspapers, not only of New York, but throughout the country during the winter. The following were some of the suggestions:

Don't wait for a panacea for the unemployment problem—so far as you can, work it out in your own field. When enough of us do this, the question will be settled. The unemployment problem must be democratized. Anyway, there is no panacea. When an "expert" presents one, it is time to adjourn the meeting.

Don't forget that whatever is bad business practice for you must be bad business practice for the municipality; therefore do not expect your City Officials to become responsible for an unemployment-relief proposition which is based upon bad economic principles.

Don't try merely to find an excuse which may justify your inactivity; but rather find ways in which you may make jobs as a civic or religious duty.

Don't let your factory run down at the heels. If your output is running below normal, utilize this slack period to overhaul your plant and machinery. You can do it better now than when your factory is running full time.

Don't cut down the rate of wages. It will be much fairer

to reduce the hours of labor or the days per week, thus distributing the work among a larger number. You will receive full value for your output when you finally sell it. It isn't fair to take advantage of the workingman's helpless situation simply because he must have a job, no matter what he's paid.

Don't turn down a man simply because you cannot give him a steady job. Sometimes a day's work will put new life into a man who has lost all hope. There are odd jobs which may justify your employing him temporarily. Make a systematic study of your plant and its surroundings in order to find odd jobs.

Don't turn away applicants for minor positions on account of their poor appearance—if you give them a little work it will help them pull themselves together. You will probably find that the applicant for a job who wears a seedy coat will take on a different appearance when he's on the job.

Don't give your foreman permission to discharge a man without grave fault or the very best reasons. Ask yourself what will become of this workingman's wife and children if he loses his job simply because the foreman had a grouch.

Don't fail to pass applicants along to any other job that you may have heard about if you cannot find jobs for them. Forget your dignity and your superior position, and remember that the applicant for the job is a human being, and that it may save him from despair if you can help him now.

While it is probably true that the bread lines established throughout the city helped in a good many cases, there can be no doubt of the demoralizing effect of the bread line upon both the donor and the object of this form of charity. To the donor it becomes too easy a solution for the problems of poverty, and the man who takes the loaf of bread and cup of coffee night after night can never again be the same high-spirited worker that he may have been. Indeed, the worst effect of unemployment upon the mechanic particularly is, not that he suffers from hunger, but that his character slowly becomes weakened and his skill is lost. He deteriorates in almost every

way. The man who has been out of work for six months will find it extremely difficult to become the man that he was before he lost his job.

Certain "experts" on "panhandlers" and the unemployed in general told us rather insistently that the wood pile was the acid test for the "job hunters." This may have been true for husky, well-fed men, but the test fell down when it was applied to thin-blooded anemic men and those who had been suffering from influenza and pneumonia, and there were more such cases than the "experts" seemed to know about. Furthermore, the latter were the last to find jobs, and the effects of unemployment were felt among them most keenly long after the unemployment situation had begun to improve. For after the winter had passed, the perilous months of March and April, with their high peak of pneumonia, had yet to be faced by those who were the least prepared to meet them. Probably those who suffered most in New York during this winter were not the men on the bread line, but the semi-professional people who in many industrial enterprises were regarded as luxuries because they did not immediately produce. These people did not hang around bread lines and they were too proud to ask for help from anybody. Then there were the gentlewomen who had never been out of work. There came into my office one day the widow of a former assistant district attorney in New York City. She had been raised at Newport and had about her all the signs of culture—at least, in her speech and manner—but her clothes were poor and even though it was raining, she had no umbrella. I afterwards learned that she had twice attempted suicide because of the distressing situation in which she found herself. Furthermore, the clerks and stenographers who lived in hall bedrooms and could not pay their rent and who needed to make a good appearance in finding any kind of job suffered greatly. How many of these there were, and what they did to live through the winter, nobody will ever know. It was quite apparent as a result of my interview of many thousands of individuals during that winter that inefficiency was a frequent cause of unemployment even during normal conditions, and it became impressed upon me that public

schools must give more attention to industrial education. As a matter of fact, the curriculum of the public schools, I found upon investigation, is framed up for the most part to meet the requirements of the very small percentage of children that go to college. Our public educational system has not departed very radically from that which was in vogue when only priests and the leisure class were educated.

Likewise, the large number of misfits in life was due to the small attention given to vocational guidance. When boys and girls left school, they went out merely to hunt "jobs" and it did not matter much what kind of jobs they were, so long as they furnished immediate work. Often in after years they found themselves in blind alleys because they had become too old to hold the jobs which they obtained as children. Later they helped swell the ranks of tramps and hoboes, and society, which was careless in training them to become good citizens, hunts them and is worried by them when work is scarce because they then become a menace to the state.

After all, assuming that a worker has become competent, it frequently happens that for some of the reasons already given, and many which might be added, it is impossible for him to fortify himself against times of unemployment which in most cases seem to be inevitable, and for reasons for which he is not at all responsible. Usually it is a question of being given a chance to earn a living wage. Students of economics would understand at once that it is not so much a question of the number of dollars a person earns which determines whether or not he is earning a living wage—it is a question of what these dollars will buy, because the purchasing power of the dollar varies so greatly not only at different times but in different parts of the country.

Before an industry is permitted to establish itself in the community, it should be investigated as to its working conditions and the wages it pays so that it may not later become a charge upon the community, in that the community must take care of its derelicts when this "parasite" industry has squeezed the vitality out of the workers employed for a brief period at less than a living wage. Every industry seeking to take ad-

vantage of a city's reputation, good-will or other asset, which have been acquired through many years of faithful dealing with its citizens, or because of the development of strong commercial pride, should be asked to furnish a clean "bill of health," just as a philanthropic or social agency which desires to have the support of the city is expected to give an account of its methods and work before it is permitted to operate. Whether or not it is possible to enforce such a policy through process of law, it may easily be done by commercial clubs, chambers of commerce, or legitimate employers' associations.

An industry is self-supporting only when it yields wages sufficient to maintain the workers during times of inevitable unemployment, when they are compelled to stand in reserve, awaiting the convenience of the employer, as well as when they are actively engaged. It may be necessary to work out in every industry a system of compulsory, subsidized, unemployment insurance, the trade bearing the cost. At any rate, while employers are making plans for increased efficiency by the introduction of new machinery and better systems, they cannot afford to neglect the human elements, which are after all their chief asset.

Unemployment will some day be fought just as we have waged war against typhoid and tuberculosis. In former days when great epidemics swept over the city we said it was due to a "dispensation of Providence." To-day we hold the Board of Health responsible. In like manner we shall not try to find refuge behind a lazy man's excuse when thousands of men and women are unemployed. Society will soon learn that it is as guilty if men do not work as though they worked under unsanitary conditions.

MEETING SOME OF AMERICA'S BIG MEN

I MET and talked with Theodore Roosevelt many times during the twenty years that I was engaged in various national enterprises, the first time being in the White House on a Monday morning after I had preached in a Washington church. Inevitably our conversation drifted toward the relation of the workingman to the Church.

"If there is one thing above another that I desire for the Dutch Reformed Church, it is that it may become a church in which the workingman will feel at home. Whether it be true or not, there has arisen in the mind of the average workingman the impression that the Church is too 'swell' for him. You know I have very little use for that sort of thing. That is why I attend that little church over there—" pointing through the walls of the White House to what I afterward found out was a comparatively small church building.

Mr. Roosevelt's interest in ordinary people was always to me one of his most marked characteristics. During his visit to the Labor Temple to which reference has already been made, we sat before the meeting behind a curtain which shut us off from the view of the audience but which gave us the opportunity to see every face in the crowd. Singling out various individuals Mr. Roosevelt asked me most interestedly who this and that person was, wanting to know something about them; and they were invariably the humblest people that came within his vision. His close association with Jacob Riis, about which Mr. Riis often told me, proved his interest in the welfare of common men.

One morning a committee of about a dozen men including myself went to meet Mr. Roosevelt at a small hotel in New York, to talk over with him a certain situation concerning which he wanted advice. As I came into the room William

Fellowes Morgan, one of New York's most noted civic and commercial leaders, introduced me to the President.

Whereupon Mr. Roosevelt smiled and said to Mr. Morgan: "Oh, yes, I have known Mr. Stelzle for a good many years. I have read all of his books, and I'm proud to say that I've sat at his feet and learned of him."

Although Mr. Roosevelt had the reputation among some people of being strong-willed and self-opinionated, I found him to be exactly the reverse in my dealings with him, and this occasion proved what I have just said. He had come into the conference with a carefully prepared plan which he himself had drawn up and which he read to the group of men whom he had invited to confer with him. Immediately several of those present began to criticize Mr. Roosevelt's proposal, and he sat listening, without saying a word. When they had finished he saw the defects of his plan, and promptly threw it into the waste-basket, saying:

"That settles that. Now what have you got to say?" And for several hours he listened to his advisers and took from them the counsel which they gave.

When I began my independent work, I wrote to Mr. Roosevelt, telling him about my plans just as he was starting on his famous trip to South America, but before going away he dropped me a line, saying:

Good for you! I am extremely pleased at what you are about to undertake. When I get back in the spring, I hope you will let me come in and see you so as to understand more clearly just what you are doing. Good luck to you always. I believe in you with all my heart.

In the Associated Press stories of a speaking tour Mr. Roosevelt made in New England shortly before this time, the President was reported as saying that I was one of the men who had given him new light on the social and economic situation in this country.

When Mr. Roosevelt organized the Progressive Party, I accepted the candidacy for the Assembly in Essex County, New

Jersey, where I lived at that time, mainly for the purpose of giving me a good excuse to make campaign speeches for Mr. Roosevelt throughout the State. The leaders of the Progressive Party in Essex County had prepared a "slate" which was to be submitted to about four hundred delegates who had been invited to a dinner in Krueger's Auditorium in Newark, but the convention went into session and nominated its own men, although it was agreed that all the candidates should be heard.

Matters went along swimmingly until the twelve candidates for the Assembly were to be nominated. When my name was suggested by the committee, an apparently organized movement to nominate the secretary of the convention in opposition to me became evident.

"We want Smith—we want Smith—we want Smith!" they shouted in unison.

"Mr. Smith"—this really was not his name—made the first speech, and he said in substance:

"You boys know me—I have been secretary of this committee ever since it was organized, working night and day to put this thing across in the county. I think I deserve this office, and I hope you'll vote for me. That's all I've got to say."

When I was introduced by the chairman, I told the delegates that actually I did not want the office, that I was as busy as I could be, not only in New Jersey, but throughout the entire country, promoting the principles for which the Progressive Party had declared itself, and that I had permitted the use of my name merely because the voters in the section of the county in which I lived had at a popular meeting unanimously nominated me for the office.

"If you want Mr. Smith for your candidate, by all means nominate him, and I assure you that I will talk for Mr. Smith and work for him with far more enthusiasm than I would work for my own election."

And to the amazement of the entire convention, when the vote was taken I received nearly four hundred votes, while Mr. Smith received about half a dozen. As a result of this nomination I was given an unusual opportunity to make all

the speeches that I cared to in favor of the National candidate.

Calling on Mr. Roosevelt for an appointment one morning at his office in New York, I was told that some cameramen had just finished putting him into some motion pictures, but that at that moment he was being shaved by the barber, who had come to his office, and that he was being interviewed by two newspaper men and was conferring with a delegation from out of town; but that if I wanted to go in and join the "gang" there was no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt would be glad to see me. But in less than ten minutes I was alone with Mr. Roosevelt.

I found him thoroughly excited. President Wilson had been in New York the day before and had made his famous reversal regarding his attitude toward the war. In a speech he had declared that he now favored having the United States enter the war, and was ready to go the limit in fighting the Germans. Mr. Roosevelt was himself to speak in the Brooklyn Academy of Music a few days later, and he had his prepared speech in his hand and began reading certain passages to me, asking me what I thought of the ideas which he was to advocate. The memory of the details of the speech has gone from me. I can simply picture Mr. Roosevelt excitedly walking up and down his office reading and punctuating what he had to say by jabbing his finger at certain paragraphs as he read them.

When Chief Justice William Howard Taft was President, I called on him at the White House to invite him to speak at one of the big workingmen's meetings which I held annually in connection with the Presbyterian General Assembly. I was ushered into Mr. Taft's private office and stood at the side of his desk as I presented my case. He listened most attentively, with that ever-present little twinkle in his eye, and interrupted me to tell some stories about preachers, at which he himself laughed most heartily and in which I joined—because they were really very funny stories. Indeed, as we swapped stories I completely forgot that I was talking to the President of the United States, and I was abashed when I started to leave to find that I had been sitting on the edge of President Taft's

flat-top desk. I suppose that Mr. Taft's inimitable little chuckle had put me off my guard.

A newspaper syndicate by which I was once employed one day wired me to get an interview with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on the labor question. Mr. Rockefeller received me very graciously, saying that he had known about me and my work. An hour's talk with him on some of the most vital social and economic questions that affect labor's welfare left me with the feeling that he thinks as deeply and sincerely about big moral and ethical problems as he does about financial questions. I found myself inclined to agree with the statement made to me by an official of the United Mine Workers of America, who had spent much time in Colorado, where they had just passed through some rather unpleasant labor troubles, that he felt Mr. Rockefeller was thoroughly sincere, and that he would do the right thing.

There was complete absence of formality or display of any kind in Mr. Rockefeller's office. In the most democratic manner imaginable we talked; he with no apparent effort to conceal his thoughts, and I with the feeling that I was speaking for labor, trying to express its viewpoint. There was one striking thing about this man who had been so severely abused by those who did not agree with him; in all my conversation with him there was not the slightest trace of bitterness or even sarcasm when he spoke of those who were opposing him.

"What about a 'living wage'?" was one of my questions. "How much do you think the average man should earn?"

Without hesitation he replied: "What he earns should give him a decent home. He should be able to educate his children. He should be able to afford reasonable social and religious advantages. And he ought to be able to lay aside something for a time of special need."

But right then one of the Rockefeller secrets of getting rich was revealed.

"Some of the miners in our camps won't buy ready-made clothes," he said. "They have them made to order. I wore ready-made clothes for some years," he added. I almost gasped audibly as he told me that he used to walk down Sixth

Avenue in New York to select a cheaper tie than he could buy in the store of a famous haberdasher on Fifth Avenue whose name he mentioned, where he would be compelled to pay a couple of dollars more for it. For I was wearing at that moment a tie that came from the Fifth Avenue shop.

The Bureau of Social Hygiene, which Mr. Rockefeller organized—the business of which it was to study the question of prostitution—had made its annual report a few days before, and I said to Mr. Rockefeller:

“Do you believe that a considerable number of women become prostitutes because they do not receive a living wage?”

Mr. Rockefeller replied:

“This is the general impression—it was my impression at one time—but apparently those who have studied the question fully agree that women do not go wrong merely because they do not receive a certain wage. Women’s morals are not determined by the difference of a dollar or so a week in their wages. There are many other elements that enter into this question. Often it’s a matter of clothes, desire for a good time, loneliness, misunderstanding on the part of the girl’s mother, or harsh treatment at home.”

Then he added:

“I am sure that working-women as a class are just as moral as those of the so-called ‘upper-class.’” After a moment’s reflection: “More so, when you consider the temptations to which they are subjected.”

Mr. Rockefeller said in answer to my question whether he thought the fundamental principles of Jesus could be applied to the problems of industrial life to-day:

“Yes. But who will interpret those principles so as to give us the final word regarding them? We cannot lay down ethical laws, and compel all others to abide by them. The Bible doesn’t tell us specifically what we must do. I sometimes wish it did. It would make life so much simpler. But no doubt it’s a good thing it doesn’t. We are all of us compelled to think through these questions for ourselves. We must not become dogmatic about these matters. Nor dare we

decide them for others. Every man must work out his own salvation.

"I believe that labor and capital are partners," was another of his answers. "Partners cannot get along very well unless they understand each other's viewpoints. One of the reasons there are so many labor troubles is that we are forgetting the human element. Labor is being looked upon as a commodity, as part of an equipment, as something that may be bought and sold. We sometimes forget that we are dealing with human beings. The big thing we've got to do is to inject the spirit of brotherhood into the labor question. There is no other way."

"Are employers of labor as a class giving serious thought to the solution of the labor problem?" I asked.

"No," he replied, slowly, and with apparent regret. "Their attitude is too largely negative. Few of them have positive plans. They seem to expect workingmen themselves to arrive blundering at constructive programs."

"What about your attitude toward organized labor?" I suggested.

"Our men may organize if they wish. We do not discriminate against them because they are members of the labor union. Our only contention is that they have no right to keep out of the mines men who may not wish to join the labor union."

He reflected a moment, then said earnestly:

"There's a great change coming in the selection of the kind of men who will direct great industrial enterprises. Heretofore the chief consideration has been a man's ability as a financier and organizer. In the future first place must be given to his ability in getting along with other men. He must have more of the social spirit. This does not necessarily mean mere sociability, although that will help. He must have a keener sense of social justice and fair dealing. For the labor problem is coming more and more to be a great human problem."

Mr. Rockefeller impressed me as a man who, with the enormous responsibility of being the richest man in the world, is honestly trying to administer his great fortune so that humanity will get the benefit of it. Possibly some of his ad-

visers may fool him once in a while, and he occasionally may make mistakes; but the only fair way to judge a man is by his general tendencies.

Eagerly I class Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, among the great men I have known. He was a big-hearted man who knew the needs of the world and faithfully tried to supply them, not only in his own special field of evangelism, but in the field of education, of social service, and of general human betterment. Up to the time he died he probably set in motion more organizations and movements in this country for the building up of the people than any other man. It is my conviction that some day the directors of the Hall of Fame in New York City will be proud to add his name to the list of notables who should be remembered for the greatness of the contribution which they made toward the common good.

Personally, I owe him a debt of gratitude. When I desired to become a preacher and had been rejected by several theological seminaries for my lack of scholarship, somebody told me about the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. I wrote Mr. Moody, telling him about my situation and referring him to a mutual friend for particulars. A few days later Mr. Moody met this friend. The big, human evangelist asked him simply one question, "Has he sand?"

I was accepted. No doubt "sand" is not a very practical substitute for scholarship in a theological seminary, but I have always been grateful to the man who made it possible for men like myself to enter the Christian ministry.

It was a rare treat when Mr. Moody came to address the students at the Institute. The fine ideals he held up before them were decidedly inspirational. Perhaps this was the best service that he rendered to the students. I never heard him without coming away with a bigger conception of what it meant to be a Christian worker. And always his message was a sane, healthy one, and invariably there was a touch of humor. In the class-room he often asked the students for new ideas.

One day a particularly clever plan was suggested to Mr. Moody for Sunday-school work when he was presiding at the Institute.

"What do you think about this?" he asked the superintendent of the Moody Church Sunday School, who was present.

"We have been aiming to do it for two years," replied the superintendent.

"Don't you think it's about time you fired?" quickly laughed Mr. Moody.

He never seemed to me just like an evangelist. There was an utter lack of professionalism about him. He did not need to be assured that his campaign would be a success before he began his work. To him it was a question of an opportunity for doing a big piece of work for God and for humanity. He did not always succeed. But he always did his best to succeed.

Mr. Moody's breadth of view was most stimulating, especially in a day when narrowness in methods of work and theological belief controlled to so great a degree. He invited to his Northfield conferences men like Professor Henry Drummond and Dr. George Adam Smith, when they were regarded as arch-heretics by the conservatives who thought they dominated this annual conference. He gave the Roman Catholic Church in East Northfield a fine organ when their building was being erected, for, said he, "if they are going to have music, they might better have good music," and the Catholics reciprocated by furnishing enough stone to build the foundation of the Congregational church, of which Mr. Moody was the chief supporter.

In spite of the opposition of many Church workers in his day to the so-called socialized or "institutional church," Mr. Moody spoke most cordially of the social features of the Moody Church in Chicago, and one Sunday morning I heard him make an earnest plea for five hundred dollars to be used for the work of the Boy's Brigade.

The simplicity of his message was such that it gripped all classes. The first time I ever saw Mr. Moody he was talking to a young sister of mine in an inquiry room in a mission chapel on the East Side of New York. She was about fourteen, and Mr. Moody was quietly explaining to her the religion which he had just been preaching from the pulpit.

Even during Mr. Moody's day there came the signs of swift change in our social and economic conditions. He frequently spoke of the problems of the workingmen. I often wonder what the message of Mr. Moody would be in view of the situation which now confronts the Church and the Nation. I know that the narrower followers of this great man would declare at once that, were Mr. Moody here to-day, he would preach in just the same old way. I do not believe it. He would apply the old Gospel to present conditions.

Mr. Moody often told the story that the beginning of his power came with the realization that God was waiting to find a man through whom he might show the world what he could do with one who was thoroughly devoted to him. There is no doubt that God is waiting for such a man to-day.

One afternoon I was traveling west from Philadelphia. When the conductor came through the car to take up my ticket, he said to me, with a considerable show of pride, "John Mitchell is in the car forward." We were just passing through the mining region of Pennsylvania, where Mitchell, as President of the Miner's Union, was worshiped by the coal-diggers.

I found Mr. Mitchell reading a recent book on economics. We talked the rest of the day on many phases of the labor question, and I was much impressed with his fairness. Even when he spoke of those who so bitterly hated and opposed him, Mr. Mitchell did not say an unkind word about them.

I followed Mr. Mitchell's career for nearly twenty years, meeting him annually at the conventions of the American Federation of Labor and becoming very well acquainted with him. Always he won the respect of fair-minded men, and his host of friends among employers of labor indicated his broad-mindedness. Mr. Roosevelt was among those who deeply admired him.

When Mr. Mitchell died, the story was printed that he had left a fortune of a quarter of a million dollars. Some people are prone to regard suspiciously the accumulation of wealth by any labor leader, and certain venomous charges had been publicly made against Mr. Mitchell during his lifetime, which I had felt called upon to refute. His secretary, who had been

working with him throughout his entire career, and who had kept an accounting of all of Mr. Mitchell's investments from the very beginning, submitted a financial statement to me, which showed Mr. Mitchell to have had remarkable business ability in making investments and which cleared him of any charges of questionable policy. Let it be said, however, that so high was the regard of the public in general, even among employers of labor, that there was scarcely a suspicious question raised as to how Mr. Mitchell had obtained his money.

I had many opportunities to meet William Jennings Bryan, and in the course of the years we became very good friends. He always had my profound admiration because of his undoubted sincerity and integrity. One knew where to find him, whether he was right or wrong. He was ever faithful to his convictions, and it was his staunchness and sincerity that made the American public believe in him, even when they did not share his views.

I recall one occasion when he was among those who should have been his warmest friends and admirers. When action upon the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution was imminent, about fifty men and women, leaders of national dry organizations, came to New York to decide upon a common program. There were so many factions and so many antipathies between them, that it was impossible to agree upon a common meeting place. Because of the contention among the leaders, it was not until well toward evening that it was finally agreed to meet in the parlor of a small hotel, to which place the fifty Prohibitionists made their way. Arriving at the hotel, nearly an hour was spent in "milling around" because the question of the presiding officer had to be settled, and again, the unwillingness to give any organization the place of preëminence prevented the selection of a chairman. At last a group of two or three representatives of the most powerful national organizations came to me, asking if I would take the chairmanship because, as Wayne B. Wheeler, representing the Anti-Saloon League of America, remarked with a smile:

"You are not tied up with any of the organizations and we know that you will give everybody a square deal."

It was then about five o'clock and the conference remained in session until nearly ten, without adjourning for dinner. Much of my time as chairman was occupied in preserving order between the contending forces, and in the course of the discussion Mr. Bryan, who had also been invited to attend the conference, was mercilessly scored by certain of the "brethren" because they said he had come so late into the Prohibition fight. Mr. Bryan, it seemed to me, justified his record on the Prohibition question. But during that whole discussion he smiled at the rapier thrusts made by his friends, and outlined without the slightest trace of bitterness what he believed should be done to bring about Prohibition as quickly and as completely as possible.

A few days before a mass meeting which I was organizing in Louisville, and which was to be held in the huge armory on a Sunday afternoon, I became disturbed about the success of the occasion because of the terrific heat and many counter-attractions. So I telegraphed Mr. Bryan, who was somewhere in Michigan or Minnesota, asking him if he would hurry to Louisville to speak with me. He promptly wired his acceptance. When afterward I spoke to him about the payment of his expenses and fee, he said, very heartily: "That is all right, Stelzle. We'll call it square. I had a good time and the people seemed to enjoy it. So just let it pass."

During the following summer I traveled with Mr. Bryan on a Chautauqua circuit in the Middle West. He spoke in the big tent in the afternoon, and I addressed the crowd at night. Each morning we traveled in a day coach to the next city on the circuit. I recall that he talked more about the Bible on those trips than of any other subject.

It was interesting to behold the manner in which he conversed with people on those day coaches. His memory of men and events was most remarkable. I saw at least one of the reasons why he had so strong a personal following. He was much like Theodore Roosevelt in that respect.

I have always regretted that Mr. Bryan allowed himself to be persuaded to take the place of leadership in the fight for

the Fundamentalists, because, although he was in many respects a great Bible-class teacher when he limited himself to a popular presentation of practical, ethical teaching, he obviously was not a theologian in the larger sense.

Mr. Bryan frequently remarked to me that in nearly all of the political ideas which he advocated he was in advance of his time, and that after he had promoted them and spent time in educating the public to them, others had received the credit for the doctrines he had promoted. He candidly admitted that he was not always right, but he believed that the general tendency of his philosophy was sound in so far as it affected the welfare of humanity.

There is no doubt that Mr. Bryan's chief value to our country was that of a crusader. It may be true that he was not a great statesman. But in his capacity as crusader he made a more profound impression upon his generation than most of the statesmen of his time.

On Palm Sunday, 1926, I began a series of addresses in the First Congregational Church of Washington, D. C., of which Dr. Jason Noble Pierce is pastor. My general theme was "America at the Crossroads," and, twice a day for a week, I presented to interested audiences various problems that confronted our country.

But for Sunday morning I selected the subject, "If Jesus Should Enter Washington To-day." President Calvin Coolidge sat about four seats from the platform, and during the entire discussion listened intently as I took up one after another the conditions that Jesus would find were he to visit the Capital of the United States. I confess that for the first time in many years I had "stage-fright" before I began to speak.

Strange to say, however, it was not the consciousness of the President's greatness that disturbed me—it was the sense of his modesty and simplicity. The church was packed, and thousands had been turned away, but Mr. Coolidge seemed entirely oblivious of everything but the religious atmosphere of the day—the beginning of Holy Week. What added a special tenderness to the occasion was the fact that his father

had died during the previous week, and this was the first religious service he had since attended—possibly the first public function of any kind.

At the close of the service, the congregation remained standing as Dr. Pierce led me to the President's pew and presented me to him and to the guests who had attended the service with him. I then walked with the President down the aisle and escorted him to his automobile.

His questions, as we slowly walked to the curb, indicated his interest not only in the subjects I had been talking about, but in the broader social work in which I was engaged, and to which I had casually referred in my address.

ARBITRATING LABOR TROUBLES

ONE day a committee of labor leaders representing an International union whose local in New York City had had a dispute with an employers' association, called at my office with the request that I serve as arbitrator in the case in question.

"I am surprised that you should come to me again," I remarked to the committee, "when in practically every case that I have thus far arbitrated in your industry I have decided against the union. The fact that I am a member of the Machinists' Union has never meant that I would grant special favors to workingmen."

"That's all right," the chairman of the committee said. "We know when we are right and when we are wrong, but we labor officials can't tell the boys that they are wrong, because they will think that we have been bought up by the bosses and that we are double-crossing the union. They know that you don't give a damn, when you arbitrate one of our cases, what the bosses or what the union thinks. You always give everybody a square deal and the men trust you. In this particular case they say they won't accept anybody but you as arbitrator."

After hearing the arguments on both sides in this case, I again decided against the union.

In experiences of this nature covering a dozen years or more my decisions have gone against the labor unions about two-thirds of the time, although it should be said that in every case the arbitrators representing the union side always signed the decision which I wrote. This cannot always be said for the employers, for in many cases when the decision was in favor of the union there was somebody on the employers' side who presented a minority report. However, this was merely a matter of record, because as chairman of the arbitra-

tion committee in the particular cases which I have handled my decision was final.

Most of the cases which have come under my observation and consideration had to do with the printing business in New York, no doubt because of my practical experience as a machinist in the shops of R. Hoe & Co., the printing-press manufacturers, where I worked for eight years; and the major part of these cases were in connection with the mechanical departments of the New York newspapers.

After my first experience in this particular field in which, by the way, the decision went against the labor union, Hermann Ridder, publisher of the *New York Staats-Zeitung*, remarked to me that he was mighty glad to have found an "impartial" arbitrator who actually knew the printing business, because, he said, "on a number of occasions we have had decisions rendered by perfectly honest men whose rulings we, as employers, could not accept because they did not give workingmen a fair deal." He quoted a famous bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who went out of his way ordinarily to express his sympathy for workingmen, and actually did much in New York City to further their cause, but who in an arbitration case gave them a decidedly raw deal simply because he did not understand the technical aspects of the newspaper printing business.

As a result of the confidence gained through the decisions made in a number of cases, I understand that my name appeared at the top of the lists of suggested arbitrators submitted by both the publishers and the unions in a number of important arbitration cases, and so, for some time I served in this capacity, not as the representative of any organization that was trying to reform somebody, but merely as an individual who was interested in bringing about better relationships between employers and employees.

Some of these cases had been held up for several years because both the publishers and the union were afraid to submit them to arbitration on account of the great uncertainty as to how an outsider might regard what was to them a most important question, for arbitration decisions come to have much the

same standing that decisions in courts of law possess—they are constantly being quoted by succeeding arbitrators, or in the presentation of cases both by employers and employees. Sometimes the questions considered involved the carrying out of definite agreements made several years before, but certain conditions had changed so decidedly since the agreement was entered into, that one side seemed to be given undue advantage.

For example, it had been agreed by the union and the publishers that five men should constitute a crew on a "shaving machine," an appliance which shaved the inside of stereotype plates used on the cylinders of newspaper presses, and in the agreement it was specified just what place each particular man of the five was to occupy in his relationship to the running of the machine. The place of one of these men was to be at the "tail" of the machine, to which the stereotype plate was finally delivered after the machine had automatically done its work; but in one of the newspaper offices a very ingenious arrangement had been perfected whereby the tail end of this shaving machine was run through a hole cut in the partition which separated the stereotype-room from the pressroom, where the plate was used. Obviously there was no room for the man assigned to the tail end of the machine to stand. In order to function at all, it would have been necessary for him to go into the pressroom and there take the plate from the machine, but the rules of the pressmen's union prohibited the member of any other union from working within the pressroom, although a member of the pressmen's union was permitted to handle the plate as it came through the partition. The stereotyper's union, however, insisted that five men must be employed on the machine, and so the fifth man continued to remain as a member of the crew, taking his place in the pressroom, but doing absolutely nothing, although he had drawn his weekly wages for two years when the case came to me for arbitration. After looking over the situation, and after hearing both sides of the case, my decision went against the union, although technically they were right in their insistence that the agreement of the publishers to employ five members of the stereotyper's union on the shaving machine had been violated. My point

was that there were still five men at work on the machine, even though the fifth man was a member of the pressmen's union, and that it was absurd to insist upon the enforcement of a technicality which severely penalized an employer who was trying to maintain great efficiency without reducing either the number of workers or the amount paid for running his plant—and the union finally agreed with me. Apparently, they were afraid of establishing a precedent which might some time in the future injure them in the making of a contract concerning the number of men who should be employed in operating this kind of machine.

Taken as a whole, it has been my experience that the representatives of the labor unions presented more carefully prepared briefs than did the employers.

I recall one instance in which the question of an increase of one dollar per day was asked in the wages of the men in a union which represented approximately twenty-five hundred members. When the question of the cost of living was considered, the employers, besides some mere generalities, presented simply several sheets of brown paper upon which were penciled the prices of food which had been secured in Washington Market on the morning of the hearing. The union, on the other hand, had very carefully prepared an elaborate statement based upon a study made of the rise and fall of prices covering a number of years and giving their authorities for the statistics employed. The case for the employers had been so poorly presented that I insisted upon another hearing in order to give them an opportunity to secure more complete figures for their side, although the labor representatives of the board protested most vehemently against such a proceeding. I insisted, however, that as an arbitrator I had the right to ask for all the facts available, and I felt that I was not in a position to make a decision on so important a case with the material which had thus far been given me. The employers rushed a couple of men to Washington, who spent a week in getting the best figures available, which were then submitted at the next hearing of the Arbitration Committee. However, in this case

the decision went in favor of the union, although the full amount asked for was not granted.

In another instance, a contract between the employers and the union had been so loosely drawn that it was capable of several different interpretations, and when it came to the defense of the employers' side, there was such indifference manifested as to the importance of these points that I indirectly intimated in the early part of the day that if no better evidence could be produced on the side of the employers the decision would go to the union. During the luncheon recess the employers saw to it that the afternoon session was attended by several of the leading lawyers of the city, who had been retained by their organization to argue the case for them. This arbitration resulted in a compromise decision.

It should be said that in both the cases just described all of the material had been gathered together by the workmen themselves or by their elected officials, who had had no legal training but were graduates from the shop, although several were still working in the shop. In one instance the three men who represented the union had worked almost continuously for three days and three nights, getting very little sleep, in the preparation of their material.

Since statistics and statistical studies enter so largely into industrial matters, the practice during recent years has been for the unions to employ agencies or professional statisticians who prepare the briefs dealing with the larger economic and statistical data, and employers, too, are less and less dependent upon their own wisdom and sense of superior knowledge of business in order to win their cases. They also are employing professional economists who give their entire time not only to the preparation of special cases, but to the constant study of data dealing with this phase of their business, so that both sides are better prepared for emergencies, and mainly to lay the foundations of a better understanding between the two groups. In one important industry this plan was inaugurated at my suggestion, when the employers lost their case because of the crudeness of their contract.

One of the most encouraging features in this connection is the fact that in recent years the experts employed by one union and those engaged by the employers work jointly to produce material upon which there may be based a common agreement, thus narrowing down the possibilities for controversy.

Hot-headedness in an arbitration case usually results in lasting bitterness. However, sometimes a strong personality will stand out, having such fine qualities that the mere matter of explosiveness on occasion is forgiven, especially if the guilty man himself has a sense of humor.

I recall a prominent newspaper publisher in New York City who, in a certain arbitration hearing shook his fist in the faces of the three representatives of the union and called them the vilest names that he could think of, but the three unionists simply continued to puff away at their cigars and smiled at the excited representative of the bosses.

Finally, I quietly remarked: "Mr. Blank, these men do not deny that they are what you are calling them—so this is not a question for arbitration. Let us go ahead and talk about things which will really stir them up and to which you can get a comeback." The excited publisher joined heartily in the laugh of the crowd.

"Well," he said, "they are damned good fellows, anyway," and the trade-unionists came back at him with the same compliment. The committee then proceeded to its business.

There was probably no man representing the publishers who was more generally admired by the workers than Don Seitz, then of the *New York World*. Characteristically, he gave his opinions bluntly, and never minced matters, but he was always so eminently fair—sometimes opposing his fellow-members of the employers' group—that he won the respect of every man of the opposition.

It is generally assumed that when one side in a controversy is willing to arbitrate and the other is not that the former is manifesting the finest spirit and is to be commended for its fairness; but it doesn't necessarily follow that he who is willing to arbitrate is surest of his grounds. The fact is that frequently when one side has nothing to lose and everything to

gain—that is, when it is least sure of its ground—it makes a show of fairness by saying that it is willing to submit its case to arbitration, with the belief, as is often true, that the arbitrator will compromise the claims of the two contending parties, and thus give the side which really had no case more than it is entitled to.

There are very few cases which cannot fairly be settled by arbitration, assuming that both sides are adequately presented and the arbitrator is unprejudiced and has a sufficient knowledge of the technicalities which may be introduced to permit him to give a fair judgment. Often, however, the arbitrator may have a clear and definite opinion regarding the technical and legal points involved and still bring in a decision which, while not absolutely unjust, nevertheless results in bitterness or hard feeling, because of the failure to consider the human element in the controversy.

It is often assumed that lawyers or judges make the best arbitrators because they possess “the judicial mind,” but the trouble is that their tendency is so strongly in favor of the absolute observation of the letter of the law that they often forget the human side of the question. This, added to their lack of knowledge of the business itself, sometimes results in decisions from lawyers which are anything but satisfactory to the workingmen, who in such cases are usually the greatest sufferers.

The major portion of the international unions throughout the country and the American Federation of Labor itself are opposed to compulsory arbitration. More and more, however, the tendency is toward the compulsory presentation of the facts before an arbitration board, and hence to the public, and after the arbitration board has made its decision it remains for public opinion to enforce it. If public opinion does not coincide with the view of the arbitration board, the side which has been discriminated against stands guiltless; but if, on the other hand, the offending party refuses to accept the just decision of the board, it stands condemned by the public, receiving no sympathy from it, with the result that it is soon whipped into line.

Whether or not an industry can afford to pay increased wages does not always depend upon the profits which are being made at the time of the demand for the increase. In one of the decisions which I rendered in connection with a newspaper arbitration I stated: "Whether or not the newspaper is making money cannot be the determinating factor in deciding how much wages should be paid to its employees. In the first place, workmen should not be penalized because of the publisher's errors of judgment, lack of business enterprise, mistaken editorial policy, or any other reason which may cause a newspaper to fail to produce fair profits. Furthermore, publishers of newspapers may see fit to conduct their affairs so that a larger future reward will come to them rather than a comparatively small immediate return. If a newspaper is conducted at a loss in spite of no assurance of future prosperity, then the personal desire for continuing such enterprise should not be a sufficient reason to request employees to work for less than a living wage."

It is a question whether any industry which cannot pay a living wage has a right to live.

It is an extremely difficult matter for an arbitrator to base his findings upon figures presented regarding what it costs the average worker to live, because often there is a variation in figures of this kind of from fifty per cent to one hundred per cent—depending upon who presents them.

If the principle of the living wage as submitted by social workers and so-called experts were to be applied to industry as a whole, it is probable that the total annual income at present produced in the United States would not be large enough to provide such a wage for every worker, and it is a serious question whether a particular industry should be compelled to pay its workers the "living wage" which may have been submitted in a particular controversy, while there are many other industries with which it would come into more or less competition that pay very much less than this living wage. There is endless controversy regarding the living-wage question because the value of money changes so frequently. The purchasing power of the dollar varies very greatly from time to time. Also

standards of living are constantly changing. Before the war the average American workingman was satisfied if he had enough to eat, clothes enough to wear, and a home to live in. But to-day, on account of the marked elevation of standards of living, he is no longer content with merely making a living—he is keenly interested in making a life. Thus it will be seen that the “living wage” question will always be subject to arbitration.

PROMOTION AND PUBLICITY

MORE things are wrought through publicity than this world dreams of. Other elements enter into the success of great public enterprises; but organizations and movements which require the good will and support of the people for their highest success can secure them only through legitimate publicity methods.

The problems of the publicity man are principally those of human characteristics and relationships. My experience in the social field, together with the surveys of special situations and of entire communities which I had been making for many years, proved to be invaluable, in qualifying me for publicity work.

I began to write for the newspapers when I was about eighteen, the first article being a "contribution" sent to the *American Machinist* in which I had the audacity to take issue with a famous mechanical engineer with regard to some mechanical process. I recall that one of the foremen in the shop said if I continued that sort of thing I would get myself into trouble, but I remember that he himself lost his job before I left the shop.

While I was still writing for the Labor Press of America, I received a letter from the General Counsel of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, a syndicate which furnished features to several hundred daily newspapers throughout the country, wanting to know if I would write a daily editorial for them. The managers had seen my work in the labor papers and as the publications for which they furnished material consisted largely of evening newspapers read by workingmen, they thought that that was just the kind of stuff they could use.

For three years thereafter I wrote every day with the utmost liberty for the N. E. A., mainly on industrial and inspirational subjects. The articles were only about 300 words in

length—although I recall the managing editor telling me that if I could put my ideas into seven words he would pay me just as much for my work. In this connection he told me the story of Rudyard Kipling, who, it appears, during his early newspaper experience was one day hanging around the make-up table of the newspaper on which he worked, and casually remarked to the make-up man, "I am glad to see that you get so many of my stories into the paper."

"Yes," this czar answered, "your stuff is short and helps to fill up the holes on the page."

He also reminded me of the story of a young reporter who was told to condense a column of matter which he had written to a couple of hundred words. "It can't be done," feelingly said the reporter; to which the editor retorted:

"It can't be done? The story of the Crucifixion, the greatest tragedy in history, was written in less space than that!"

Once the managing editor of a certain syndicate asked me to "cover" an evangelistic meeting of a nationally known preacher and to write only regarding certain phases of the meetings. At the end of a week, after I had wired half-a-dozen stories, I sent a telegram, saying:

"May I also write about my personal reactions regarding these meetings?"

To this the editor replied in substance:

"No—ninety per cent of the people of this country are nuts, and we have got to write for the nuts."

For a couple of years I furnished the editorial for the Sunday Edition of the *Philadelphia North American*, which was spread clear across the top of the editorial page, and for a similar period I wrote for the *Newark Evening News* a daily column interpreting the news of the day from the standpoint of a sociologist.

Labor conventions and religious gatherings of national importance were also covered for syndicates of newspapers and usually for the most important local paper of the town in which these meetings were held. Serving as an "unofficial" interpreter of such proceedings, I had the utmost freedom in writing about the transactions of these bodies. These tasks were,

however, taken rather seriously because of my keen interest in the activities of the organizations whose meetings I reported, and invariably they dealt with subjects with which I was thoroughly familiar.

In 1903 I wrote my first book, entitled, "The Workingman and Social Problems." It was a comparatively small book, but I shall never forget the thrill that I experienced when upon reaching my home one evening, the first copy of the book, with its gilt title, was prominently displayed on the mantel of the living room. Since then I have written a dozen books on boy's work, publicity, labor, prohibition, and general social conditions—some of them fairly pretentious—but I shall never forget the first little volume on the workingman which was really a narrative of some of my earlier experiences.

I have been happy in presenting to the American public the work of the organizations which I have served as publicity counselor, because I accepted only those enterprises into whose work I could enter with spirit and enthusiasm. I have never undertaken to do publicity work for commercial organizations. As ordinarily I promoted simultaneously half a dozen or more campaigns, there was sufficient diversity in the work to keep my mind fresh and alert.

One of the most fascinating publicity campaigns I ever conducted was that of the National Reform Association in connection with its International Christian Citizenship Conference at Winona Lake, Indiana, during the early part of July 1923. For many months it had been the advertised purpose of the officers of the Conference to prepare a message on world peace which was to be sent to the rulers of every country. But the Conference was coming perilously near to its close, and the message had not yet been written. So I took up the subject with the steering committee one morning and urged upon them the importance of delegating somebody to prepare this message.

"You have been writing the official statements each morning which have gone out to the country through the press. I would recommend that you yourself write the message on world peace," half facetiously said the bishop who was the presiding

officer of the committee. The committee took his remarks seriously, although I vigorously protested that I was not the man to write the document. On the night of July 4, after I had finished my day's work, I tackled the job and wrote and rewrote sentence after sentence until at three o'clock in the morning I had finished the statement. When I presented it to the committee a few hours later, they unanimously voted to accept it as it stood without changing a single word.

Here are some of the paragraphs in this six-hundred-word message:

"Humanity is staggered by the possibilities of another world war. Homes in every land, over which the shadow of sacrificial death still hovers, are saddened by the prospect of still further heartbreak and suffering. The people in these lands have already given millions of their sons in the belief that their supreme sacrifice would make the world safe for democracy, create a high idealism which would make the world a fairer place in which to live and end war for all time.

"None of these hopes has been realized. Men hate each other as intensely as ever. Chaos reigns in every human relationship. Economic and political conditions have sunk to low levels. Nations have been guilty of promoting selfish and ignoble loyalties.

"Efforts have been made to avert the disaster which is inevitable if present tendencies continue. Every such method for adjusting these difficulties has failed.

"The time has come to try Christianity. It has never failed in any field when given a fair chance. And civilization is entitled to every opportunity to free itself from its present predicament. There is an inescapable obligation on the part of every nation to make its contribution to consummate this desired end, even at great sacrifice to itself.

"The nations of the world must depart from selfish individualism and inhuman isolation. They should unite in creating new standards which are based upon the teachings

of Jesus. He must be acknowledged as the Supreme Arbiter in every national and international difficulty. Loyalty to Him should be the chief desire of the nations.

"It should be recognized that nations are accountable to the same Christian principles as those which pertain to all Christian men and women as individuals. There is no double standard of morality and ethics—one for men and another for nations. There is only one morality, one honor, one righteousness.

"We believe that God's judgments can be averted only by national repentance for sin and by national obedience to the laws of love and brotherhood and fair play, as taught by Jesus, and that such obedience will bring peace to the world, and a restoration of prosperity and happiness to all the peoples.

"We further believe that civil rulers are his ministers as certainly as are the rulers of the Church and that these rulers are directly and immediately responsible to Him for their official conduct.

"It is because nations and rulers have held themselves above all moral law, becoming a law unto themselves, as far as their civil lives are concerned, that present-day world conditions have become so chaotic.

"We, therefore, an Assembly of 2000 Christian men and women, constituting the International Christian Citizenship Conference, unite in asking the rulers of these United States and of the world to join in setting up the Kingdom of God on earth, acknowledging Jesus Christ Lord of lords and King of kings, so that justice and happiness and brotherhood and peace may prevail throughout the whole earth."

This message was adopted with enthusiasm by the entire Conference and was telegraphed to every part of the United States, holding first-page position all that day in most of the great metropolitan newspapers.

The means of sending the message to foreign rulers had not been determined. I suggested that it be cabled in its entirety to the King of England, frankly with an eye to the publicity

which would thus be obtained. I understood, of course, that ordinarily communications are not sent directly to the King.

When I found that my suggestion was promptly accepted by the committee, I ventured to add that if the document were sent as a week-end message, the cost would be only about one-fourth of the regular cablegram rates, and that it might be a stunning thing to cable the message to every ruler whose country might be reached. This was enthusiastically done. Shortly afterward the text was put into the form of an elegant four-page document, and sent to the eighty-three kings and rulers of the world. Many of them responded through their representatives, expressing deep appreciation of the sentiments contained in the pronouncements.

During the war Ivy L. Lee, who was director of publicity for the American Red Cross, asked me to call at his office in New York to discuss candidates to head two important departments which were to be organized in the Red Cross office at Washington, one having to do with the churches of all denominations in America, and the other for the purpose of appealing to the workingmen of the United States. After we had discussed possible directors for about half an hour, he said suddenly: "Why don't you take both jobs? You can't do anything bigger than head these departments and really make a success of them because you will be dealing with the two greatest classes in this country."

I hesitated. Whereupon Mr. Lee urged me to come down to Washington and look over the work which the Red Cross was doing. A few days later I appeared at the Red Cross Building, and Mr. Lee, without any further argument, led me to an office and said, "Here's where we are going to put you, so hang up your hat and take off your coat and get busy on the job."

I was not prepared for this sudden "call to service"; but I followed Mr. Lee's instructions and remained in Washington until the end of the war, promoting night and day to the best of my ability the big job which had been assigned to me. With the utmost liberty to proceed in arousing church members and workingmen to a sense of their responsibility, I evolved a multitude of methods and sent out numerous messages

through the religious press and the daily newspapers. The church organizations and the labor unions were glad to enlist in promoting my plans.

At one stage during the Red Cross campaign organized labor throughout the United States became very indignant at the Red Cross officials because they permitted the official organ to be printed in the plant of a concern which bitterly fought the unions. The various craftsmen identified with printing decided to boycott not only the periodical but the Red Cross itself.

When this information was brought to me, I made the request that I should be permitted to confer with the national presidents and secretaries of the organizations involved. To the group which met in Washington I pointed out the disastrous effects such action would have upon the Red Cross Christmas campaign for membership, and also that the reaction against the labor unions of the country for halting the activities of the Red Cross during the war would very seriously affect the standing of organized labor in the mind of the public. Finally, I persuaded the group to meet with the council of Red Cross officials, as a result of which meeting the proposed boycott was never inaugurated.

In the midst of the national fight for Prohibition I organized the "Strengthen America Campaign," the object of which was to raise a fund of approximately \$1,000,000 to buy space in daily newspapers to help put across the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The money was to be raised by local committees and used by them in their home-town newspapers. Hundreds of daily and weekly newspapers printed the sixty different pieces of advertising material which I prepared. The labor press of the country used page advertisements and printed special articles at various stages of the campaign. A set of a dozen posters printed in colors was widely displayed. Thirty leaflets especially for workingmen were ordered from the printer by the million. Full-page advertisements appeared simultaneously in the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Literary Digest*, the *Independence* and *The Outlook*. Big prohibition mass meetings followed by open forum discussions were held in various parts of the country, three of them in connection

with the conventions of the American Federation of Labor in San Francisco, Baltimore, and Buffalo.

A monthly newspaper called *The Worker* was edited particularly for workingmen and had a wide circulation throughout the entire country. In a three-hundred-page book entitled "Why Prohibition?" was published the result of my two years' study of the economic phases of the liquor problem. Many magazine articles were printed. A motion-picture film was made and exhibited at strategic points.

Much of the material employed in the "Strengthen America Campaign" was sent to several foreign countries which were engaged in temperance and prohibition propaganda.

Governor Willis of Ohio, meeting me in Washington one day, said that in his travels throughout the State he carried with him two books; one was the Bible, and the other was my book "Why Prohibition?" One of the leading jurists of Kentucky, who was seated next to me at a banquet in Louisville, at which I was to speak, but not having caught my name when we were introduced, told me of an experience which he had while making some prohibition addresses throughout the state with two or three other lawyers.

"Each night I presented a new set of facts to my audiences, to the amazement of the lawyers who sat on the platform with me, and who spoke at the same meetings. They were very curious to know where I had gathered together this mass of material, but I was slow to tell them because I did not want them to steal my thunder," he said to me.

"The fact is, I got my dope from a book called 'Why Prohibition?'," he continued. "I think that that is one of the best books ever written."

The man who sat next to the Judge was convulsed with laughter as the Judge continued to speak so enthusiastically of my book, and finally turning to him, he said:

"The man who wrote that book is seated at your side, Judge."

The Judge turned to me in great surprise and he said, "Are you Charles Stelzle?" I admitted it. Arising with great dignity, he bowed in true Southern fashion and said, "Please, sir,

let me take your hand again. I think that your contribution in the form of that book has done more to bring about prohibition than anything that was ever printed."

It was of great interest to find reported in the daily newspapers and in the *Congressional Record* whole sections of "Why Prohibition?" quoted as original material by members of Congress, which, of course, was perfectly all right, because it was with the hope that the material might thus be used that the book had been sent to every member of Congress.

One of my most worth-while campaigns was to help the Women's Trade Union League of New York City to raise enough money to buy a building of its own. "Shall thousands of our working-girls continue to use back rooms of saloons, rented dirty parlors, or noisy street corners for their get-together affairs?" was the title of a folder prepared for the League. The most active promoter of this campaign was Mrs. Willard Straight—now Mrs. Leonard K. Elmhirst, who, as chairman of the Campaign Committee, not only herself contributed liberally, but worked indefatigably for weeks, personally soliciting funds.

There were in New York City in 1920, 691,720 women who were "gainfully employed." The great majority of these women were eligible to become members of the Women's Trade Union League. The difficulty of finding a suitable meeting place for working women was even greater than was the case with workingmen. Most of the social functions of the organized working women were held in the upper story of a downtown hall which had very meager facilities. However, a very small percentage of the women could be cared for in this hall, so that they scattered into smaller groups in some of the meanest places in town. Unfortunately, in their effort to improve themselves, the organized women workers received very little encouragement from the men. It is true that the labor union demands "Equal pay for men and women for equal work." They make this demand, not so much because they are interested in having women receive as much money as they receive, but because they fear that unless the women do receive as much money, they will themselves be crowded out of an

industry in which they both happen to be engaged. It thus comes to pass that working women are compelled to pretty much shift for themselves. The Women's Trade Union League has been making a strenuous fight championing their rights, and so far as it has been able, to provide such educational and social facilities as to enrich the lives of many of those who have been severely handicapped because of their small opportunities.

Workingmen in America are seeking to-day something more than a full pay-envelope. They want fuller and richer personalities. They are seeking, not only a living, but a life. During the past half dozen years this cultural yearning on the part of the workers has found expression in the Workers' Education Movement. Groups of workers have come together all over this country for the voluntary study of subjects ranging from economics to art, from philosophy to science, in study groups, resident colleges, summer schools, Chautauquas, and Labor Institutes. No less than 35,000 adult workers have been enrolled in such classes, and more than 300,000 trade unionists have been provided with illustrated lectures in union halls and addresses and debates on industrial subjects.

The Workers' Education Bureau, which is conducting this work in America, invited me to make a study of the entire field in which it was operating, and to make recommendations for its promotion and support. I felt very keenly that few enterprises were of greater importance than one which broadened the vision and action of the American workingmen, because if democracy is to endure it must be an educated democracy. It is true that knowledge has increased among workingmen, but real understanding has not kept the same pace.

One of the most important developments of the Bureau was a "Worker's Bookshelf." In the general preface to each of its volumes is printed the following paragraph: "The Worker's Bookshelf will contain no volumes on trade training nor books which give short cuts to material success. The reasons which will finally govern the selection of titles for the Workers' Bookshelf will be because they enrich life, because they illumine human experience, and because they deepen men's understand-

ing." The Bureau is the result of the wholly unselfish efforts of Spencer Miller, Jr., who has succeeded in enlisting the support of the American Federation of Labor, whose affiliated bodies are pledged to responsibility for at least half its financial support.

When this country celebrated the Tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims, the American Bible Society observed "Mayflower Universal Bible Sunday" on November 28th, 1920, the object being to have the ministers throughout the United States preach on "The Pilgrims and the Bible" on this occasion, and to promote the use of the Bible in as many ways as possible. I was requested by the Society to prepare literature for this celebration. When I called on the Secretary of the Society to ask him if he had any material which might serve as the basis of what I was to prepare, without a smile he handed me a copy of the English Bible.

"That is fine; this gives me a very good beginning," I said, and he did not hear from me again until about a month later when I placed on his desk copy for a complete program for the observance of the day, which included a specially drawn poster for the cover page with the title "In the Name of God, Amen!" This was followed by the Mayflower Compact, the story of the Pilgrims, the principles that governed the Pilgrims, an article describing conditions in this country three hundred years after the Mayflower landing, a chapter on the Bible and the Pilgrims, a story of how the Bible is distributed in this and other countries, concrete suggestions for the observation of "Mayflower Universal Bible Sunday," and the reproduction of the covenant of the First Church of Christ in Plymouth.

In addition to this material, I prepared a tiny booklet entitled, "A Little Journey to Plymouth—Where the Mayflower Landed." This task involved several visits to Plymouth, where a study was made of materials found in the local museum and in other institutions in Plymouth; the reading of every book that I could find dealing with the Pilgrims, a study of the work of the American Bible Society, and the working

out of a complete program for the observance of the day by various organizations which would be likely to be interested.

During the days of my childhood there was a very strong prejudice among the poor in the tenements against the hospitals. It was even with great reluctance that they went to the free dispensaries. This prejudice was due to a belief that in the hospital they were given the "black bottle," supposed to contain a drug which would kill them so their bodies might be used for laboratory purposes. Thus many children were allowed to die lacking proper medical care.

Now the death rate of infants in New York City is usually the lowest among the ten largest cities in the United States and the lowest among the great cities of the world. Many causes enter into the saving of the lives of children: control over contagious diseases, the supply of pure milk, municipal sanitation, control over respiratory diseases, control of congenital diseases, the development of more careful nursing science, and the work of the visiting nurse.

For three years I directed the publicity and promotional work of the Visiting Nurse Service which is administered by the Henry Street Settlement, and which was organized about thirty years ago by Miss Lillian D. Wald. During these three years approximately two hundred and fifty nurses made 400,000 visits a year to about 42,000 patients. The value of the maternity work done by these nurses may be measured by the fact that the death rate among the mothers they attended was only one-half that of similar cases in the city as a whole. When it is remembered that ninety per cent of New York's sick are sick at home, the value of the visiting nurse is readily apparent.

Three years were also spent with the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, whose annual budget is over \$1,000,000, and which is probably the largest relief agency in this country.

I have known few men in the philanthropic field who took their task more seriously and who showed greater compassion for the problems of the poor than William H. Matthews, who

was the head of the Relief Department of the A. I. C. P. He was thoroughly human and sympathetic.

One day a visitor reported to him concerning a case to which she had been assigned. With obvious glee she said that the woman was altogether unworthy.

"You seem to be glad that she was a fraud," indignantly retorted Mr. Matthews. "I think I should feel sorry if I were you," he added.

In spite of a great multitude of details on his shoulders, this unusual "social worker"—how he hated to be called by this name—personally visited many of the families, whom he might easily have assigned to his corps of fifty odd assistants.

About the same time that Miss Wald startled New York by her revelations of life on the East Side, another pioneer in social settlement work, Dr. John L. Elliott, secured his "baptism of fire" on the untried West Side and founded Hudson Guild on the fringe of "Hell's Kitchen," which for many years was a sore spot in New York City. There in the reeking tenements amid the docks and railroad yards, warehouses and slaughter houses, the Guild, setting out to lift up the people of the community to a higher plane of living and thinking and to secure communal effort in a district of heterogeneous nationalities, has stood out like a beacon light. I have been helping Dr. Elliott promote this work for several years. Dr. Elliott, who is also an Ethical Culture leader, has always upheld the principle of the "uncommon fineness in the common man," and believes, not in the charity which hands out doles in Lady Bountiful fashion, but which sets out to teach the people it wishes to help, to help themselves and in turn to aid others. While social settlements as a whole are supposed to stand for democracy in their various relationships, there is probably none which has worked out this principle so definitely and practically as Hudson Guild. And it is in working with such leaders in the life of America and helping make known the work that is being done by these welfare, civic and educational agencies that one feels that one's own work is richly rewarded and distinctly worth while.

These paragraphs by no means tell the whole story of ten years of publicity effort, but merely cite typical organizations throughout the country for whose work there has been a crying need, and whose own work and needs I have had the privilege of presenting to the American public.

CHILDREN OF THE CITY

THE city is the modern miracle. It is like a "Pandora's Box"—with its traditional mixture of good and evil. Some believe that it is an evil genie spreading its baneful influence over the entire country, bringing ruin and disaster wherever it touches. In any event, there it is—splendid, powerful, dominant. The city has come to stay. The forces responsible for its growth march on with inexorable law as their basis.

While the city is a world phenomenon—many of the largest cities of Europe having grown faster than most of the cities of America—the growth of the cities of the United States is most remarkable because of their number and the conditions under which they have developed.

In 1800 there were only six cities in the United States having a population of 8000 and over, but in 1920 there were 924 such cities. In 1800 only 4 per cent of the population lived in cities of this size, whereas, in 1920 nearly 44 per cent lived in such cities, although in 1920 52.4 per cent of the population of the United States lived in cities of 2500 inhabitants or more. Almost 10 per cent of the population of the United States lives in the three cities of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. More than one-half of the population of New York State lives in New York City. New York City has a population which equals that of 13 sovereign states. Certain portions of it are so densely populated that if the entire city were equally crowded, it would contain all the people living in the United States, all those living in Canada, and all those in London, Berlin, Paris and Tokio.

Unquestionably the cities of America present many very perplexing problems—housing, transportation, food supply, health, sanitation, industry, immigration, moral conditions, and so one might go on—but concretely, there are few problems

of greater importance than that of the city's children. There is no doubt that those who are active in work in behalf of children occupy the most important field in this country. This must be obvious to every student of our national life. From time to time I have made independent studies and investigations in the social and economic field. Many of these investigations had to do with the welfare of children.

In one of these studies I found that during recent years there has been a very decided tendency toward juvenile delinquency, which, however, is not always shown by general statistical reports, nor proven by figures on crimes and arrests.

According to the Police Court judges, the young people who appear before them are often hardened criminals before they are twenty. The public school authorities in New York City have openly admitted that their curriculum did not include direct training in character. A judge with large experience with criminals has said, "Gunmen, thugs and bootleggers are not made in a day. They are the product of homes where laxity and indifference reign. The criminals of to-morrow are in our homes and schools and on our streets to-day—impressionable, eager to learn, and looking for a hero to worship and a gang to join."

Statistics for the leading countries of the world indicate that the United States is "the most lawless nation on earth." A special Committee on Law Enforcement of the American Bar Association reported in 1923 that 9500 persons were killed in crimes of violence in the United States during the preceding year, and that during the preceding ten years no less than 85,000 persons perished by poison, pistol or knife or other unlawful and deadly means. Commenting on this situation, the *New York Times* said editorially:

"This means that every year more than four times the number of people lose their lives at the hands of criminals in this country than were killed in the Battle of Gettysburg, and that every 5½ years more people are killed in the everyday walks of life in the United States through crime than were killed in the American ranks during the World War."

Robbery is 36 times as prevalent in New York as it is in London. In Chicago it is 100 times as prevalent as in London. There is no doubt that if the amount of this lawlessness is to be decreased, special attention must be given to the children of our country. Whatever may be the immediate cause of the tendency toward criminality and recklessness among young people, it is obvious that there is a serious and fundamental lack of character among them and that very few have had any direct moral training.

Another serious phase of the child problem in this country is its industrial aspects; in other words, the question of child labor. Most of us are deluded by the statement that it is a good thing for all children to go to work—but there is a vital difference between child labor and children's work. The first may easily destroy child life, whereas the second may enrich it. It is generally supposed that the street experiences of the newsboy make him bright and clever, but the fact is that all street trades hold more perils for children than ever before, because the streets themselves are filled with greater danger, and the irregularity of the hours, the night work, the weather, the traffic, the glamor of the crowd and lights, and the general recklessness of life and morals which dominate the city, produce artificiality, delinquency, and mental incapacity for permanent work.

The real curse of child labor is not in the fact that children are compelled to work; even a child of eight may perform a certain routine of duties without serious injury. It is the continuous toil for long hours under unsanitary conditions with improper and insufficient food that stunts the body and the mind so that when the child arrives at the years when it should be giving expression to its best self, it is simply impossible for it to appreciate the real values of life. The pathetic part of the whole thing is that there comes no realization to the child of that which is missing. Life has lost its largest and fullest meaning. It is limited to the routine of getting a living.

According to the Census Bureau's report for 1923, there were over 200,000 children in various institutions throughout the United States on a particular day when the census was

taken. Altogether, there are more than one-quarter of a million children who are dependent upon private or public benevolence at any one time, and about 500,000 dependent children are cared for during the course of the year. Of course, in a sense all children are dependent, the majority of them on their own parents, but some, unfortunately, on strangers and society. If it could be made perfectly plain that so-called "dependent children" are not at all different from other children in their personal needs, it would help clarify the situation.

In former days it was the practice to assign all dependent children to orphan asylums regardless of their requirements. To-day there is a very definite movement on foot to abolish all orphan asylums and to place dependent children in foster homes or to have the State or a private agency furnish "widow's pensions" so that the child may be kept in the home. However, the indiscriminate placing of children in foster homes is just as vicious as the indiscriminate herding of boys and girls in child-caring institutions. There are some foster parents whose sole purpose in opening their homes to unfortunate children is to procure the services of a household drudge at the lowest possible expense, just as there are some institutions in which all the tedious toil from floor-scrubbing to laundering is still being done by hands that should be busy with baseballs and dolls. The human element in caring for children is far more important than any other consideration, and service by trained, devoted persons is more essential than external conditions in the family home or in the institution. Big buildings and elaborate organizations and spotless equipment cannot of themselves satisfy the heart needs of the growing child. Unfortunately, many institutions and agencies for children, while having on their Board of Directors high-grade men and women, are actually operated, in part at least, by low-grade employees who have no special fitness or training in the care of children.

It is beginning to dawn upon many of us that however bad a child may be, it is not fair to put him into an institution until pains have been taken to know him and find out what a carefully selected home can do for him. A correctional in-

stitution should be thought of as the last resort in trying to make a good citizen out of an under-privileged, dependent or delinquent child. It has been found that the great majority of criminals in our penitentiaries have been inmates of juvenile correctional institutions or reformatories, many of whom could have been saved in their own or other homes and given better care than they received during the years which they passed in these institutions. That great numbers of the inmates of our penitentiaries have previously been in such juvenile institutions is a challenge to our current method of dealing with juvenile offenders. It is quite apparent that if we fail to give dependent children our best in their childhood, they will give us their worst in their manhood.

There is perhaps no greater heart appeal than that of the sick little child. What is merely discomfort to grown people often means death to him. The mustiness of dark, inside bedrooms and the fetid odor of the streets where the tenement poor are compelled to spend the nights are responsible for sad, hollow-eyed children who cannot understand why they are caused so much unhappiness. Heartbroken mothers then know a woman's greatest anguish—to look on helplessly while their little children wilt and die. They haven't much of a chance when they live so closely packed together—often three and four children sleeping in a squalid bed in the tenement which they call their home.

This is particularly true during the summer season in our great cities. Familiar as I have been with the life of the poor in the tenements in New York, I have never been able to accustom myself to the pitiful sights in New York tenement districts in August. This is the harvest season for death's reaper. He stalks through streets and alley-ways and climbs the long stairs to reach his victims in the dark rooms into which the light of life has never found its way. Stagnant air, choking humidity and overpowering smells, sickness, poverty and hopelessness—and many other things that one cannot even mention—are the causes of great discomfort and unhappiness. Hordes of wilted people swarm the streets and jostle each other on the packed sidewalks. Mothers patiently fan fretful, ailing babies

through the long hot evenings. Restless, wan little children droop on doorsteps and in dark hallways because it is too hot to play. Pavements glare in the brazen heat and a sticky fog hangs over the city while the sun-baked tenements stifle helpless little children.

On any hot summer night it would appear that the entire population had been driven from its stifling rooms. Fortunately, as many as can do so seek relief on the high roofs of their tenement homes, although often at the peril of falling into the street below. Mothers with little babies on their laps are lined up on the sidewalks seated on boxes, benches and chairs—rows upon rows of them, as many rows as the sidewalks will hold. Garbage cans are filled to the top with reeking vegetables and other refuse from tenement kitchens, while little children are compelled to play in the stench and filth. Peddlers may be seen selling new mattresses which are piled high on their wagons and their customers buy them because their old ones are filled with vermin which the summer always breeds, in spite of all that the most industrious tenement housewife may do. Meanwhile bonfires are devouring the discarded mattresses.

After heavy rains, gutters are filled with water from overflowing sewers, furnishing bathing facilities for small boys. Among the many tragic things in these tenements is that of young girls who are making a brave fight for life and everything else that is sacred—like beautiful flowers growing out of the stench and the mire.

Countless children in New York's tenements know nothing of growing things beyond the stunted, trodden grass of ugly city squares, or struggling plants on sunless window sills. Yet a knowledge of the country should be a part of the memory-heritage of every child—they should see the summer clothe itself in green; they should see planting and harvesting; they should learn the secrets of the woods. A tenement child who lacks these things is robbed of much that enriches life.

The "fresh air" work done by welfare organizations in New York City has signed the life warrants of thousands of little children every summer. Among the more prominent organ-

izations carrying on such work is the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, whose publicity I handled, as already noted.

About 7,000 children were sent to the country by the A. I. C. P. each summer, the cost being approximately one dollar per day for a child or its mother. Five fresh air homes were conducted by the Association where good food, tonic air, spotless beds, fragrant flowers, the smell of the woods and the tang of the sea, worked wonders during the two weeks spent in these homes by the average child. Of the million dollars annually spent for its relief work of every kind, about one-tenth was used by the Association for its fresh air work.

The daughters of the poor in our large cities are peculiarly tempted, although be it said to their credit that they are as a class as strong and womanly as those who move in the so-called higher life of society, even though their manners and their language may sometimes seem rather rough and crude. I think of Maggie, a rather pretty child, of seventeen, who, like most East Side girls, was fond of society and dress. I never saw her at home when her hair was not done up in curl papers. One day I heard that Maggie had been married. She had known her husband two weeks and their honeymoon lasted just two days because a detective came to the house, saying that her husband was wanted for forging a check. I have always believed that he was a sham detective and that her husband was a scoundrel. When I called the next day to find out if anything had been heard regarding her husband, the young bride said to me: "When I look back at my young days (she was seventeen) and think of the fun I used to have, I am sorry I ever got married, but my mother said that I had better marry him because he looked like a gentleman and that I might get some one who would beat me just like my father used to beat her.

"Oh, but I got a lot of presents," she went on. "Here is a lemonade set and a coffee pot, and I got these tin dishes from my grandmother. My husband bought these six chairs and looking glass on the installment plan, but I suppose they will be taken away now because I cannot pay for them. But I don't

like these chairs—they are too dark anyway; don't you think so?"

And yet there wasn't anything particularly wrong with Maggie; she simply did not have a fair chance. There was no normal outlet for her natural desire to see more of life than was possible in the wretched tenement in which she lived.

A recent study made in eight cities of 23,000 children under one year of age, by the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, for the purpose of discovering the cause of infant mortality, showed that there was a marked influence on death rates by the amount of wages earned by the breadwinner of the family. The report states that "for infants whose fathers earned less than \$450 the death rate was 166.9, as compared with only 59.1 for those whose fathers earned \$1250, or over. The group of babies whose fathers were classified as having no earnings had the highest rate of all, 210.0."

Following are the death rates per thousand of children under one year of age in the eight cities studied, according to the wages earned by their fathers:

<i>Earnings of Father</i>	<i>Death Rate</i>
Under \$450	166.9
\$450 to \$549	125.6
\$550 to \$649	116.6
\$650 to \$849	107.5
\$850 to \$1,249	82.8
\$1,250 and over	59.1
No earnings	210.9

From these figures it will be observed that a child whose father earned \$1250 and over has three times the chance to live as compared with a child whose father earned less than \$450. It shows that there is a distinct relation between wages and child life, that poverty is an important factor in determining death rates.

Another important point brought out in this study by the Children's Bureau was that the mortality rate for infants whose

mothers had worked away from home during pregnancy was 176.1 per thousand as compared with 114.6 for those whose mothers had worked at home, and with 98 for those whose mothers had not been gainfully employed. This excess mortality was especially great among the babies whose mothers had no intervals, or only short intervals, of rest from work before confinement. The infant death rate in families which lived in homes with two or more persons per room was two and one-half times that in families which lived in homes with less than one person per room, showing the effects of overcrowding.

To meet the problems enumerated and many others which might be elaborated, I conducted publicity and promotional campaigns for various children's organizations in the United States, setting up programs which they were to carry out, and helping them to present the major facts to the public and to raise money for carrying on their work.

The Knighthood of Youth was organized by the National Child Welfare Association and was promoted to meet the growing juvenile delinquency in the United States. It was felt by the promoters of the Knighthood of Youth that children could not be taught in the abstract or by mere preaching or nagging—which was the method adopted in the average home. Children learn by doing—they like to play at something. They find inspiration in working for a record and receiving recognition and marks of honor for work well done.

The Knighthood of Youth, of which Dr. John H. Finley, associate editor of the *New York Times*, was the president, was organized upon the basis of a modern crusade for boys and girls with character as its quest, and to dramatize what are ordinarily irksome tasks by putting romance into otherwise distasteful performance of duty. Deeds of knightly valor were no longer to be confined for America's young to the legends which had come down through generations of grown folk—they were to be given the chance to perform their own deeds of chivalry and conquest, but instead of spending time trying to rescue helpless maidens from impossible situations as did the knights of old "when barons held their sway," the youthful

knight was first to conquer himself and then to proceed to perform deeds which would have as their basis honesty, friendliness, kindness to animals, courage, justice, purity, helpfulness, thrift, loyalty, and the practice of the Golden Rule. Daily records were to be kept of specific deeds done and "score cards" were furnished upon which these records were kept.

Another organization in the interest of children whose work I promoted was the Child Welfare League of America, which is a voluntary association of over 125 public welfare departments and private agencies and institutions caring for and placing children, which were organized to help meet the needs of the one-half million dependent children in this country who annually must be cared for in public institutions and private homes.

I worked out for the League the following creed, which defines its aims and methods:

- "1. We believe in saving the home in order to save the child.
2. We believe in care and training for every child according to his need—in his own home, in a foster home, or in an institution.
3. We believe in the beneficent influence of the family home for delinquent children, under intelligent and sympathetic care and supervision.
4. We believe that service by trained, devoted persons is more essential than external conditions in the family home or in an institution.
5. We believe that all projects in behalf of children should be based on knowledge and experience, and on recognized standards of child welfare work.
6. We believe in an infant and maternal welfare program which safeguards mother and child in the prenatal and post-natal period.
7. We believe in systematic health work with the individual through childhood and adult life.
8. We believe in the study of the mental life of the child in order to understand behavior and develop character.

9. We believe in a school system that recognizes its social responsibilities for the better adjustment of the child in home and in school.
10. We believe in a system of group activities for supervised play and for character-training.
11. We believe in raising the standards of parental responsibility—through the education of parents in the care of their children, and, in cases of improper guardianship, or flagrant neglect in the home, through legal action.
12. We believe in State programs of child welfare, in which the services of public and private organizations shall be harmonized and coördinated to deal with prenatal and post-natal care, pre-school and school care, recreational, educational, and vocational guidance, the building up of character and health, special care for dependent, delinquent, and defective children, and to provide supervision of the work of private child-caring organizations."

One of the worst influences in some institutions is the name which some sincere souls have fastened upon them. Here are a few examples: "Home for Erring Females," "Society for Penitent Females," "Home for Destitute and Orphan Children," "Institution of Mercy," "Foundling Asylum." Such titles may be descriptive, but they are not very conducive to the self-respect of people so classified, either during childhood or at maturity, particularly the latter. They may be useful for publicity purposes, but they are degrading to their "inmates." It is just as easy to select names which develop friendliness, and which are remembered with esteem and affection.

The National Child Labor Committee, for which I conducted an emergency campaign, had for many years been making a most heroic fight for children who work. The public for the most part knows the work of the Committee only in connection with its attempts to secure Constitutional Amendments and other spectacular proceedings, but the chief task of the Committee has been to remove the original causes of the hurts to children in industry. Studies of the child problem

are made by a technically trained group of men and women, each expert in his own field. These workers not only study conditions, but investigate the methods and laws which are being depended upon to remove bad conditions.

The doctor on the staff covers the state health machinery; the educational expert studies school laws and administration; the recreational expert looks into the organized opportunities for the play-life of children; the agricultural expert becomes familiar with the chances offered the child on the farm to develop mentally, socially and economically, especially as compared with the opportunity furnished the city child; the child labor expert investigates conditions among children engaged in industrial occupations of every kind and the chances they have to develop normally; the juvenile court expert reports on such matters as standards, jurisdiction, procedure, and coöperating agencies in the treatment of delinquent children; the staff lawyer draws up a summary of laws and their enforcement, and makes recommendations for new laws when necessary.

When this group of experts comes into a community at the invitation of local organizations, and works with them until the task has been completed, there is presented to the people a well-rounded plan for the complete elevation of children who work. One of the most useful functions of the Committee has been the securing through its experts of State Code Commissions and advising them in the preparation of a Children's Code—the Children's Bill of Rights.

Every year in the United States over a million children between 14 and 16 leave school to go to work. Hundreds of thousands are recruited to protect America's "infant" industries—even though it has been clearly demonstrated that American workshops can succeed without child labor, and in spite of the fact that we have quite generally accepted the dictum that any industry which cannot afford to pay a living wage to adults has no right to live.

There are few agencies that work among children which get closer to them than the social settlement because not only are their buildings in operation every day in the week and every

evening, but the contacts are more direct and more personal than they are in almost any other relationship.

In early days church people had a strong prejudice against social settlements, because, it was declared, they did not teach religion. This criticism was unjust. There are different ways of teaching religion to children and some of these methods are better than those employed in the average Sunday School. The high grade workers in the average social settlement are capable of giving children a finer outlook upon life and a better training in morals and ethics—even though this is done indirectly—than many another society which claims to be purely religious in its character. Furthermore, it should be remembered that a social settlement is not organized primarily for the purpose of teaching religion any more than the public school is organized to teach religion. In all fairness the critics of the social settlement should have differentiated between the functions of institutions which were organized for the purpose of teaching English and mathematics, those organized for the purpose of teaching social ethics and community responsibility, and those which were organized to teach religion, pure and simple, as most of us understand it.

The social settlement, while it was organized primarily to emphasize the social aspects of the child's life, nevertheless had a broader concept of its responsibilities than almost any other similar enterprise.

From its very beginning I have been familiar with the work being done at Christodora House—which faces Tompkins Square in New York City—serving for part of this time as its publicity counselor. It was organized in the basement of a tenement house on Avenue B, near Eleventh Street, by Miss C. I. MacColl, who for nearly thirty years has been its head worker. Christodora House, while having all the elements found in the average social settlement, has an atmosphere which is peculiarly its own. There is a personality—an individuality perhaps—which dominates every part of its work. It offers hospitality to every worthy organization in so far as its facilities will permit. Its Music School is of special value because the study of music is combined with extensive social work. For

instance, good manners, dancing, and English are included in the curriculum, although apparently they haven't anything to do with music, but they help give a cultural background which it is necessary for an artist to have.

The "Poet's Guild" of Christodora House is composed of representative American poets, banded together for the encouragement of young people of the East Side tenements who possess the poetic instinct. Among those who are members of the Guild are Edwin Markham, Margaret Widdemer, Robert Haven Schaufler, Anna Hempstead Branch, Percy MacKaye, Angela Morgan, Amelia Josephine Burr, Charles Hanson Towne, Herman Hagedorn, and about a score of others of equal reputation.

The dream of the Guild is to found a "Poet's House" where East Side boys and girls can find a spiritual home. It is hoped to have a little theater with club rooms and pictures and books and music, and a dramatic school with a chance to paint and model, to dance, to play, and to sing.

It was a real pleasure to help promote for a year the work at The Music School Settlement, which is situated in the heart of the most densely populated and most needy part of New York City. Nobody knows the struggle for self-expression going on in this district. In the midst of extreme poverty and sickness, of loneliness and discomfort, of cold and hunger, and of every other kind of suffering there is nevertheless a deep yearning for music.

The children living under these conditions need an emotional outlet from the hard facts of life which they meet daily—in the shop where only their hands are employed in running the machines, and in the home where the monotony and dullness of their tasks demand such an expression.

At The Music School Settlement a thousand children are annually given such a chance. There are individual lessons on the piano, violin, and 'cello, and in voice culture, theory, ensemble and sight-reading. Half of these students are in the harmony classes. Nearly 100 teachers are on the staff in various departments. Three orchestras are conducted: the Seniors, the Juniors, and the Elementary, each of which averages about

fifty pieces, which give free monthly concerts. Students range from 4 years to 34 years in age. The work of The Music School Settlement is particularly effective in the heart of this, the most foreign section of New York City, because music is the universal language which speaks to all hearts.

SOME EXPERIENCES IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

MY first experience in Europe was in 1910. It was about this time that several of the leading New York Churches seemed enamored of English preachers. They had called several English ministers, and the impression seemed to have gone out among the ministers, particularly in England, that there were great opportunities for them in the United States because of the alleged incompetency of American preachers.

One day I met with the Presbytery of London, and after addressing them on some phase of the industrial situation in the United States, I was surrounded after the meeting by a group of a dozen or more who questioned me very closely about the opportunities which they might have in America.

Looking at them half quizzically but with a serious face, I said:

"To tell the truth, the reason that these American churches are calling so many English preachers is because they like your brogue and your long hair, but after you have been over in our country for some time and your speech becomes Americanized and your hair falls out, you'll have to make good like the rest of us."

They looked at each other quickly in surprise. I did not stop to explain. When I walked out of the church, my friend who had introduced me to the meeting—himself a prominent minister who was later called to one of our larger American churches—simply howled with laughter, and every once in a while during the day as we traveled about, he would slap his knee and would refer to the joke on the London preachers.

On this first trip to Europe, I addressed some of the leaders in the universities and seminaries, and also some large meetings of brotherhoods in various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, which were composed mainly of workingmen. In

Belfast I told the audience that at the close of my address I would be very glad to answer questions. The first question put to me was submitted by a rather aggressive-looking Socialist.

"Do you think it is right for a church to own a distillery?" he asked me.

Turning to the questioner, I said, "I suppose that you really mean whether it is right for the Church to accept a contribution from a distillery," because I felt sure that he had not stated his question correctly.

"No," he came back, half fiercely, "I mean just what I say. Do you think it is right for the Church to own a distillery?"

"Not on your life," I fired back at him.

Whereupon the presiding officer arose and said that the Irish Presbyterian Church had been left two distilleries by the will of their former owners, and that they had not yet been able to dispose of them. I was amazed later to discover that fifteen hundred clergymen, all of them in the Church of England, I understood, owned stock in English breweries and distilleries.

The whole question of prohibition is quite different in England from that in the United States, and it will undoubtedly take a very much longer time to have prohibition placed upon the Statute books in England than it did in America. I found, for example, that whereas in the United States the people in the rural districts were strong for prohibition, the same class in England drinks as much, if not more, than they do in the towns. Furthermore, the race question in the southern part of the United States, which was largely responsible for the Southern States voting for prohibition, does not exist in England. Indeed, the Negro in England is almost upon an equality with the white race. At any rate, he is scarcely ever discriminated against. The attitude of the employers of labor in England is also different from that of employers in America. There is no particular desire on the part of English employers to have their workers cease drinking, as they themselves ordinarily use intoxicating liquor. In the United States prohibition has largely been made a moral issue. It is not so regarded in England.

However, there is a marked difference in the attitude of many English labor leaders toward the liquor problem. One day I met in the House of Commons about thirty of the members of Parliament, all of whom represented the Labor Party. Arthur Henderson presided. This meeting was in the nature of a reception given to me, at which I was expected to discuss American social and economic conditions. Most of the afternoon was spent at this "tea" and as there were among the group some of the most notable of the labor men who later took their places in the Labor Ministry, there was a most profitable discussion. I observed that while it was possible for members of Parliament to secure almost any kind of a drink which they desired, these thirty labor leaders all drank tea.

I went to London in 1924 primarily for the purpose of addressing the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. About 2,000 delegates went from the United States to attend this advertising meeting. However, I remained about three months to study social conditions in Europe.

Extensive preparations had been made for my giving a number of addresses in London and on the Continent. In practically every case I was introduced as the founder and superintendent of the Labor Temple in New York City, although my work at the Labor Temple had really been quite incidental compared with a number of other activities. It indicated that the work at the Labor Temple was in the minds of Europeans the most striking thing with which I had had to do.

I addressed all kinds of audiences, from great crowds at Wembley—the big fair that was on while I was in London—to crowds of working people in the east end of London. In one of the smaller assembly rooms in the House of Commons a reception was given me by some of the leaders in social work in Great Britain. The Deputy Speaker of the house presided. The occasion was the meeting of the International Conference on Labor and Religion, whose convener was F. Herbert Stead, and the Chairmanship of whose Committee in America had been offered me. The interest in the subject of labor and

religion has grown in Great Britain in a most remarkable way, particularly among the prominent labor leaders.

My own presentation of conditions in the United States was given careful attention, although it was very striking that in the discussion which followed exactly the same problems were brought to the attention of the conference that one heard on similar occasions in the United States. This to me was an evidence, not only of the international character of the problem of the Church and Labor, but that there seems to be a like-mindedness on the part of Labor as a whole toward the Church and religion. There were perhaps few questions upon which the Churches of the world could more profitably unite, with the assurance, not only of unanimity of expression, but for the purpose of carrying out a definite program, than that of dealing with their relationship to the workingman.

On a Sunday afternoon in East Ham—which is in the extreme east end of London—I talked at a most remarkable meeting of over a thousand workingmen, the institution under whose auspices the meeting was held being the outgrowth of an evangelistic campaign conducted by Dwight L. Moody many years ago. The form which this organization took after Mr. Moody's visit was another evidence of the extreme practicality of Mr. Moody's ideas regarding what should be done to meet the social needs of working people in the districts in which they lived.

I had letters of introduction to about fifty of the leaders in public life in several European countries, but I presented very few of them during the months that I was studying social and economic conditions in these countries, mainly because I found my greatest interest in talking with the people themselves, visiting their homes, and entering into their social activities. Besides this, I interviewed literally hundreds of men and women who were actually in daily contact with the people and their problems, and I felt that they could best tell me what their conditions were, how they felt, and what they thought. I soon discovered that the knowledge of Americans concerning these conditions was so meager or inaccurate that it was easily understood why there was so much prejudice against European peo-

ple. It is almost tragic that we should know so little about the nations overseas.

This lack of knowledge applies not only to the people themselves, but to great national problems. It was peculiarly so with regard to the League of Nations—its formation, its support, its purpose and its activities. On the steamer going to Europe was one of New York's greatest "civic reformers"—a business man of outstanding ability, integrity and unquestioned accomplishment and culture. Talking to a representative of the League of Nations who was aboard, he remarked:

"I suppose that since the League has assumed such large proportions, you have a Secretary who gives his time permanently to its work between the annual meetings of the General Assembly."

He was amazed when informed that eight hundred people were steadily at work for the League in Geneva, and that three hundred of these were in the Labor Department alone.

I was frankly captivated by the spirit and culture of the English. One could see that there were hundreds of years of development back of them. I refer, of course, to the upper classes. But even among many of their workingmen there was a depth and stability which was very obvious. Their seriousness of purpose and homely culture was seen in their work, their homes, and in their evident yearning for literary and religious knowledge.

I attended a meeting of Aldwich Lodge of the Masonic Order in London. The members were all dressed in evening clothes, with white kid gloves, together with their regular regalia. There was a dignity and order throughout the entire convocation which was extremely impressive. I attended religious services frequently, going to various churches, but always was there that same composure which denoted strength and confidence. The same thing was true of labor unions and literary groups. And unquestionably one saw it in the respect shown for law—particularly as it applied to obedience to the policemen's gestures as he guided traffic on London's crowded thoroughfares.

The weeks spent in Switzerland were also a revelation of

the wonderful character of the people. The histories and traditions of the centuries have left their mark upon them. It is not necessary to go into the story of Geneva, for example, which owes so much to the statesmanship of John Calvin, who helped to make it the city of refuge for those who had advanced ideas regarding the progress of the human race. Calvin himself undoubtedly was guilty on some occasions of narrowness. At least so history tells us. In the main Geneva will always stand as a monument to this remarkable statesman, who tried to make religion the dominant factor in the government of the city, but it is a city whose sympathies have been so enlarged that it seems the natural thing for the League of Nations to find shelter within its bounds.

The Wall of the Reformation in Geneva, with its remarkable proclamations of historical events in the history of the nations, in their fight for religious and political freedom, is one of the most stirring things that I have ever seen. If the spirit of these proclamations could but control the League of Nations, righteousness and justice and peace would fill the whole world.

As one visits the principal cities of Switzerland, the difference in the great cathedrals in Protestant and Catholic cities becomes pronounced. Those, for example, in Lausanne and Zurich, from which all the old Catholic material has been removed and in which the very simplest decorations are now employed, bring out the austerity of the Protestant religion; whereas, in the Catholic cathedrals, as in Fribourg, one finds the color and warmth which is particularly appealing to vast numbers of the people who are attracted by the ritualistic form of service.

The playing of the great organ in the Cathedral at Fribourg, said to be the finest in the world, is most thrilling. The story is told that the eyes of the builder were removed because of the fear that he would construct another organ for some other city which might surpass the Fribourg instrument. Perhaps this story is of a piece with stories of a similar character referring to other constructions—buildings, monuments, or memorials, which one so commonly hears in various parts of

Europe. If these stories are true, the idealists who centuries ago saw the "vision splendid" must have been very jealous of others who might be given the same vision.

I spent two weeks in Geneva, studying the League of Nations, but mainly the Labor Department of the League. From nine in the morning until the closing hour, I was interviewing heads of departments and executives regarding the work which they were carrying on in behalf of the entire civilized world. Many difficulties presented themselves—differences in countries, in laws, in customs, in economic status, indeed, in standards of every kind—but in spite of this the impression which I obtained from these interviews and the analysis of the reports which I read and which I have since carefully studied leads me to the conclusion that here is an enterprise, whatever may be its political implications, which is worthy of the support of every right-thinking people the world over. It has rightly been called a real "Parliament of Man."

While in London, I visited Westminster Abbey many times and was much impressed as I saw the statues and memorials to kings and statesmen and poets and soldiers and other great people who were honored here, and frequently I was caught up with surprise as I saw way off in an obscure corner of the Abbey the name of some great hero whom I had always admired. But the thing that impressed me most of all was that in the midst of all this greatness—crowded with histories which had made England famous, and about whose names its wonderful traditions had been written—a great space was devoted to the Unknown Soldier. To me it was significant that whereas in the past the history of the nations has been written about the lives of kings and commanders, the common people being used merely as a background for their own exploitations, here was a recognition of the masses, and a prophecy of the better days to come.

It was with a good deal of a thrill that I stood on the long city pier on the river front of Hull, in the fall of 1924, and gazed across the Humber, and recalled that just on the other side a contingent of the Pilgrims had arranged with a Dutch

captain to take them across to Holland, in their first flight towards freedom.

The immediate occasion of my being in Hull at that time was to attend the convention of the British Trades Union Congress. It was significant that it was just one hundred years since labor in England was permitted to organize, and it was the first anniversary of the coming into power of the Labor Party. Much was made of these facts during the sessions of the convention, which continued for a week.

In addressing a mass meeting of workingmen in Hull on Sunday night, I said incidentally in the course of my address, that after witnessing the scenes in Hull's public houses on the night before and seeing large numbers of workingmen and women reeling about in the streets all during the evening, I was not particularly disturbed about whatever competition working people of this type might offer the American workingman in the industrial field, because on the whole, the American workingman was quite able to hold his own under present conditions.

The introduction of the fraternal delegates at the Labor Congress was a noteworthy event. When the five delegates from the All-Russian Council of Trade Unionists appeared upon the platform, the delegates arose to their feet and cheered terrifically. The delegate from the Canadian Trades and Labor Congress was also enthusiastically received, but to my amazement, when the two delegates from the American Federation of Labor were presented there was scarcely a handclap.

Later it was demonstrated to me that at least part of the opposition to the American delegates was due to the fact that the British Trades Union Congress is so thoroughly wedded to its political program that it is utterly out of patience with the American Federation of Labor on account of its lack of interest in the formation of a political party.

I was impressed with one outstanding fact in all the discussion during the week. The Russians, in spite of the glowing picture of their idealistic dreams, told a story of hunger and suffering of every kind—and Russia, as it was stated, has a "dictatorship of the proletariat." The British had a Labor

Government in power, but there were pitiful stories told of unemployment and underfeeding throughout the country. But when the American delegate presented his report after having been at least tacitly charged with representing a government that was plainly capitalistic in its character, he told of the great progress made by American workingmen, the abundance of employment, the large sums of money being deposited in Labor banks, and in general the healthy conditions under which the workers of his country were living—although he frankly admitted the conditions were by no means ideal. These strong contrasts stood out very clearly after each country had told its story.

I was in Berlin during the summer of 1924, and even at that time the Salvation Army was conducting its feeding stations in the public parks and at other points. I saw one day a line of old women waiting with kettles and every imaginable sort of receptacle to receive the food which would be given to them by the attendants. Noticing the unusually refined features of the women as compared with those that one ordinarily finds on the "bread line" that I have seen in our American cities, I remarked to the social worker who was my guide in the study that I was making in the homes of Berlin's poor:

"These women do not look like beggars or tenement house people." To which my guide replied:

"No; many of these women formerly belonged to the aristocracy of Berlin. They have been deprived of practically everything which they owned before the war and are living in little rooms in near-by tenement houses doing the best they can, but dependent mostly upon charity for their maintenance."

I noticed women of a similar character on the streets of Berlin, sometimes long after midnight, selling boxes of matches. The appearance of the men upon the streets, even among some of the business men, indicated their straitened circumstances. Their clothing was either very cheap or very shabby. Many travelers passing through the city, even those walking along Berlin's famous thoroughfare, *Unter den Linden*, carried their shoes in their hands or slung over their shoulders so as not to wear them out.

On account of the food blockade during the four years of the war, it was said that 763,000 civilians died, consisting mainly of women and children. I saw some photographs taken of groups of children by the relief agencies in Berlin which showed that not only were their bodies greatly emaciated, but they were stunted in growth and showed other signs of under-nourishment and malnutrition.

But one needed simply to cross the city to the West End to find the cafés and theaters crowded to the doors. The sign, *Verschlossen*, was frequently found on the outside of these cafés—closed on account of the crowds. Entering one of these cafés one evening, I ordered my dinner, and when I had completed my instructions to the waiter, he asked me what kind of wine I wanted to drink. I replied that I did not drink wine, and bowing very gravely, he remarked that all those who sat in that particular section of the café were expected to buy a bottle of wine, but that I might go to another part of the café and order my dinner without this "extra." Making my way to the place designated by the waiter, I again repeated my order for dinner, but was then informed that I was expected to order a glass of wine. Evidently my situation had become obvious to groups of diners seated near by, and they laughed rather sneeringly as I left the table and walked toward the checking room to get my hat—for the care of which I had paid half a mark when I entered.

There is no doubt, however, that large numbers of those who patronized the West End cafés were visitors to the city, and, of course, there were many Germans who came to Berlin who had plenty of money to spend. They, however, did not represent the great mass of people in Germany, nor could it be said in fairness that they in their extravagance represented the people in Berlin.

One could scarcely recognize in the young people and the middle class in Berlin the typical German that one sees in America. The girls in Berlin walk the streets with the same swagger air that one sees in New York. Indeed, they are dressed much like the most stylish New York girls, and if they were in New York, they would easily pass for typical

Americans. Those in the restaurants and cafés have the same smart air that one sees in similar American institutions.

Unfortunately, impressions regarding Germans are obtained by Americans principally from cartoonists. Nowhere does one see a greater refinement and culture than among typical Berlin people. The discipline among the children and the educational facilities offered them create a sturdy spirit which manifests itself in every walk of life. This was noted particularly among the boys and girls as they walked along the street, bareheaded, with a strong, steady stride, with head uplifted and with high spirit.

One of the most dramatic incidents which I ever experienced happened on the Sunday afternoon that all of Germany celebrated the tenth anniversary of the beginning of the World War.

In Berlin the memorial service—for the celebration took the form of remembrance of the soldier dead—was held on the steps of the Reichstag Building, which was appropriately decorated, not only with flags and banners and evergreens, but with soldiers in their wartime uniforms and the officials of the new Republic. There must have been fully a quarter of a million people in the immense audience, which was packed solidly as far as the eye could see.

There were times when it seemed that scores must be crushed to death as the crowd swayed back and forth. I sat astride of the crouching lion on Bismarck's statue which faces the Reichstag Building. From this point of vantage, raised as I was about fifteen feet above the crowds, I could see and hear all that went on. About a score of others were huddled together on top of the statue, in imminent peril of being pushed off on to the heads of the crowd below. There I sat with my camera, taking dozens of pictures.

It had been arranged that exactly at noon the entire nation was to pause for two minutes with heads uncovered, out of respect to the soldiers who had died in the war. At the first sound of the cannon, which was to be the signal for the two minutes of silence, a large group of men back of the monument, who proved to be Communists, began to sing their in-

ternational hymn, and fiercely pulled their hats down over their heads in defiance of the request that their heads remain uncovered. They threw their "Red" literature into the air and gave cheer after cheer for the Communist party. This naturally destroyed entirely the climax of the meeting, which ended in great confusion. A group of mounted police tried to rush the Communists back of the statue but failed to disperse them. It seemed to me that the people themselves showed mighty little spirit in not protesting against this direct insult offered their soldier dead. I wondered what would have happened in almost any city in America if a similar demonstration had been attempted at a memorial service.

On the following Sunday, I attended at the "Grosser Schauspielhaus," the fifth anniversary celebration of the signing of the German constitution at Weimar. This was one of the most enthusiastic meetings which I attended in Europe. The hall, which accommodated, say, about four thousand people, was packed, each person having paid an admission of approximately thirty cents. The audience appeared to be a horizontal slice of the population in Berlin: all classes were represented. Again there was an opportunity to express the war-like spirit which I had heard existed in Germany, but the sentiment which received the greatest applause was that expressed by the speaker representing the Democratic party, who declared, "We are through with war; we are finished with militarism." This seemed to be the prevailing sentiment wherever the people were gathered together. It was rather striking, however, that one of the speakers, in protesting against the phlegmatic attitude of the Germans toward the new Republic, declared most earnestly, "We are a republic without Republicans, a democracy without Democrats." It was also significant that in spite of the exhortation of the Democratic daily newspapers in Berlin to the people to display the "black-red-gold flag" of the new Republic, scarcely a flag of this character was shown in the city, except on the public buildings and the newspaper offices themselves.

I attended another meeting in what was formerly the home of one of the nobility in Germany of a society representing the owners of large estates. At this meeting, which consisted

largely of the aristocracy of Berlin, a strong monarchistic spirit was displayed. It was manifested, not only in the addresses given, but in conversations which I had with many of those present. Probably one reason why the Roman Catholic Church is making such progress in Germany to-day is that many of the people, having been deprived of the comfort of political authority to which they had been accustomed, are now seeking the note of spiritual authority found in the Church.

On several occasions while in the city I ate my lunch in the Schloss, which was formerly the Kaiser's home in Berlin—but I ate it in the kitchen. However, the Kaiser's kitchen was rather a pretentious series of rooms which were altogether comfortable. The lunching arrangements were conducted by an Austrian-Polish noblewoman who desired to do something for the German students of Berlin and she secured the use of the Kaiser's kitchen from the local authorities.

Discussing the question of the inflation of the German mark with a prominent official, he frankly admitted that however unethical it may have appeared, it was imperative that Germany continue this process so that its own internal debts might be paid even if they did destroy the fortunes of vast multitudes of its own people, and to save the country from the revolutionists, who would have seized it upon its financial collapse. When deflation came, the Ruhr situation alone saved Germany from disintegration, for it held the country together.

Probably few people realize what the inflation of the mark meant to the people within Germany itself. With the fall of the mark from a value of eight marks for the dollar in February, 1919, to 18,000,000,000 marks for the dollar in 1922 those who had lived in great comfort were suddenly reduced to the most abject poverty. They could not maintain the houses in which they were living, for it was impossible to pay the taxes and the upkeep, and I was told that many gave away their homes because of the necessity of living in the most reduced circumstances.

The rapid fall in the value of the mark during the last six months of the inflation period resulted in a riot of spending because it was realized that any money possessed on a certain

day would have only one-half or less of its value on the day following, so that when workingmen, for example, received their day's pay, they spent every mark before going home. It did not matter much what they purchased; it was anything to get rid of the money which they knew would be greatly cheapened over night. The whole experience had a most demoralizing effect upon the entire nation.

One of the striking things encountered in Germany was the "Youth Movement." Night after night I saw groups of young people parading through *Unter den Linden* with military precision in their movements—boys and girls together, carrying guitars and zithers and other musical instruments, and often singing as they marched. The movement had its origin, I was told, in the desire on the part of the youth in Germany to be free from all adult control—in politics, in religion and in social and economic life. They stood for the simple life. They did not drink or smoke. They were said to hold to the highest ideals in their conduct. They roamed about the country and conducted meetings in churches or upon the streets, their leaders speaking in favor of simple living. Originally they resorted to the woods, were plainly dressed and lived on vegetables. They danced the old folk dances and sang the old folk songs. But as the movement grew it seemed to flatten out. While its adherents studied philosophy and religion the movement somehow lost its romance and appeal. They no longer had the "searching spirit" as one social worker put it to me. Many of the young people I found to be eager to express their ethical ideals, and they turned to Socialism because they felt that there was no response in the Church.

Much the same kind of thing was found among the working people of Germany. In the main they have long been opposed to the Church, but it was said by those who were closest to them that real religion and the ethics of Jesus have always appealed to them. This has been the supreme motive of the best of the Socialists and Communists, I was told, even though they were alienated from the Church itself. The reason why Marxian Socialism has been so bitterly hated is, it was said, because it destroyed patriotism among fully one-third of the popula-

tion, so that patriotism as it exists in America, in France or in Poland does not exist in Germany. Socialism, its leaders have openly declared in the German Reichstag, is an international patriotism, which, while idealistic, seems far in the distance. It may be well to remark at this point that one reason why the Jews are so bitterly hated in Germany is because of this same reason—that is, the strong international spirit which exists among them is stronger than the German spirit.

One of the most prominent leaders in the industrial life of Germany said to me that as the Germans had for two thousand years been accustomed to being ruled by a “Kaiser,” it was simply impossible for them to adjust themselves to the ways of a democracy. When I asked him if he really believed that they had learned nothing in two thousand years in the way of self-government, and that they were not capable of keeping abreast of all modern tendencies in this direction, he simply shook his head half-pityingly as though I did not understand, remarking, however, that the German people are quite different from every other race in the world—temperamentally, historically, politically and scientifically. He said that there never was a time when the majority of the German people favored a republic, and that between sixty and seventy per cent of the people were at heart in favor of a monarchical form of government.

I went to Mexico while that country was in the midst of one of its periodical revolutions—during the interval when Pancho Villa and Carranza were the centers of attraction. I found that fundamentally the revolutions in Mexico were due to economic causes more than to political controversies, and that one of the chief causes for Mexican revolutions was the fact that the people were landless. Every revolutionary leader during the past one hundred years has promised to give back the land to the people, but not one of them has made good on his promises. Diaz even cheated them out of what little pieces of land they had left.

One reason why it was so difficult to conquer the armies of Carranza and Villa was that most of them had no permanent abiding place. They owned neither houses nor lands and they

could live just as comfortably in the fastnesses of the mountains, depending upon forays for food and supplies, as in the average Mexican "town."

Juarez was just across the river from El Paso, but so far as its general appearance and the character of the population was concerned, it might just as well have been in the heart of Mexico. The one-story adobe houses in which the people lived, looked as though they had risen out of the earth on which they stood. They were of the same color because they were made of the dirt of the roadside—low, almost windowless, usually very dirty inside, with dirt of different varieties, they were monotonous and uninviting. The houses were built of home-made blocks about one foot square and probably three inches thick. It was not much of a trick to build a house of this kind, and there was not much loss when it was blown up by the enemy—that is, the financial loss was not very great, however it may have affected the domestic life of the people.

I passed a corner where a few days before the soldiers had piled up corpses by the dozens and burned them in the sight of all those who cared to look. Stray arms and legs and heads were kicked back into the fire as though they were chunks of wood. Some of them still remained lying in the gutter.

I was in Juarez on the Sunday evening when Carranza came to establish his capital in that city. The streets and roads were lined with soldiers who served as guards, and hundreds of Secret Service men mingled with the crowds. It was interesting to study the soldiers who stood on guard, many of whom were old men, but there were boys who could not have been more than fourteen or fifteen. I saw many Mexican boys with limbs shot off and their faces badly bruised, victims of the revolution. Two little fellows growing weary of standing still so long, began to play. A passing dog furnished amusement for them. They prodded him with their guns and seemed greatly to enjoy the howls of the animal, as did the crowd. The boy soldiers began wrestling and doing other boy-like stunts, when an officer approached. I expected the officer to exercise his authority and severely rebuke the youngsters, but to my amazement he merely shook his head and spoke gently

to them. This officer evidently knew his job—at any rate, he appeared to understand boys.

Finally, shots were heard in the distance. Carranza's personal bodyguard of two thousand soldiers had changed on the outskirts of the town their old uniforms for the new ones provided for this occasion and they were now ready to proceed. The shrill notes of a bugle sounded from the platform, a big choir of children sang national anthems, and there were wild cheers from the women and hoarse shouts from the men as President Carranza approached. Until that moment the crowd had stood stolid and silent, but the band got them started.

After a company of horsemen came Carranza, walking bare-headed in the dusty road, surrounded by a mob of his people. They crowded him hard in an effort to get near him. He stood head and shoulders above them, walking with a long, firm stride, his head thrown back and his long beard flowing. Rumor had it that Carranza was a broken old man, unfit to be President of Mexico, but his bearing on this occasion belied that story.

The entrance of President Carranza into the capital was in marked contrast to Diaz' just five years before, when Juarez was dressed in splendor to welcome the old President of Mexico. In Diaz' day there were not the bombarded buildings and the general signs of destruction that one could now see on every hand. One had but to glance a couple of hundred feet from the Juarez statue at which Carranza was received, to see the old City Hall in a state of ruin. When Diaz was welcomed, this same building was richly carpeted and decorated. Then, there were really beautiful arches along the line of march; for Carranza there were only cheap, tawdry affairs made of muslin and very poorly constructed.

But more significant than anything else was the character of the people that Diaz had at his beck and call—the wealth of Mexico. It was said that when he was preparing for one of his many inaugurals, he made known to his friend, "General" Terrazas—the wealthiest man in Mexico—that he wanted one thousand horses.

"All right," said Terrazas, "what color?"

On the day that Carranza came into Juarez, Terrazas' son was held for an immense ransom by Villa, and anything in the shape of a horse went in the Carranza régime—no matter what his color. When Diaz came into Juarez, there were present the soft-voiced and easy-mannered aristocracy. When Carranza arrived, there were some wealthy people present—a very few—but the poor, the very poor, monopolized the occasion.

I did not see a single silk hat, as was formerly the case. There were sombreros with dangling cords on the heads of the men, and black shawls thrown over the heads of the women. When Diaz came into Juarez five years before, Mr. and Mrs. Villa were riding the mountains as outlaws, with prices upon their heads. To-day they were the idols of the people.

The next day I was walking through one of the side streets of Juarez, looking for camera objects. On one corner I saw a "cantino"—a saloon—in front of which reeled a group of Constitutionalist soldiers loaded down with big cartridges which were inserted in several belts slung about their bodies. I had taken a picture of them from across the street, when they spied me. One of the group called out as he came toward me with a rifle in his hand. I had been warned not to go to Juarez alone with a camera, and I thought that now my time had surely come, because I believed that this drunken Mexican soldier was capable of doing almost anything to an American.

"Hey," he called, "you take a picture?"

"Yes!" I replied. I could not deny it. Then I waited for whatever he was going to do to me, but to my great relief he simply asked:

"You take a picture of my house—my family?"

"Sure," I said gayly. "Come on, where do you live?"

"Ah, *mañana*," (to-morrow) he said, "nine o'clock to-morrow."

And this story tells what Mexico suffers from most of all—*mañana*—it is characteristic of the people. Even their guerilla warfare is a sort of "*mañana*" affair—an ever-continuing, never-ending struggle.

LABOR LEADERS HERE AND ABROAD

I ONCE heard Governor Allen of Kansas in a debate with Samuel Gompers remark to the audience that if a cabinet were to be formed consisting altogether of American labor leaders, they would all want to be ministers of war. This was rather a harsh characterization and yet it fairly depicts the American labor leader as a fighter rather than a statesman.

The English labor leader does not hesitate to fight when necessary—and he hits when he fights—but there are men in the labor movement in England who easily measure up in the field of constructive politics with any of the leaders in the old line parties. It is probably true that, taken as a whole, the American workingman is superior to the English workingman intellectually, socially and physically, but the English labor leader is superior to the American labor leader in economic and legislative affairs. This is perhaps due in part to the fact that the English labor movement has been longer in existence than the American movement, and that there is a history and precedent back of the English movement which in a measure standardizes the activities of the Englishman. The men who are in this movement have been compelled to study more deeply into social, economic and political facts which confront the workingman of England because their economic and political welfare is so closely related to that of the nations surrounding them. They must therefore take cognizance of the profounder problems that challenge the nations of Europe. This has naturally developed international-mindedness on the part of the English labor leaders. There is another factor which has determined the position of the English labor leader, namely, the fact that he has practically made up his mind that he will always be a "labor man." He doesn't look forward to very

much of a future except as he may find it in the political field, but even here he will be recognized only as a member of the Labor party. Therefore, it behooves him to keep close to the labor movement as a whole.

The American labor leader, on the other hand, deals primarily with domestic problems. He has felt himself so far removed from European conditions that he scarcely thinks of them except in the terms of the immigration problem, and in this connection he assumes merely a negative attitude, insisting upon straight-out restriction. The whole thing to him is very simple because he depends upon the United States Congress to enact the law which will bring it about. Furthermore, the American labor leader has many opportunities for entering business or the professions because of the valuable experience which he may have gained in the field of labor, and he is likely to be pulled out from the labor movement at almost any time because he has been offered a much higher position than labor could ever afford to give him. Indeed, the whole difference between the American labor leader and the English labor leader may be said to lie in the fundamental difference between Europe and America—European traditions serving as a restriction to the progress of the individual, whereas American conditions offer endless opportunities to every citizen. Of course, this very restriction of the European labor man has served to compel him to dig more deeply into social and economic principles, thus giving him a distinct advantage in the performance of his own task.

I have attended at least a dozen annual conventions of the American Federation of Labor, in session two weeks each year, and I have come to know nearly every labor leader of prominence in the United States. The four hundred odd delegates who annually attend the conventions of the American Federation of Labor are selected for the most part from among the officials of international unions, who have back of them a close-up experience in labor affairs and who are thoroughly conversant with the day-by-day problems of a labor union official. With a few notable exceptions, these officials are conservative and adhere rather closely to the traditions of the old-time labor

union. This makes the American Federation of Labor the most conservative labor body in the world, and yet it is probably true that no labor movement in any country is fought more bitterly by employers than the A. F. of L.

But fully one-third of the delegates to this annual convention represent State bodies, central labor unions, and individual unions which have no affiliation with international bodies. Naturally, the latter group of delegates have a larger measure of freedom than is exercised by the representatives of international unions because the latter are usually instructed how to vote on important measures by the membership which elected them. And yet the growing radicalism among some of the larger unions which have committed themselves to Socialism and even more extreme measures, together with the independence in the smaller groups just mentioned, presents rather a formidable array against the bulwarks of conservatism found in the international unions.

The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, which consists of the president, eight vice-presidents, the treasurer and the secretary, has always been extremely conservative, due largely perhaps to the influence of Samuel Gompers, who was hated among labor leaders in Europe because of his constant and consistent opposition to all affiliations of the American Federation of Labor with the radical European labor organizations.

Mr. Gompers had a practically uninterrupted career as president of the A. F. of L. for nearly forty years, being elected year after year without opposition.

It is probably true that the American labor movement has never produced a more statesmanlike leader than Samuel Gompers. During all of the conventions of the Federation which I attended, I invariably sat at the reporters' table just before the platform, and never missed a single session of the convention. I therefore had an opportunity to watch Mr. Gompers very closely. He always was absolute master of every situation. Never did he seem to lose his grip in any discussion. Sometimes at a particularly critical period when there seemed danger that the convention would take what ap-

peared to him to be a mistaken attitude toward a particular problem, he would hand his gavel to one of the vice presidents and speak to the question under discussion. Under such circumstances there was instant and complete attention on the part of the delegates, for Mr. Gompers seemed to speak as an "oracle" to these delegates. Rarely in the history of the Federation did they take a position contrary to the wish of their leader once he had expressed his own convictions and desires. However, he never limited the debate, especially on the part of the opposition. He was much more generous and lenient in this respect than were the delegates themselves, particularly those who opposed him in any principle or policy.

And yet there was ordinarily nothing magnetic about him. Rather, he was dynamic—producing changes through the sheer force of his character. He held sway over the four hundred delegates, not as a czar, but because of the profound respect his followers had for him. Whether he would have lost his grip had he lived is problematic, but it was generally understood in trade-union circles that "Sam" Gompers was to be president of the American Federation of Labor as long as he cared to hold the office.

Quite contrary to the general opinion in this country, Samuel Gompers never called a strike. Indeed, as president of the American Federation of Labor he did not have the power to call a strike, such power being vested only in officials of the international labor unions, and then usually only after their members had themselves voted to go out on strike. And yet he has frequently been bitterly scored for creating strike situations which he had actually done his utmost to prevent. He often said that he had prevented more strikes than any man in America, and this was undoubtedly true.

Whatever else may be said about Mr. Gompers as a fighter for labor, he could not fairly be charged with being anything but a thorough-going American. He was loyal to the last degree—and to the last moment of his life, as his final words testified: "God bless our American institutions—may they grow better day by day."

For many years I had been hearing him say in substance:

"The workingmen of the world will never go out to shoot down their fellow workers of another nationality in order to satisfy the ambitions of their rulers, no matter who they may be." But when the World War came he confessed that he had been disillusioned. He accused the German workingmen—particularly the Socialists—of being traitors to their class, and he entered whole-heartedly into a defense of the Allies, committing the entire Federation to the war "to win the peace." He went to the front while the war was in progress, in order to secure material for addresses to spur on the workingmen of America in the production of war munitions. And he did everything in his power to persuade the American workingmen to do their best. However, he would not listen to any proposals having as their object the reduction of wages, when, as he said, so many of the bosses were becoming rich on account of war profits.

It has often been said that Mr. Gompers accumulated large sums of money through the acceptance of bribes. This was so utterly ridiculous among labor men themselves, who probably knew all the facts, that it was a standing joke. Mr. Gompers scorned political office, and he died a poor man.

I have frequently heard him in public address and in personal conversation half sneer at "outsiders" who wanted to help promote his cause. He could not quite trust those who wanted to "help." He was always suspicious of them and often he had a strong conviction that they did not understand the problems of the real workingmen any way, and that, after all, the salvation of the worker lay with the worker himself and that it was only as the workingmen of America would bestir themselves that they would find emancipation. There undoubtedly was a large measure of justification in this attitude, first, because all kinds of faddists attempted to attach themselves to the labor movement, and if Mr. Gompers had listened to them they would undoubtedly have greatly embarrassed him in spite of their sincerity; and, furthermore, it was necessary for him constantly to watch out for unscrupulous persons who sought to discredit the American Federation of Labor in the eyes of the public.

A strong effort was made to connect Mr. Gompers with all manner of lawlessness perpetrated by various persons during strikes and lockouts. This was notoriously the case when the *Los Angeles Times* building was dynamited. The McNamara brothers were arrested for the crime, although protesting their innocence. Money was raised for their defense by the American Federation of Labor, because it was insisted that they should be regarded as innocent until they had been proven guilty, but meanwhile an investigation committee was appointed by Mr. Gompers to secure the facts so far as they were able. This committee was assured both by the McNamaras and by Clarence Darrow, their counsel, that the former were not guilty—even down to the day before they confessed their guilt. The disappointment in this case was crushing to Mr. Gompers. He wrote a most remarkable document on the subject of lawlessness in general and the McNamara case in particular, and gave it world-wide publicity.

Samuel Gompers was the frontiersman of trade unionism in America. Others had previously established labor unions which were powerful in their day, but they were loosely organized and unrelated as compared with the American Federation of Labor, to the perfection of which Mr. Gompers gave his life. Being a frontiersman, he developed many of the characteristics which one finds among all pioneers. He was a tremendous individualist. He was extremely jealous of what he had established; he often failed to take a long-range view of the labor movement which had grown up the world over while he was busy hewing away for the labor movement in America. He sometimes forgot that the expression of this movement could not be wholly within the confines of any country or any organization, no matter where it was established or by whom it was directed—that the peculiar conditions in each country must determine the character and the method of expression, and that the elements of time and change had much to do with it. One of the results of this attitude was that he made many enemies inside the Federation who hated him more cordially than they hated the “capitalistic” class.

Samuel Gompers’ devotion to the single idea of the trade

union as he knew it, and his exaltation of the great organization which he built up, and whose president he was for nearly forty years, accounts for most of the apparent inconsistencies of which he has been accused. His mistakes of judgment were made mainly because of his zeal to help the workers. There is no need to enumerate them or to dwell upon the times when, as president of the American Federation of Labor, he was forced in his representative capacity into political and economic positions for which he had little heart. It should be said, however, that he never whimpered or apologized or "passed the buck" to others. He assumed full responsibility for whatever position he took.

There is no doubt that the radical forces in the American labor movement which had so long been held back by Mr. Gompers' sturdy opposition will now fight as never before. The leaders of the radical movement in America will be enthusiastically assisted by their comrades in every other land, who will bring great pressure to bear upon their representatives in this country to see that their well-known program of "boring from within" will be consistently carried out in the future. These foreign leaders and their representatives in the United States believe that the old American Federation of Labor is almost ready to crumble to pieces and that the ruins will be built into "one big union" which shall speak for all the class-conscious workers of America. The old guard which has surrounded Mr. Gompers will be hard pressed. If the old order is to continue they will need all the help they can get, both from employers of labor and those who believe in Mr. Gompers' kind of trade unionism. Otherwise, it will transpire that the line-up in the industrial world will consist of the old guard on one side, while arrayed against them will be the radicals—indirectly aided by the employers—and after they together have routed the old guard, the radicals will proceed to put the employers out of business. Perhaps not until then will Mr. Gompers' Federation of Labor be vindicated.

I have given so much space to Mr. Gompers' personal history and position because he is fairly typical of literally hundreds of other labor leaders who at this time are in power in

the labor movement in this country, and no doubt many of these lesser lights will soon loom large in the industrial history of the United States.

Reference has been made to the meeting of the British Trades Union Congress which I attended in Hull in 1924. There were 724 delegates, who represented 4,328,235 dues-paying members, as against 377 delegates in the last convention of the American Federation of Labor, who represented 2,865,979 members.

As in the American Federation of Labor, the mine workers in the British Trades Union Congress had the largest membership—nearly 800,000, having 171 delegates out of the total of 724. In the American Federation the miners' delegates cast 4,025 votes out of a total of 28,318 and they have a membership of about 402,500.

It is worth noting by the way, that the entertainment furnished the delegates to the British Trades Union Congress and their friends was of an exceptionally high order, consisting of music on the great organ and by one of the city's best orchestras. There were also solos by some of its most talented singers. There were several of these concerts during the course of the week, after each of which refreshments were served to the entire assembly of never less than a thousand persons. It was remarkable that no intoxicating liquor was offered to the delegates at these receptions, which were usually presided over by the Lord Mayor of the City or the Sheriff, who, as is well known, is a high dignitary in the city's government. One could wish that the same degree of sobriety was observed at the conventions of the American Federation of Labor. To be sure, there were special functions conducted by local trade unions to which certain members of the Congress were invited, particularly those who were affiliated with the crafts giving the special entertainment. At these there was more or less drinking.

A strong attempt was made to keep out of the Congress discussion regarding the weaknesses of the Labor Government, and practically none of the representatives of this government were in attendance at the Congress, except such as had special

duties in connection with the Congress. This meant that about twenty-five of the strongest men in the English labor movement were for the first time out of the meeting and its deliberations. This no doubt had a marked effect on the discussions which took place, because their counsel was greatly missed.

On the other hand, many of the delegates insisted upon criticizing the government just as they would criticize any other government. Criticizing the government is a favorite indoor sport in Europe, whereas, in the American Federation of Labor, the government is rarely referred to, the emphasis being purely upon economic and industrial problems. But this difference is accounted for by the fact that Labor in England is in politics and the American Labor movement is not.

It was boldly stated that under the Labor Government there were fewer civil rights than under a Tory Government, and the champions of the government had rather a hard time of it in their attempt to vindicate Ramsey Macdonald and his associates.

There were quite a number of women delegates in the Congress, and they were of a type who did not hesitate to speak their convictions whenever necessary—and they could speak well and forcefully. It was plainly to be seen that they were accustomed to holding their own in debates with the men. This was in strong contrast with the American Federation of Labor, where the women very rarely speak, and then most modestly.

“No Smoking” signs—out of deference to the women—were conspicuously displayed in the fine big municipal hall in which the Congress met, but the women delegates themselves were among the most inveterate smokers. It was reported that 250,000 women were connected with the unions affiliated with the Congress, but it was insisted that they were regarded as “workers” and not as “women.” What was meant by this became evident when Congress opposed women who had entered industrial life going into “service,” even when employment at their chosen occupation could not be secured.

The sportsmanship of the English was repeatedly manifested during the Congress, particularly when delegates made

speeches on subjects which, it was plain to be seen, did not meet with the approval of the Congress. But Congress cheered the speakers just as though what had been said had made a great hit—and then decisively voted down the resolution under consideration.

There were frequent references to the "platform" as a body or group necessarily apart from the floor, the theory being that the men on the platform, who numbered something like seventy-five, were made up largely of members of Parliament and officials either of labor unions or of political organizations, but it was remarked that the convention platform and floor were closer together than ever before. There was, however, a constant fire back and forth between the two. The "old-timers" were continually being heckled by the youngsters—most of whom were Communists or otherwise radical. They were charged with being too close to the bosses in their social functions to retain an independent position economically. But the old campaigners in the Congress easily disposed of the young enthusiasts, usually by raising a laugh at their crude or rash statements. At one point the situation became so tense that the presiding officer, Albert A. Purcell, who was the fraternal delegate of the Congress to the 1925 convention of the American Federation of Labor, left the chair, declaring that he would not return until an unusually reckless and sharp-tongued young Communist had apologized to him. In this he was overwhelmingly backed by the Convention, and there was nothing left for the offender to do but to withdraw his remarks.

The Congress—again quite different from the American Federation of Labor—was almost entirely Protestant in its make-up. Many of the delegates were lay preachers in the non-conformist churches throughout England, and it was remarkable how frequently the speakers quoted Scripture passages in their addresses on social, economic, and even political questions. They showed a familiarity with the Bible which was very striking, particularly in their application of Scripture passages to the situation which they were discussing. Quoting from the Bible is rare among labor leaders in America. Nat-

urally, however, the introduction of Bible passages by certain of the speakers gave the radicals their opportunity for further ridicule, but quick as a flash came back another passage from the Bible which ordinarily successfully squelched the venture—some person who dared to come to grips with these trained debaters.

The official spokesman for the Russian trade-unionists at the Labor Congress was Tomskey, who when he arose to speak was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm. It was the first time in the history of the British labor movement that a delegate from Russia had addressed the Congress. Tomskey called attention to the fact that the body which he represented had over 6,000,000 members, although there were only 23 national unions in the council. Their work, he declared, was more centralized than it was in England.

"There is a growing realization," he said, "of the necessity for greater concentration on the part of Labor, because in the economic struggle that is going on all over the world Labor is facing greater concentration on the part of the capitalists.

"Capital is becoming internationalized," he declared, "and the class struggle of the future will be not only economic but political," he added.

"Labor lost the war," he said. "The profiteers won it, and ever since the war there has been a conquest against labor men. Workers must not be satisfied with small changes in laws granted by the capitalistic class. Labor must write its own laws. Just as appetite increases in the process of eating, so Labor will increase its power as it takes more power. We were against the war of 1914 because millions of workers were compelled to shoot down their brothers, but the workers in our country are now learning the difference between national interests and class interests. Russian workers were told by the propagandists that the English workingmen would come to destroy them, but this did not happen. It was due to the will of the English workers who said 'Hands off Russia' that Russia won.

"The perils of the war for workers have not yet been over-

come. The Versailles Treaty has crushed the German workers through the compulsory payment of reparations. The iron hand of war capitalists still has the workers by the throat."

His address was given in the Russian language, but was translated in sections by an interpreter and consumed almost an hour.

There was considerable discussion of the Russian situation by the delegates to the Congress.

"The Russians are not angels," it was said by one of the delegates, "but they are not as terrible as the movies make them out to be. There are many appearances of difference between the Russians and the British Trades Union workers. They do not hide these differences, but no one has the right to say that the Russians should abandon their ideals for which they fought and gave their lives. We feel that the trade-unionists of Russia have not been given a fair chance. In their approach to England they have met with closed doors and barbed-wire entanglements. We have no right to demand that the Russians must abandon this or that. Let us have a free discussion without demanding that anything should be given up, at least until we are through discussing our problems without restraint. Meanwhile, the Russian workers should be met upon an equal footing. We believe that in the labor movement there should be neither winners nor vanquished among trade-unionists. The fact that the Russians have not been treated as equals in conferences conducted by the State should not be a precedent for trade-unionists to follow. There has been a prejudice against the Russians simply because they were Russians."

On the other hand, there was considerable objection to the over-enthusiastic reception given the Russian delegates. "We must not give way to the disposition to fall down and worship these Russians," it was said. "Nor must we permit them to dictate to us. We believe that they are straight men, much straighter than some of those that Russia has sent to this country in other connections, but we must apply to them the same rules as to who has the right to represent Labor that we apply to all others."

Leaders in the American churches often refer to the fact that so many of the English labor leaders are lay preachers and that on every Sunday afternoon they speak at the great brotherhood meetings as well as in the regular Church services. They refer with keen disappointment to the fact that this is not the situation in the United States. But the religious leaders of America are themselves to blame—they simply have not given the labor leaders a chance to do precisely the same kind of religious work that is being done by the labor leaders in England. There is no doubt that there are proportionately as many labor leaders in the American churches as there are in the churches of Great Britain, and it is also true that they are quite as capable of making public addresses, and if they have not been as active in religious work as their brothers across the sea, it has been because the organization and work of our churches have failed to provide for the enlistment of activities of men of this type.

In the first place, as our larger American churches are strongly dominated by the employing class and by the middle-class which hate the trade union even more than do the employers, I have found that there has been strong opposition to addresses given by "walking delegates"—as labor officials are contemptuously characterized.

Furthermore, in our American churches and religious assemblies we are much more given to the expression of only orthodox views regarding, not only economics, but religion. In England there is greater freedom given to both religious leaders and labor leaders in the expression of their convictions. A preacher can scarcely be tried for heresy in England to-day nor is the labor leader so apt to be regarded as a "radical" as is the case in the United States.

Also, there is greater democracy in England among the different classes than there is in this country in Church government and control—strange as this may seem when one considers that actual class consciousness among various groups is more strongly developed in the old country than it is in the United States. For example, I frequently found on Y.M.C.A. and Church boards, and special committees, in England, in par-

ticular, outstanding labor men, both officials and ordinary workingmen, whereas in the United States this is rarely so except in local churches which are composed largely of workmen themselves.

I know quite a number of American labor leaders who undoubtedly received their training as public speakers in the churches which they attended as boys and young men, as is the case with many of the labor leaders in England, but unfortunately it seems that while a very large percentage of the English labor men retained their interest in religious matters and worked loyally for the churches of which they were members after they became identified with the labor movement, in the United States the labor men, as they became more active in the labor movement as officials, gradually lost their interest in church work, largely for the reasons which I have just given. It is not that they have become antagonistic to the Church—they are simply indifferent. In many cases they have a sincere conviction that they are working out the principles of religion in the work that they are doing to build up the level of living for our common humanity. But while they are so strongly emphasizing the purely physical and economic interests of the people, they might easily include the more distinctly spiritual aspects of life had they been so trained.

The Churches are to blame for this, because in their teaching—aside from the mere passing of resolutions at national conventions—they have emphasized the declaration that social work is not “religious” in its nature, that merely to help people in their day-by-day living, giving them better homes and higher wages and more leisure is of comparatively little consequence, and that those who are engaged in this work often stand in the way of the teaching of “spiritual truth.” This naturally has eliminated the men who are sincerely convinced that so far as they are concerned there is no greater task which should absorb their attention than the one which they know best of all, and in which and for which they can most easily and consistently work.

It is also worthy of observation that particularly in England many of the ministers are deep students of economic and

political questions, large numbers of them being authorities on such matters, having written books and frequently delivered addresses upon them. It may be that these religious leaders have been compelled to study these conditions because they have been so frequently brought face to face with them because of the persistency of the English labor leaders, who have a faculty of insisting upon attention being given their problems. American labor leaders have simply become indifferent and have left the Church strictly alone.

THE RELIGION OF THE NEW DEMOCRACY

THE men of every age believed that they were living on the verge of a great crisis. It probably has been true. It does not require a very wise man, therefore, to say that we are living in the most important age in the world's history. No man would dare prophesy what big story will have the front page in to-morrow morning's newspaper. Events of tremendous significance are taking place so fast that we scarcely notice them.

In my twenty-five years' contact with national and international problems it has been very clear that down beneath the series of great happenings there is going on the struggle for democracy the world over. This seems to be the culmination of a fight which has challenged the finest men and women who ever lived—"of whom the world was not worthy." Down through the centuries men and women have fought for democracy in religion, in government, in education—they have struggled for social democracy, the democracy of the sexes, the democracy of the races, and now we are in the throes of the fight for industrial democracy. Just what form the latter will take nobody knows, but it must be apparent to any open-eyed observer that these various phases of the fight are one—and that just as the common people were victorious in the past, so they are sure to win to-day.

Conditions throughout the whole world indicate that this is the era of the common man. Slowly but surely the masses of the people are coming into their own. No human power can stop their onward march, and no Divine power will.

What shall be the attitude of the Church in this new democracy which is growing so rapidly among the people? Shall the Church permit unscrupulous agitators to usurp the place which rightfully belongs to it, or shall the Church with courage finish the task which it so long ago began, so that this new

democracy shall be charged, not with the spirit of gross materialism, but with the spirit of Jesus? This to my mind is the most important question which confronts the Church to-day.

In the first place, its leaders must believe in the Church. During one summer I lectured on a Chautauqua Circuit in the Middle West in sixty-nine different cities on sixty-nine consecutive days. I spoke each day on the general subject, "The Church and the Man Outside." In each of these cities I held an afternoon conference with the ministers and officers of the local churches, largely for my own information, so that I might get a better picture of what was going on in these towns. In every instance I asked these men:

"Suppose you were a man outside the Church, and knowing as you do just what the ideals, the motives and the activities of your churches are, what is there about them that would make you say, 'That's great! That's worth living and working for!' What is the big challenging thing in your church that would make you resolve to give yourself wholly and completely to the promotion of such an enterprise?"

Strange as it may seem, in not a single instance did I secure a prompt reply to my question. It was as though they had never thought of it before. Finally, "the challenge of the foreign missionary enterprise" and other rather vague, worn answers were given, to all of which I invariably replied:

"Suppose you were selling goods for some big concern in this country and you could not immediately give a reason as to why your prospect should buy these goods—you would lose your job as quick as a wink. And yet here you are giving your lives to the promotion of an important organization in this town, and you cannot answer even to your own satisfaction why a man outside the Church should believe in it and identify himself with it."

I admit that my method was rather rough, and in some ways I was taking an unfair advantage, but it has always been perfectly obvious to me that democracy knows what it believes in, it knows what it wants, and—it is getting it. The Church must be at least equally definite and confident.

The Church must vindicate its right to be the final authority on great moral and ethical problems. I do not say that the Church must be the final authority on economic and sociological questions—this is not its chief business, however well informed its ministers may be regarding these subjects.

But the Church above every other organization must interpret the religion of the new democracy, and this means that it must be able to interpret life in all of its aspects because our great social, economic, and political problems are fundamentally moral and religious in their nature. There never was a strike, an epidemic, a war, a social or economic situation of any kind, that did not have all around it and shot through it a clear-cut moral principle, so that what I am advocating is not an abstract thing far removed from the life of the people. It is the preacher's business to find this principle and to apply it fearlessly in his public preaching. There is nothing more important than this—there is more dynamite in it than there is in the half-baked preaching that one often hears on theoretical social problems.

We have been told by the biggest men of our times that during the next fifty years the world's greatest problems will be spiritual. This note is found in the best literature of the day, in the platforms of political parties, in the pronouncements of conventions, and in the gatherings of other groups of citizens. When even a secular convention wishes to express the deep spiritual feeling which may have gripped it through a speech or some other impelling force, its members spontaneously unite in singing the hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldier." It would seem that the Church during the next generation will have the greatest opportunity for service in all of its history. It is not a question as to whether religion is big enough to accomplish this purpose, it is rather a question as to whether the Church is big enough to apply the principles of religion to the modern situation. One of the greatest needs of the Church to-day is prophets and interpreters of life.

I have a strong conviction that the Church offers a freer platform for a man with a real message than he can find anywhere else. He will be freer to express himself than he could

possibly be as a lecturer, as a newspaper writer, or through a political party, but the pathetic fact remains that when men of God have appeared in every period of the Church's progress they have met their greatest opposition, not from those outside the Church, but from those within. Jesus accused the Jews of his day of always having stoned the prophets which were sent unto them. Paul summed up his opinion of the people to whom these messengers were sent when he declared that the world was not worthy of them. Luther, Wyckliffe, Knox, Savonarola, and a long list of others of more modern times were compelled to withstand the opposition of those whose comprehension of the significance of the Kingdom of God was exceedingly narrow.

One of the most startling things which I have encountered in my dealings with young ministers especially was their restlessness in their work. This restlessness was due less to theological considerations than to sociological conditions. The reactionary element which is now in control of the Church has sneeringly said that men of this type are "socialists" or "anarchists" and that the Church is better off without them. It has often happened that men have been driven into radical positions because of the intolerance of this reactionary group, which usually has not the remotest idea what either socialism or anarchy means.

If the Church is to hold its place in the new democracy, it must take into account the new economic situation with which the world is confronted. Great social movements outside the Church have taken the place of the Church in the hearts of the people, for which they are making the same supreme sacrifice that is being made by the "missionaries of the Cross" and others who are prompted by the finest spirit.

The great industrial revolution which is sweeping over the world must find the Church open-minded. It must not be the last to accept the great doctrines of the democracy in which the rest of the world believes.

In the new democracy the Church must be big enough to include all those whose lives are dominated by the spirit of

Jesus and who seek to bring in the Kingdom of God, no matter what their economic beliefs may be.

Many thousands of perfectly sincere men and women have been kept out of the Church because they felt they would not be welcome on account of their economic philosophies even if they gave every evidence of sincerity in their religious lives, yielding "the fruits of the Spirit" and showing the signs of the Christian graces.

While the Church must not be called upon to advocate any particular social system, those who apply for membership in the Church should be questioned, not with reference to their economic beliefs, but their religious convictions. The fact that they may appear "unsound" in these economic beliefs should make no difference whatever to the Examining Committee or the clergyman who may be responsible for their reception into the Church. Frankly, it should be recognized that a man may be a socialist, a communist, or a philosophical anarchist, and still be a Christian. It is absurd to insist otherwise. It behooves those of us who are in the Church to become more familiar with the economic belief of men outside the Church, so that we may better understand their religious aspirations.

Sixty years ago there was a Civil War in the United States. Practically everybody else has squared up and forgotten it a long time ago except the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian Church, the Baptist Church, and several other groups which still maintain the divisions for which the Civil War was responsible, and it is almost hopeless to think they will ever get together again, even though the occasion for the division has long since passed by. Indeed, in many respects, different ecclesiastical organizations in the same denomination are more bitter against one another than they are against organizations of other denominations.

It is one of the tragedies in our national life that most of these denominations imagine that they are so essential that even the Lord Himself could not carry out His purposes for the world's redemption unless He operated through their peculiar methods, and unless all men were brought to a knowledge of the peculiar faith which holds them together.

But history has frequently demonstrated otherwise. When the Church of England seemed to get away from the people, John Wesley was raised up and organized what later became the Wesleyan Church as a protest against the ineffectiveness of the Church of England. And later, when the Wesleyan, or Methodist, Church seemed to fall into a similar position, William Booth organized the Salvation Army as a protest against the ineffectiveness of the Wesleyans. And to-day, in spite of the fact that the Salvation Army ignores all the sacraments of the Church and many other things which are regarded by churchmen as absolutely essential, no one will dare say that the Salvation Army is not of God and that it is not accomplishing a great piece of work throughout the entire world.

Our Churches need to learn the lesson, in the face of the modern social situation, that God may yet again raise up another prophet through whom He may speak. Nobody knows what form the organization may take which this modern prophet shall set up. His work may be done outside the Church altogether.

God in nature never made two things exactly alike—even the fingerprints of every new-born child are different from those of every other child that was ever born or that ever will be born. Why should it be thought necessary that God run all men through the same mold so that they shall all think alike about religion. The religion of the new democracy must give to every man the right to work out his own salvation even though it is done with fear and trembling. In the actual living of their own lives they should be responsible to God alone, conforming their lives to His will.

The manifestation of a man's religion will change as time goes on. If one were to place ten posts in one's backyard and come back at the end of ten years, he would find them just as they were when they were placed there, but if one were to plant ten healthy young trees and return in ten years, he would find strong, sturdy growths. In the one case, the posts were dead, but in the other, the trees were alive. Many of us have not had a new revelation from God in years. We cannot understand why others whose minds and hearts are open to the truth

have developed and grown. Religion is a progressive thing. There is a tremendous sweep between the revelation of God to Moses in the burning bush, and the revelation of God to the world through Jesus.

The religion of the new democracy not only demands that each man shall live his own life, but it insists that he give up his own life that others may live. If the Church is to make good in the modern situation, it must engage, not only in campaigns for "individual salvation," but in crusades for social salvation. The time has come for the Church to promote a great crusade with this slogan:

"He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." There is good authority for such a slogan.

The "Lord's Prayer" is a social prayer. There isn't a single "I" or "my" in the entire petition. From the very first word—"Our" it is a collective appeal—"give *us* this day our daily bread!"; "forgive *us* our trespasses"; "lead *us* not into temptation"; "deliver *us* from evil."

"I will not see thy face except thy brother be with thee" may be literally applied to the one who offers the "Lord's Prayer" as his petition.

What does the Church need to-day? If it is to fulfill its function in the modern situation, it does not necessarily need more money. It was most powerful, considering its numerical strength, when it had practically no wealth. When Jesus sent out his disciples to conquer the world, he told them not to bother with money; and in those days the Church was a great revolutionary force. Of course, the Church needs money to carry on its work under present conditions, but money threatens some day to become the curse of the Church just as it has proven to be the curse of many another institution.

It does not need more members. It is not a question of whether the Church is gaining or losing in membership, for the actual power of an organization is never determined by mere numbers. It is a question of whether it is gaining the right kind of members. Gideon's band of a few hundred was far more effective than the army of thousands of half-hearted sol-

diers which preceded it. That minister who said that they had been having a great revival in his church—not because so many had been added to his church, but because so many had been getting out, spoke a solemn truth.

It does not need more ministers, despite the cry of Theological Schools and Church Boards for more recruits. There are now over 200,000 ministers in this country. What is needed is not more ministers, but better ministers, real interpreters and prophets of the modern day.

It does not need more organization. There are already too many societies in the Church. It requires too much energy and vitality to keep the machinery going. One of the severest and most justifiable criticisms of the Church is that it is over-organized. It needs to be more simple and more direct. It needs to touch the life of the community more than it is now doing.

It does not need more sociability, nor more philanthropy, nor more efficiency. It needs all of these, but above all it needs men and women who are ready to pay the price of discipleship. More than all these it needs the discipline of persecution because it has dared go contrary to the accepted order of things—when these things are wrong. Nothing would make the Church grow in influence quite so much as to be persecuted for “righteousness’ sake.”

There are some Churches and individuals who seek to justify their indifference to the social situation by the scripture: “I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified.” It is unfortunate that they have narrowed this text to a mere theological definition. What does “Jesus crucified” signify if it doesn’t mean service and sacrifice and suffering? The exponents of social service might well take the Cross as an emblem of their philosophy, for it is more nearly typical of what they believe than any other symbol. The deepest meaning of the Cross finds its expression in unselfish devotion to all the needs of men.



